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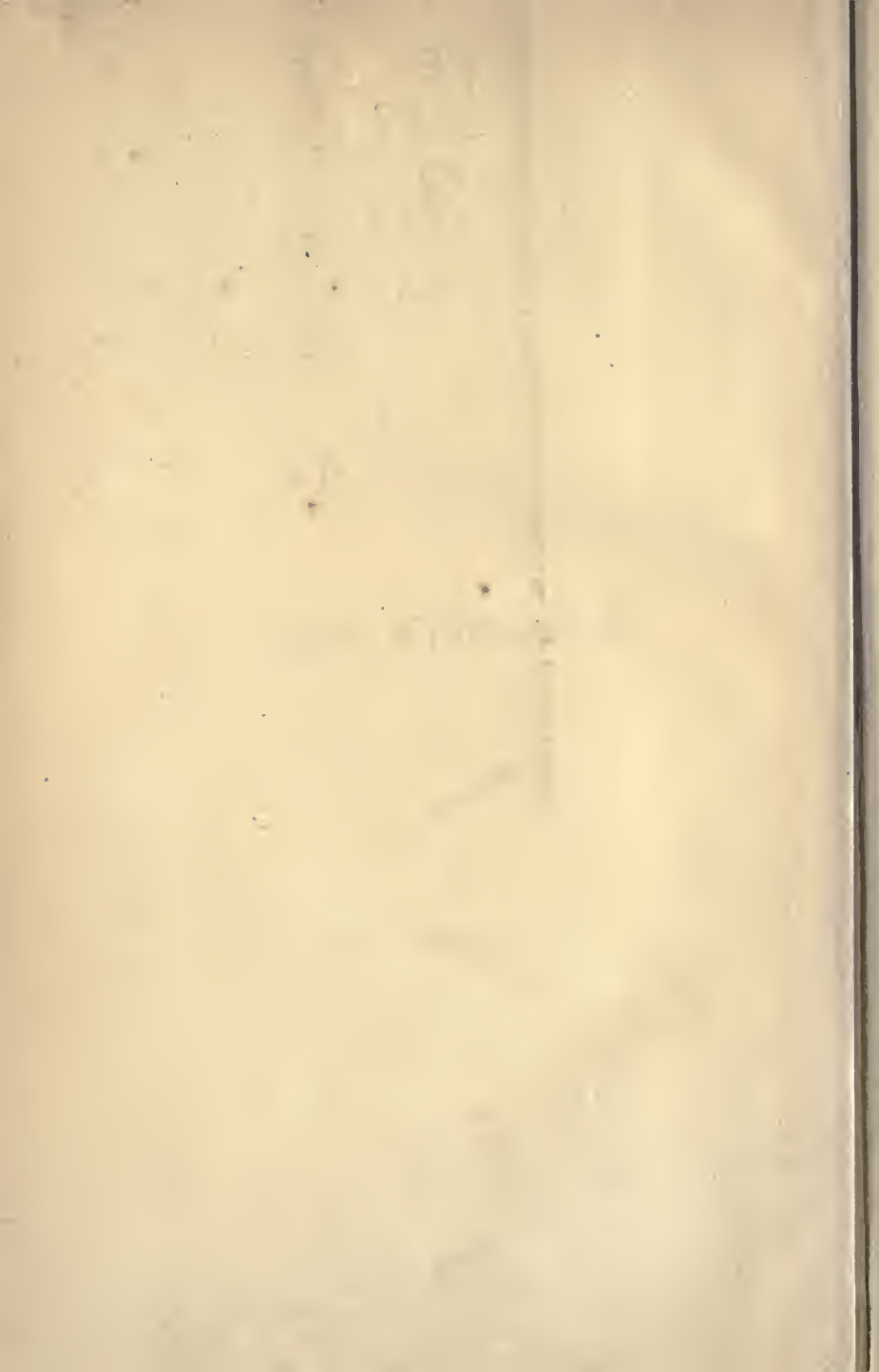
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Testimonial Edition.

THE
EXTRAVAGANZAS

OF

J. R. PLANCHÉ, ESQ.,

(SOMERSET HERALD)

1825—1871.

EDITED BY

T. F. DILLON CROKER

AND

STEPHEN TUCKER (ROUGE CROIX).

VOL. II.

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1879.

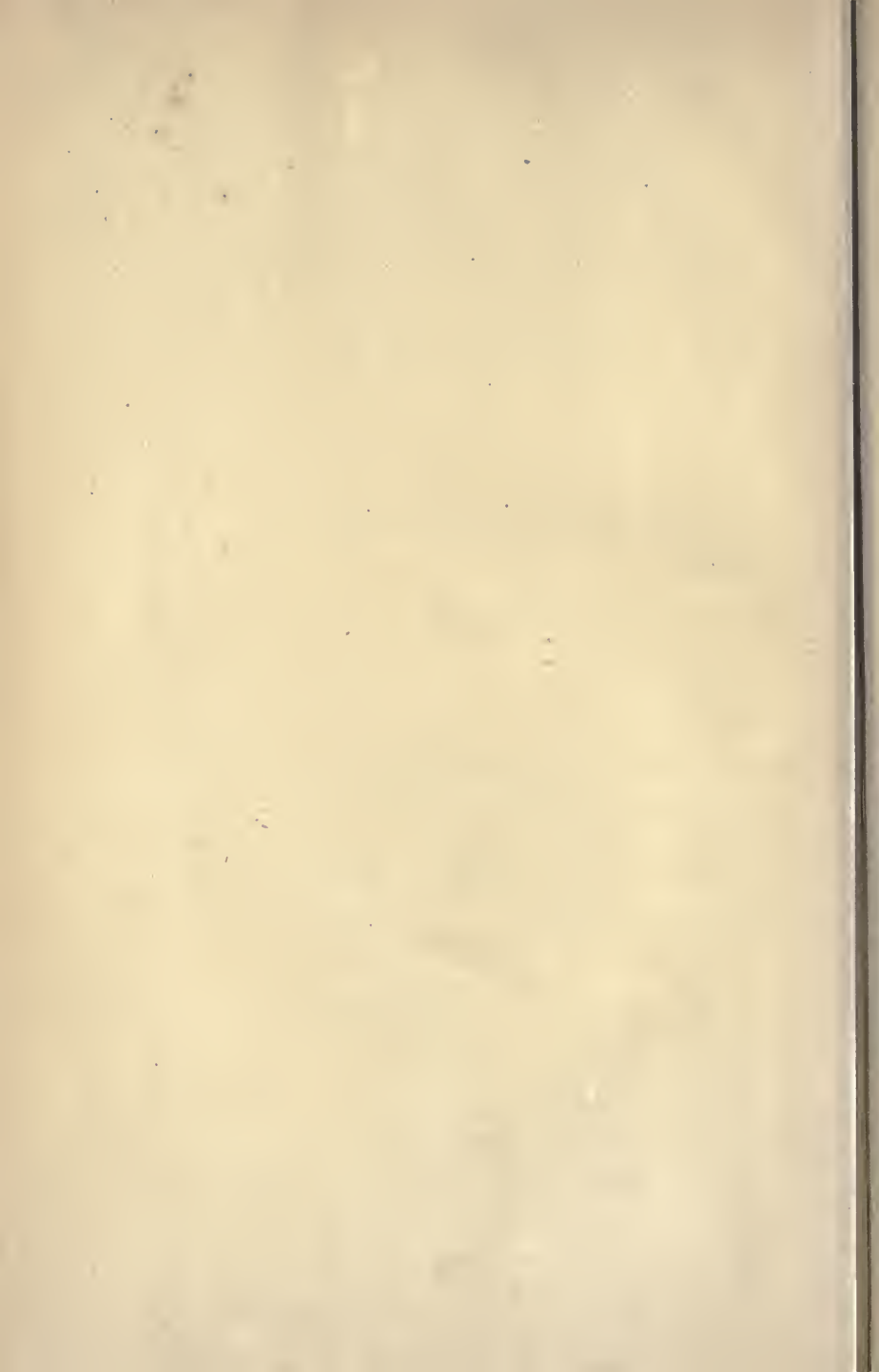
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CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

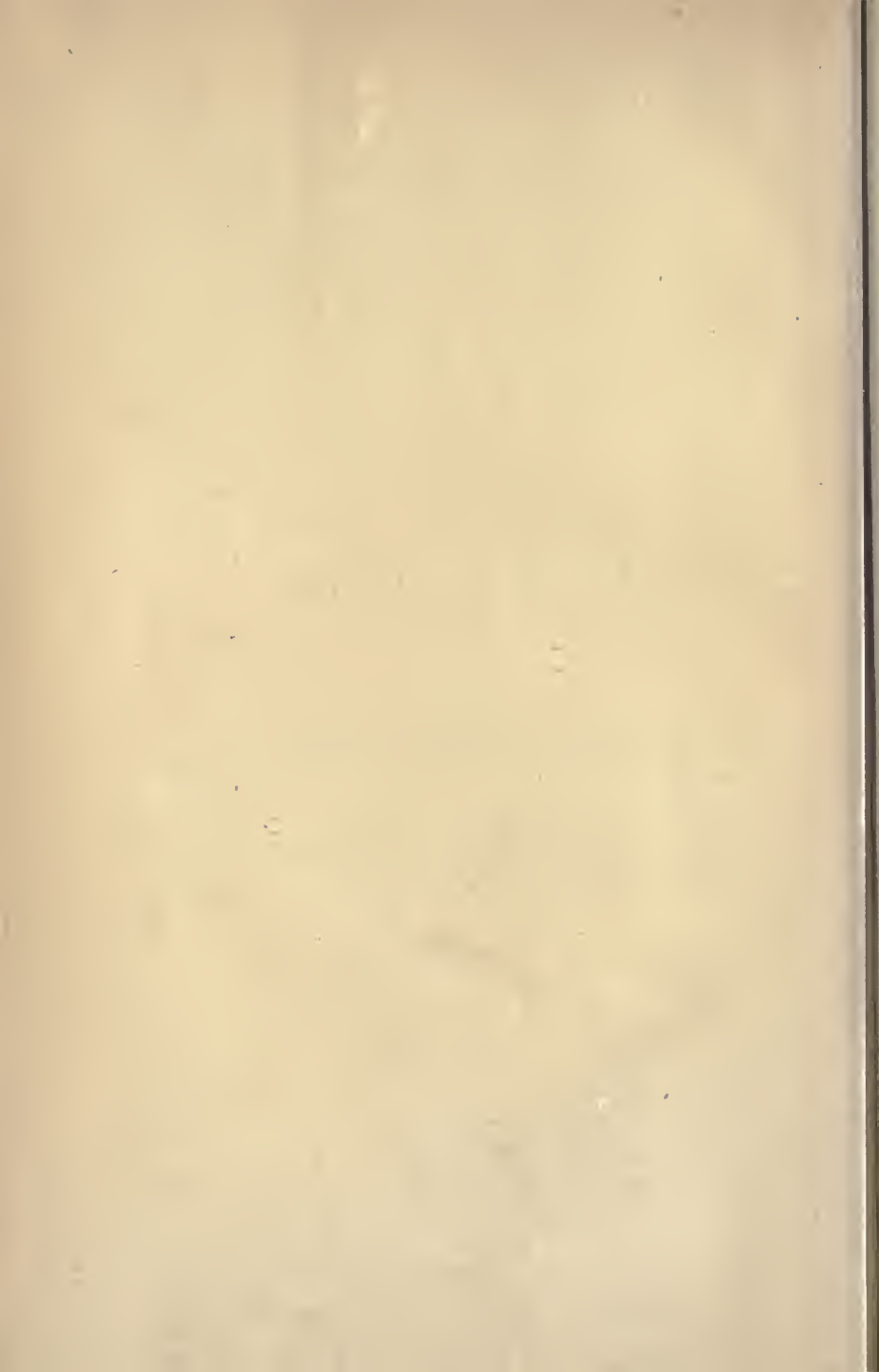
THE DRAMA'S LEVÉE; OR, A PEEP AT THE PAST	... 5
BLUE BEARD	31 ✓
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD	63 ✓
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST... ..	105
THE WHITE CAT	143
FORTUNIO, AND HIS SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS	179
THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS	229
THE DRAMA AT HOME; OR, AN EVENING WITH PUFF ...	267
GRACIOSA AND PERCINET... ..	297



LIST OF PORTRAITS.

VOL. II.

CHARLES DANCE, from a Photograph by CHARLES WATKINS	<i>Title Page</i>
J. P. HARLEY, from a Drawing by T. C. WAGEMAN ...	63
JAMES HUDSON, from a Photograph by BRADY, New York	179



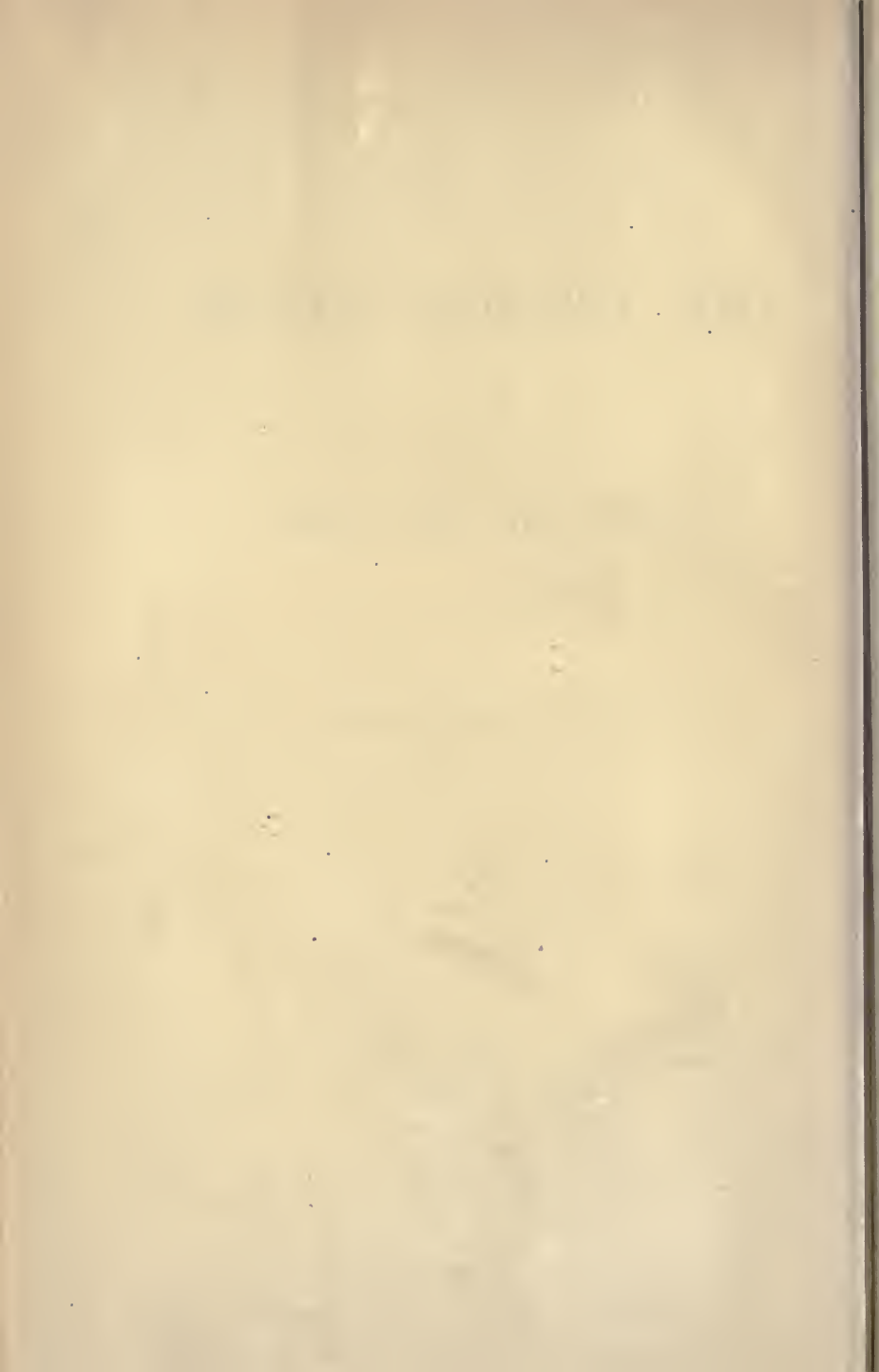
THE DRAMA'S LEVÉE;

OR,

A PEEP AT THE PAST;

Suggested by "A Dream of the Future."

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, Easter Monday,
April 16th, 1838.



THE DRAMA'S LEVÉE;

OR,

A PEEP AT THE PAST.

The year 1838 was an important one for the Drama. The lessees of the Adelphi and Olympic Theatres obtained by their joint application to the Lord Chamberlain the extension of their licences from Easter to Michaelmas, and Madame Vestris having entered into an engagement with Mr. Stephen Price to visit the United States, in company with Charles Mathews, at the end of that season, I was requested by her to write a *pièce d'occasion*, in which she might take her temporary farewell of the London public. The highly favourable reception, which had been accorded to my *Revue*, "Success; or, a Hit if You Like It," at the Adelphi in 1825, encouraged me to attempt a repetition of the experiment, and I availed myself of a scene in a very ingenious piece by Charles Dance, recently produced, entitled "A Dream of the Future," to give Madame Vestris the opportunity she desired in a situation *à propos* to the occasion.

It is said that "nothing is so successful as success," and this second venture of mine in a species of dramatic enter-

tainment unfamiliar at that period to English audiences may be said to constitute the exception that proves the rule, for the "Drama's Levée" was fully as "successful as Success;" but being written for so special an object, ceased of course with its accomplishment to have a *raison d'être*. Unless, indeed, it may lay claim to one in this collection by virtue of its second title, in affording my readers "A Peep at the Past."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DRAMA (in a critical state of health) ...	MRS. ORGER
LEGITIMATE DRAMA	} Her sons, on the worst possible terms with each other
ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA	
PRaise	} Old friends of the Drama, but rather differing in opinion
CENSURE	
FANCY (a well-intentioned busybody) ...	
GREEN COAT MAN	MR. BLANKS
	MDME. VESTRIS
	MR. J. BLAND
	MISS MURRAY

PRESENTATIONS.

PAMINA	} From Drury Lane.
PAPAGENA	
MONASTATOS	
JOAN OF ARC (No. 2)	
AUDERT <i>alias</i> PIERRE	} From Covent Garden.
JOAN OF ARC (No. 1)	
THE LADY OF LYONS	
THE GNOME FLY	} From the Adelphi.
RORY O'MORE	
THE BLACK DOMINO (from everywhere).	
SAM WELLER (from the Strand).	
THE AMBASSADRESS, (from the St. James's).	
DON JUAN, from the Norton Folgate.	
HONORIA WALSINGHAM	} At the Olympic, and in "The Dream of the Future."
GEORGIANA WALSINGHAM	
THE GREAT AMERICAN SEA SERPENT, (out of "The Deep, Deep Sea"). MR. J. VINING
THE WHOLE HOST OF OLYMPUS, by the Whole Company.	
THE METROPOLITAN THEATRES, Messrs. Hutchinson, Connell, Kerridge, Charlton, Davis and Hughes, Mesdames Jackson, Lane, Berresford, Goward, and Downton.	

The Scenery by Mr. Telbin and Assistants.

The Dresses by Misses Glover and Bradley. The Properties by
Mr. Bradwell.

The Machinery by Mr. Mackintosh.

The Overture and Music composed and arranged by Mr. W. Penson.

THE NEW AND OLD SCENERY,

As follows :

The Remains of the Old-Fashioned British Stage

With Two New Scenes upon it.

THE DRAMA'S LEVÉE.

“It is our opening day.”

THE GREEN CURTAIN OF THE “OLYMPIC.”

THE DRAMA AT THE PLAY.

“Start not—’tis but Fancy’s sketch.”

A Scene from “A Dream of the Future,”

In which will be exhibited

A SCENE OF A DREAM OF THE FUTURE,

Representing a Distant View of Liverpool, An American Packet
under weigh.

AN OLYMPIC ASSEMBLY.

The Lessee at Home before going Abroad.

THE DRAMA'S LEVÉE;

OR,

A PEEP AT THE PAST.

*The stage represents the British stage in a deplorable condition
—The DRAMA is discovered in a languishing state upon it,
surrounded by the different THEATRES.*

GLEE—" *The Chough and Crow*"—Solo.

Thalia now is dead and gone,
No more her smiles we see,
And fainter grows the feeble moan
Of poor Melpomene!
Spectacle dances 'mid her actors dumb,
With red fire ends each play;
Uprouse ye, ma'am, here's Easter come,
It is our opening day.

CHORUS—Uprouse ye, &c

SOLO.

Both patents now are fast asleep,
The laws relax their powers,
And winter seasons gently creep
On 'mid the summer flowers.
While summer domes with "warm air stoves," *
In winter now make hay,
And Easter Monday opens all
To scramble as they may.
Uprouse ye, then, here's Easter come,
It is our opening day.

CHORUS—Uprouse, &c.

* Hot air stoves were necessarily placed in the "Summer Theatres" when they were opened for the winter.

DRA. Why call ye now upon the Drama's name ?
 Are ye as void of pity as of shame ?
 What has reduced me to this wretched state
 But your own folly, which ye call your fate ?
 Time was when I was healthy, gay, and strong,
 Useful to you and welcome to the throng.
 You taught the people first to view with scorn
 My plain but noble child, my eldest born,
 And bid the offspring whom I blush to own
 Aspire to mount before him on the throne.
 Now with their feuds they rend my feeble frame,
 And rob me both of fortune and of fame.

(noise without)

Hark ! There, again !—that worse than O. P. riot ;
 Why won't they let the Drama die in quiet ?
 Go, part those children ; bid them both appear !

Enter LEGITIMATE DRAMA in a Roman toga.

L. DRA. He whom they own Legitimate is here !
 DRA. You naughty boy ! when I'm so very poorly ;
 You have been fighting with your brother surely.
 L. DRA. I have ; because of him I can't get fed,
 Whilst he is almost sick with gingerbread.
 DRA. Will you ne'er cease this ruinous debate ?
 Where's that audacious Illegitimate ?

Enter ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA in a dress half harlequin and half melo-dramatic.

I. DRA. Behold ! (*striking an attitude*)
 DRA. Unnatural son !
 I. DRA. Is't thus I'm styled ?
 I always thought I was your *natural* child.
 L. DRA. He puns ! He'll pick a pocket the next minute !
 I. DRA. I shan't pick yours, because there's nothing
 in it !
 L. DRA. That is because you robb'd me long ago !
 I. DRA. Come, who began to rob, I'd like to know ?
 When I was quite a child in leading string,
 Before I'd learnt to speak, or anything

But dance my dolls to music, didn't you
Begin to vow they were your playthings too?
Stole from the nursery of my best hopes,
My rocking horses and my skipping-ropes,
And took my harlequins from loss to save you,
And now you blame the *punches* that I gave you.

Duet—LEGITIMATE DRAMA and ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA—
“*You Minicking Miss*”—“*Midas.*”

L. DRA. You mimicking fool, do you hope with the town
Your trumpery shows will go longer down?

I. DRA. D'y'e think they ever would come you to see,
If it wasn't for show that you take from me?

L. DRA. Tawdry elf!

I. DRA. Go look at yourself!

You've laid till you're mouldy on the shelf.

L. DRA. You lay out in gingerbread all your pelf.

(they attack each other—THEATRES take different sides)

DRA. Hence both and each who either cause espouses!
You'll drive me mad! a plague on *all* your houses!

(drives them all out)

Unless between themselves they soon agree,
Those boys, I feel, will be the death of me!
They so confound me that though I'm their
mother,

I vow I sometimes can't tell one from t'other.
I'm half distracted with the horrid din!

Enter GREEN COAT MAN.

MAN. Miss Praise and Mr. Censure.

DRA. Shew them in.

(Exit MAN)

Enter PRAISE and CENSURE—The former dressed as a nymph crowned with flowers—the latter as a crabbed old man with a scourge in his hand.

PRA. My dearest Drama, I've just called to see
If I of any use on earth can be.

- DRA. You're very kind, good Praise, but if not true
Your sweetest words for me can little do.
- CEN. I tell her so, but yet she goes on flattering,
And thinks to drown my cat-call with her chattering.
I'm your best friend ; though you prefer applause,
I've almost worn my whip out in your cause.
- DRA. You mean me well, and give me no alarm,
For where 'tis undeserved your lash can't harm.
But my sad case the skill of both defies,
The doctors differ and the patient dies.
- PRA. To these low spirits you must not give way.
Come, rouse yourself ; we're going to the play !
You haven't visited your realm of late,
You scarce know what is doing in your state !
Suppose you see a novelty or two !
- CEN. A *what* ?
- PRA. Well, something that's as good as new.
- CEN. Then it's as bad as anything can be.
- PRA. Oh, there's no pleasing you, of course, but we
Are not so difficult, (*to DRAMA*) Suppose you cast
A retrospective glance—peep at the past !
See in what shape the Town has been to view you !
- DRA. Well, if you think there's hope !
- CEN. Much good may't do you.
- DRA. Don't go ! (*to CENSURE*)
- CEN. Not I ! Praise may her zeal relax,
But Censure sticks to you as close as wax.
- DRA. What ho ! ye Theatres both great and small !
Attend for once, at least, the Drama's call !
If for my future fate you really feel,
Shew how you've lately laboured for my weal !
"Come high, come low,
Thyself and office deftly shew."

*Music—Enter SPIRIT of Drury Lane Theatre—The curtain
at the back of the stage rises and discovers an Egyptian
Temple—Before it are PAMINA, MONOSTASTOS, PAPAGENO.**

* From "The Magic Flute," an English translation of the opera
"Die Zauberflöte," written and produced by me at the Theatre Royal,
Drury Lane, 10th March, 1838.

DRA. What well-known sounds awake to joy my heart !

PRA. It is the magic music of Mozart.

TRIO—*From Mozart's Opera "The Zauberflöte."*

O, music enchanting, thus floating around, la, la, la, &c.

With pleasure is panting each heart at the sound, la, la, la, &c.

The curtain falls.

CEN. Well, I've heard that a hundred times before.

PRA. And can't find fault with it.

CEN. No, that's the bore.

I can find quite enough, though, with the story.*

PRA. But modern music also now may claim

The Drama's smile. A minstrel new to fame

Hath sung in mountain accents wild and free

The love test of the gentle "Amilie."†

The curtain rises and discovers a forest scene with GIPSIES encamped.

DRA. And who has warbled this melodious tale ?!

CEN. His name is ROOKE.

PRA. It should be NIGHTINGALE.

CEN. That's right ! it's only to seek Praise to win her !

DRA. She should encourage such a good beginner.

PRA. To carp at everything you make a rule.

CEN. No, sometimes in disguise I praise a fool.

DRA. But who's yon steel-clad knight ?

PRA. Heaven save the mark !

It is the Maid of Orleans—Joan of Arc !

* I ventured in my preface to the English book of songs in this opera to vindicate the German author of the original libretto from the aspersions too hastily cast upon him by those who have only acquired their knowledge of the story from the wretched stuff professing to be a translation of the Italian version, sold in our opera houses, and have repeated my arguments in my "Recollections," Vol. I., p. 276.

† The opera of "Amilie, or The Love Test," the music composed by M. W. Rooke, successfully produced at Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 2nd December, 1837.

Enter 1ST JOAN OF ARC.*

DRA. How! Joan of Arc! Heroic La Pucelle!
Oh, welcome to my arms! Why this is well!
And so to Shakespeare they return at last.

1ST J. To Shakespeare, ma'am?

DRA. Why stand you thus aghast?
Are you not Shakespeare's Joan?

1ST J. Oh dear me, no!

I'm highly flattered if you thought so though.

CEN. That was before she heard you *speak*, remember.

PRA. She fought a famous battle last November.

In Covent Garden.

1ST J. Yes, ma'am, to be sure!

DRA. Well, but behold another Simon Pure.

Enter 2ND JOAN OF ARC.†

Quick, say what claim have you to my affection.

2ND J. I'd rather sing it if you've no objection.

Air—JOAN—*From the Opera.*

My trumpet I'll sound for an hour,
Or longer, I'm sure, if you like.
To make all the noise in one's power,
Is one way the public to strike.
With clash and dash and crash,
And song and throng and gong,
No matter so you make a splash,
If you are right or wrong!
My trumpet, &c.

DRA. Oh, for the Joans of Schiller, Shakespeare, Southey!

1ST J. Away, Miss Musical!

2ND J. Begone Miss Mouthey!

* A grand spectacular drama by Serle, produced at Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 28th November, 1837.

† An opera on the same subject composed by Balfe, produced at Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 30th of Nov., 1837. It was more distinguished for orchestral power than vocal melody, and had a brief existence. Balfe played King Theodore, and Miss Romer Joan of Arc.

Duet—TWO JOANS—"Beggar's Opera."

1ST J. Why, how now, Madam Pert?
 If names you come to calling
 Your pride, I trow, is hurt,
 Because I spoilt your squalling.
 Madam Pert!

2ND J. Why how now, saucy jade?
 This my anger rouses,
 You'll find I can draw blade
 If I could not draw houses.
 Saucy jade! *(they fight off)*

CEN. Aye, let them hence, their difference to settle.

PRA. Well, you can't say that either wanted mettle.

DRA. Is there no five act play?

PRA. I beg your pardon,
 Another lady comes from Covent Garden.

*Enter the LADY OF LYONS.**

PRA. Of Orleans too?

LADY. No, madam; I'm of Lyons.

 But English born—child of a friend of Ion's,†
 And beg to say—what e'er you may have heard—
 That I'm no democrat, upon my word.
 I only civil war with *critics* wage
 And would but revolutionise the stage.

DRA. Then on and prosper—you've your work to do,
 I shall be happy to see more like you.

(they curtsey—exit LADY OF LYONS)

But hark! what sound is that? What do they try
 To catch with so much eagerness?

* From the late Lord Lytton's well known play, first performed 15th February, 1838.

† Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, the author of the tragedy of "Ion," was a personal friend of the then Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, as well as of Macready, the original Claude Melnotte of the play.

CEN. (*contemptuously*) A fly. { (*an enormous fly crosses stage,* }
 DRA. A fly! { (*pursued by all the theatre*)* }

Ye gods! what would they make of that?

CEN. Make! why a bait for gudgeons,—*verbum sat*.

DRA. Who's caught it?

PRA. The Adelphi.

DRA. What, the scene

That owned "The Wreck Ashore" and "Victorine"!

Where my domestic virtues found a home;

Must insects desecrate its hallowed dome?

Go, scourge it thence.

(*CENSURE drives out the fly*)

PRA. Nay, one such fault forgive.

You know "who live to please, must please to live;"

And here's an envoy from the Adelphi's stage

Who has the power to calm e'en Censure's rage.

Enter RORY O'MORE. †

Air—PRAISE—"Rory O'More."

'Tis Rory O'More! sure you've heard of his name;

Praise ne'er yet was tired of singing his fame,

To the rogue 'twas myself that first oped the stage
 door,

And 'tis all for good luck, says bould Rory
 O'More.

RORY. You may say that with your own pretty face.

PRA. You're just in time the Drama's frowns to chase.

* An acrobat, named Harvey Leach, alias Signor Hervio Nano, who was styled "The Gnome Fly," and amongst other sensational performances walked on the ceiling of the theatre. His services were eagerly contended for, and first secured by the Adelphi, from whence he migrated to the Surrey.

[He was also known as the "What is it," and the "Wild Man of the Prairies," until he was recognised by a friend as Harvey Leach, or Leech, the pot-boy, whose signature to a document I have as Leech though he was generally known as Leach. He died 16th May, 1847, and bequeathed his body to Liston, the surgeon, for the benefit of medical science.—T.F.D.C.]

† From Lover's melodrama of "Rory O'More," first performed at the Adelphi, 29th November, 1837.

RORY. In time ! sure, where's the wonder, now, of that ?
 Ain't I an Irishman ? I must come *Pat* ;
 But what's the row ? What can I do to please
 you ?
 If the blue devils in the least way tease you,
 Be aisy and I'll tell ye what'll smother 'em,
 The story of the Fox of Ballybothere ;
 I'll tell it——

PRA. Thank'ye, Rory, but not now.
 When at the Haymarket you make your bow,
 We'll come to see you—that you know's a place
 From whence the Drama nothing yet could chase.

RORY. Talking of chase—oh, sure then did you see
 “The Love Chase” there ?

DRA. It was a gift to me
 From one o'er whom my ancient spirit rolls,
 Your countryman and my best servant—Knowles.*

PRA. Rejoice, Green Isle, that minstrel is thine own !

RORY. Sure, 'tis yourself's the real blarney stone.

(Exit RORY)

Re-enter CENSURE.

CEN. The fly has flown ; I left him in a hurry ;
 And now he's gone to buzz about “The Surrey.”

DRA. With all my heart, for there I ceased to go
 When first upon those boards they “Jumped Jim
 Crow.” †

PRA. It was a pretty air—but there I stop ;
 Its further eulogy e'en Praise must drop.

Air—PRAISE—“Jump Jim Crow.”

“The Surrey”—well that name, alas !
 May wake the Drama's woe,

* It scarcely needs a note to remind the reader that the popular play of the “Love Chase” was written by Sheridan Knowles. It was first performed at the Haymarket.

† It seems almost incredible that such a contemptible performance could attain the popularity achieved for it by the American introducer, T. D. Rice ; but *de gustibus, &c.* The tune was catching, and had something, perhaps, to do with it.

'Twas there she went some time to pass,
 When driven hence by show.
 But just as she had brought its stage,
 A better taste to know,
 They turned about and wheeled about,
 And jump'd Jim Crow.
 She can't forget that Elliston
 Here played his latest part,*
 That Dibdin made all fashion run
 To see "'Mid Lothian's Heart,"†
 Where Shakespeare and where Walter Scott
 Had just begun to grow,
 'Twas pity sure on such a spot
 To jump Jim Crow.

Enter the BLACK DOMINO.

CEN. Talk of the devil ! and behold him——

DRA. (*starting*) No !

You never mean to say that that's Jim Crow ?

CEN. Well, it's as black as any crow, I'll swear !

PRA. 'Tis the Black Domino. *Bon jour, ma chère !*

DRA. Pray, to what theatre do you belong ?

COVENT GARDEN, OLYMPIC, ST. JAMES'S, ADELPHI, *all speaking, one after the other*) To mine ! to mine !
 to mine ! to mine !

DRA. Nay, wrong

Some of you sure must be.

PRA. No, they're all right ;

She had a sort of general invite.

* Elliston became lessee of the Surrey Theatre after his failure at Drury Lane.

† The success of Mr. Thomas Dibdin's adaptation of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Heart of Mid Lothian," was so great that the line of carriages occasionally extended from Fleet Street, over the bridge, and the whole length of the Blackfriars Road to the doors of the theatre.

'Air—PRAISE—From the Opera.

From Paris came the puzzling dame,
So widely spread her fame, all wanted here to shew
"Le Domino."

'Twas Mungo here and Mungo there,
And Mungo everywhere, from Edgware Road to Bow
"Le Domino."

To hold her fast in vain they tried,
The "only score" in vain was cried,
There seemed at least a score beside.
From puffs they almost came to blows,
About this game of Dominoes,
The cry was still she comes and will
Our pit and boxes fill
Until they overflow,
Sweet Domino.

CEN. But no, no, no ! 'twasn't so,
When she came 'twas no go,
Poor Domino !

DRA. Let the girl answer for herself, I pray,

CEN. She didn't *answer* anywhere, they say.

PRA. She answered well enough in Wych Street.

CEN. True.

Because to speak for her, she there had you.*

* Auber's charming opera "Le Domino Noir" was rapidly transferred to the English stage and rival versions of it produced at Covent Garden, the Olympic, the St. James's, and the Adelphi, but very ineffectively. I had been despatched to Paris by Bunn to hear and report upon it. I was enchanted by Mdle. Cinti Damoureau, but felt it would do nothing at Drury Lane given in the way it must have been there, and presenting none of those opportunities for elaborate spectacle which distinguished those Bunn delighted to transport from the Grand Opera in the Rue Lepelletier. I wrote to him my views on the subject, in which he perfectly coincided. In the meanwhile, with their usual short-sighted policy, every exertion was made by rival managers to anticipate each other, not one of them having a company capable of doing justice to the music, and the consequences were what might have been expected. Cut down to a vaudeville, the greater portion of the music omitted, and with Madame Vestris in the title rôle, it was an agreeable trifle, but not "Le Domino Noir."

DRA. Wych Street—where's that?

PRA. Why, you know Drury Lane!

DRA. Once I did—well.

PRA. And so you will again.

For whatso'er may be the moment's rage,
The British public love the British stage,
And days as bright as when thy birth was seen,
Are dawning 'neath another British Queen.
To thine old temples she hath led the town,
With garlands fresh thy Shakespeare's bust to crown;
Richard, Coriolanus, Hamlet, Lear,
In splendour worthy of themselves appear;
And by their Sovereign's gracious smile inspired,
Shall British bards with nobler ardour fired,
Strike chords which find their echoes in the heart,
And make the muses from their slumber start.*

DRA. O joy, to think that there may yet be such!

CEN. Methinks the lady doth protest too much;

But time will shew. For my part I don't mind,

CENSURE can always occupation find.

There can't be anything so much the fashion

But I shall find a place to lay my lash on;

And you (*to PRAISE*) who think yourself the pink to be
Of all politeness and civility,

You have been talking in this flow'ry style,

And kept a lady standing all the while.

(*points to BLACK DOMINO*)

PRA. Ah, *milles pardons*, we've done with you, my dear.

CEN. Run back to Paris, for you can't run here.†

(*exit BLACK DOMINO*)

DRA. But where's this Wych Street? Is it very far?

PRA. No, a few yards on this side Temple Bar.

* Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in those happier days of her life, was a constant visitor to the theatres, and at this period attended nearly all the farewell performances of Charles Kemble at Covent Garden, who retired from the stage, 23rd December, 1836, on his appointment to the office of "Examiner of Plays," on the decease of Mr. George Colman. Mr. Kemble afterwards played some of his principal characters by the express desire of Her Majesty, during the first season of Madame Vestris' occupancy of the same theatre.

† See note on "Le Domino Noir."

DRA. What do they play there? Farces, I suppose.

PRA. Burlettas only.

DRA. What on' earth are those?

CEN. Nobody ever knew that I could find.*

PRA. I wish you'd just look in.

DRA. I've half a mind.

Will you go with us? (*to CENSURE*)

CEN. To be sure I will.

There's a new piece to-night. It may go ill;

At any rate she shan't have all her way.

DRA. Come, let's begone.

CEN. The Drama at the Play!

Wonders will never cease.

PRA. Stop! here come two

Or three whom I must first present to you.

Enter SAM WELLER. †

A comic servant from the Strand—Sam Weller.

One that they call a very pleasant feller.

SAM. Samivel Veller, if you please, my name is.

Enter the AMBASSADRESS. ‡

PRA. A fair Ambassadors from the St. James!

DRA. Your Excellency's welcome to this court,

I've heard of you a very good report!

* I have already commented upon the absurd regulations respecting the performances at the minor theatres. The Adelphi and the Olympic had the Lord Chamberlain's licence for the performance of *burlettas*, only, by which description, after much controversy both in and out of Court, we were desired to understand dramas containing not less than five pieces of vocal music in each act, and which were also, with one or two exceptions, not to be found in the *repertoire* of the patent houses. But for this latter restriction not only any opera might have been played under the name of burletta, but "Macbeth," or "The School for Scandal," with the introduction of the prescribed number of vocal pieces.

† An adaptation of "Pickwick," by Moncrieff, was produced at the Strand Theatre, in which W. J. Hammond played Sam Weller.

‡ An English version of Scribe and Auber's opera "L'Ambassadrice" had been recently produced with some success at the St. James's Theatre.

CEN. (*impatiently*) Come, come !

*Enter DON JUAN.**

PRA. Don Juan from the Norton Folgate.

CEN. Have you got nothing from the pump at Aldgate ?

PRA. Don't mind him ; he's too sour to relish *Honey* !

The City is the place for making money.

CEN. If you are going through the houses quite,

I beg to say we shan't have done to-night !

Of minor theatres there's half a million ;

There's Sadler's Wells, the Garrick, the Pavilion ;

The Queen's, the Kent, the Portman, the——†

DRA. Oh, dear !

I really cannot have them all appear.

My compliments—I'm glad to hear they thrive,

I'll see 'em all next week—if I'm alive !

My carriage there !

CEN. Her carriage ! Bless my heart !

She used to ride with Thespi's in a cart !

PRA. 'Tis but a step—the way is short and certain.

Hey ! presto ! pass !

(they step forward, the curtain falls behind them)

There ! we're before the curtain !

Where shall we go ? Where would you like to sit ?

* A new theatre had just been built in Norton Folgate for the pretty and popular Mrs. Honey, who had produced a piece there on the inexhaustible subject of Don Juan, sustaining, of course, the character of the notorious libertine.

† "Sadler's Wells" and the "Pavilion" are well-known existing establishments. The "Garrick" was so called because in the second theatre on that site, which was opened by Henry Giffard, in 1732, David Garrick made his first appearance in London, Richard III., 18th of October, 1741. That theatre was pulled down in 1746, and another built on the same spot was burnt down in 1802. It may not be generally known that the late celebrated tenor, Mr. Braham, came out as a boy at the third Garrick Theatre in 1787, and was announced in the bill as Master Abrahams. The "Queen's" was the name in 1838 for the "Tottenham Street" or "West London," now the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The "Royal Kent" was opened on Easter Monday, 1834, in High Street, Kensington. It lingered on under various managements for about six years. The Royal entrance was down a court leading out of the main thoroughfare. The "Portman" is now the "Marylebone Theatre."

CEN. Go where you please. My place is in the pit !

(Exit CENSURE).

PRA. To take a private box I sent my page !

DRA. The Drama's proper place is on the stage.

PRA. Yes, at a patent house ! but here, you know,
It's quite against the law. I'll tell you, though,
How you may manage. Sing some arietta !
And if they question you, say you're Burletta.

DRA. What do they play to-night ?

PRA. What most will suit your

Taste, I shall fancy,—“A Dream of the Future.”*

(Exit PRAISE)

DRA. (*looking round the house*) So this is what folks the
Olympic call ;

It's very pretty, but it's very small.

Yet it has one advantage, no means slight,—

They *could* both *see* and *hear* me if they *might*.

Enter FANCY.

Who's this that slips the mystic curtain through ? †

FAN. A friend to the Olympic and to you.

My name is Fancy ; I have come to play

At least a well-intentioned part to-day.

America, you'll grieve to hear, intends

To tempt the Olympic queen from her old friends,

And—the mere notion almost drives me frantic—

To take a trip across the wide Atlantic.

DRA. Dear, how provoking ! just as I begin

Her fate to take a kindly interest in,

She's lured away by those *eternal* Yankees.

It is too bad,—for ever this the prank is.

Actors or actresses,—there isn't one

Who any service to my state has done

But in a moment he or she is picked off

As by a long Kentucky rifle !—Tricked off

* One of Charles Dance's best dramas, produced with great success in the earlier part of the season.

† The curtain at the Olympic opened in the centre and did not rise and descend as in other theatres.

Like kidnapp'd niggers from me in a trice ;
I won't put up with it for any *price*.*

Song—*DRAMA*—"Yankee Doodle."

Yankee Doodle comes to town—sees a clever actor,
Snaps him up and binds him down like a malefactor,
Packs him off to Liverpool by the railroad handy,
Leaving me to play the fool with any Jack-a-dandy.
Off from me each hope to cut—with rage it makes me
tremble—
He killed my Cooke, and to a Butler changed my Fanny
Kemble,†
Took my *power* o'er the sea, of both my *woods* bereft
me,
And robbed me of the only *tree* that cruel fate had
left me.

FAN. Well, if he caused your *woods* and *trees* to range,
He sent a mighty Forrest in exchange.‡
But calm yourself, and hear how I propose
This project to the public to disclose.
When Vestris of the future feigns to dream,
To make her really do so is my scheme,
And thus in lieu of the well-known burletta,
Fancy will shew a newer—not a better.

The curtain undraws to the Air, and discovers the dressing-room scene in the "Dream of the Future." Madame V. as

* Mr. Stephen Price, by whom Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews had been engaged for the United States.

† George Frederick Cooke, the celebrated tragedian, died in Boston, U.S. Miss Fanny Kemble married Mr. Butler, an American gentleman of considerable property, from whom she has separated. Tyrone Power, the popular Irish comedian, migrated to the States, and was unhappily lost in the "President" on his return voyage. Mr. and Mrs. Wood (Miss Paton, and subsequently Lady William Lennox) and Miss Ellen Tree, afterwards Mrs. Charles Kean, were also at that time in America.

‡ Forrest was a celebrated American tragedian. He paid a visit to England, and played a round of characters here with moderate success. He married Miss Sinclair, daughter of the well-known vocalist of that name.

HONORIA WALSHINGHAM, and Miss Lee as GEORGIANA
(*their original characters in the drama*) asleep on the sofa.

FAN. This scene is from the piece. Two sisters fall
Asleep while talking all about a ball.

Miss Lee, my dear, get up, you needn't stay.

MISS L. But, bless me, ma'am, what will the public say?

FAN. Forgive us for our cause.

MISS L. But Madame V.——

FAN. She's fast asleep as ever she can be.

MISS L. But there's the prompter looking.

FAN. Never mind.

Tell him it's fancy, and you won't be fined.

(Exit MISS LEE)

Let coming events cast their shadows before,
And dream-like still blended with shadows of yore.

*The back of the scene opens, and discovers the sea shore—An
American packet getting under weigh—The great Sea
Serpent, as in the "Deep Deep Sea," rises.*

DRA. Preserve us, who can that strange monster be?

FAN. The great American sea serpent. He
From the burletta of "The Deep Deep Sea."

SER. I say you critter there all in a heap,
Pretty particularly fast asleep.

They want you in the States; you'll go, I guess.

MAD. V. (*in her sleep*) Go to America? Oh no!

SER. Oh yes!

MAD. V. I can't indeed. I've got to get "The Dream" up.

SER. You must, and so you'd better get your steam up.

I give you——

MAD. V. "Advice gratis."*

SER. There's a power
Of money to be made therein——

MAD. V. "One hour."†

* One of the Olympic pieces by Charles Dance, produced 29th September, 1837.

† Another by Haynes Bayly, in which Charles Mathews was very effective. First produced 11th January, 1836.

SER. You've signed and sealed.

MAD. V. Shocking events ! *

SER. They've run

To take a berth for you.

MAD. V. "What have I done ?" †

SER. On board——

MAD. V. The Bengal Tiger.‡

SER. Stupid brutes !

There's no such packet ; it's the——

MAD. V. "Puss in Boots."

SER. Well guess, I can't make anything of you,
Here's all Olympus come to say adieu.

*The various DEITIES, &c., in the mythological burlesques
descend in a glory and on parallels.*

CHORUS—"Midas."

Jove in his chair, of the sky Lord Mayor,
From on high comes good-bye now to say.

When she goes heaven knows.

Where he'll find to his mind

One who can any of us portray.

First of her school, Olympus owned her rule,

We all flew her call to obey.

Since the fates

To the States

Bid her rove,

And e'en Love

To delay the sad day now must fail,

Fill, Deities who rule the seas, with fav'ring breeze her
sail.

MAD. V. (*starting up*) Give me another ship ! I can't bear
steam !

Have mercy, Neptune ! Soft ! 'twas but a dream !

* By Buckstone, produced at the Olympic, 15th January, 1838.

† By John Oxenford, produced at the Olympic, 12th March, 1838.

‡ By Charles Dance, produced at the Olympic, 18th December,
1837.

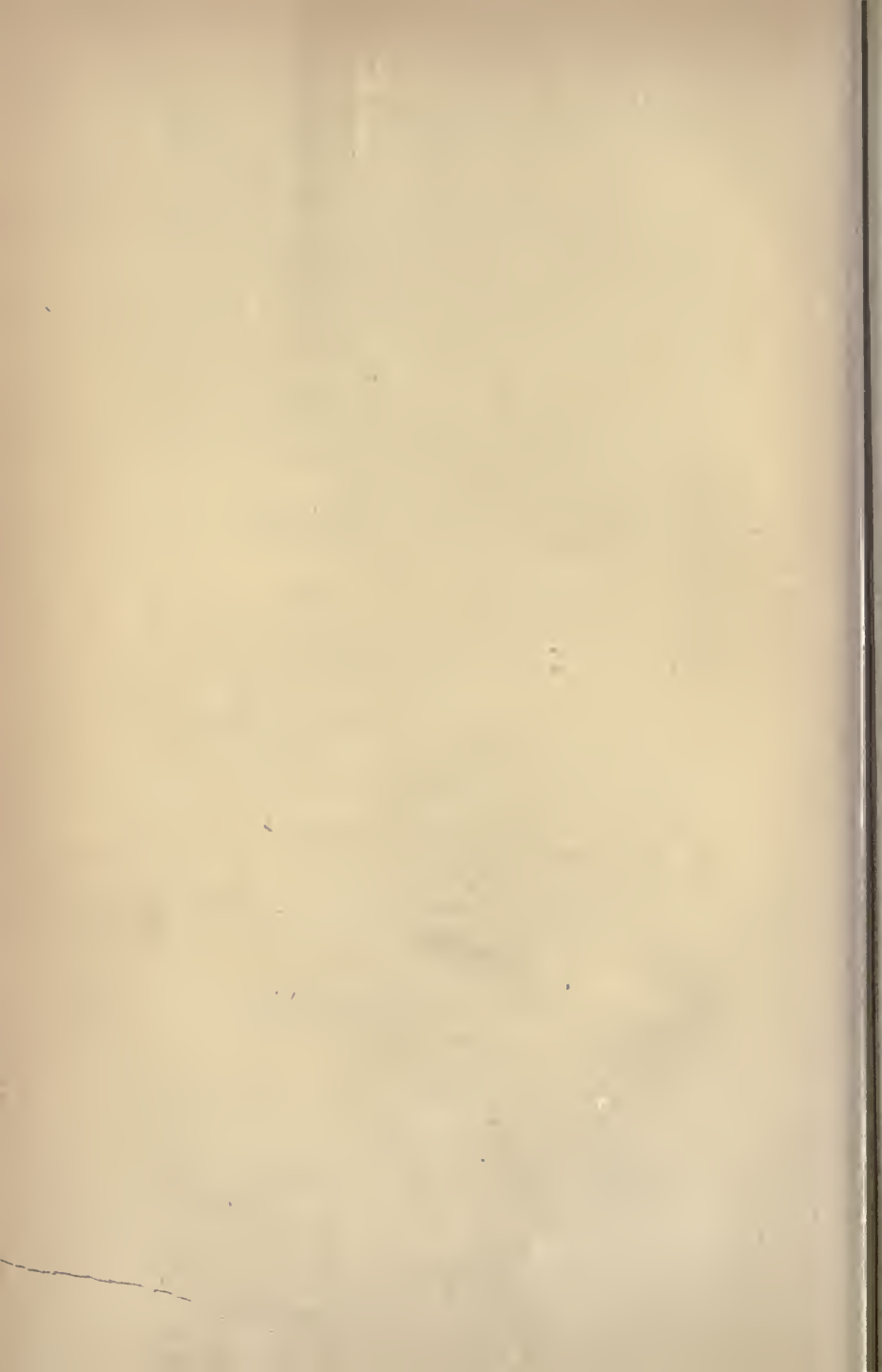
But oh, so like the truth, it shakes my heart !
 Alas ! I come to own, I must depart.
 And trust this mode in which I've undertaken
 To say farewell will not your anger waken.
 I know that Censure's somewhere in the pit,
 But Praise can smother him if you think fit.
 Let not his frown my future's dream o'ercast,
 Pardon the peep I've taken at the past.
 That past which, wheresoe'er I turn to view,
 Shews some bright token of regard from you.
 Deem me not vain if, in my parting hour,
 With pride I call to mind each little flower
 Which in the garden of this humble pile
 Bloom'd its short day beneath your fostering smile ;
 Or look with hope—of grateful memory born—
 To future blossoms and returning morn,
 Such hope shall cheer me in a distant clime,
 Such hope shall faster pinions give to time ;
 Such hope alone could now my heart sustain,
 Health and high fortune till we meet again.

FINALE—*Solo*—MADAME V.—“ *O how shall I in language weak.*”

Oh, how shall I in language weak,
 My ardent feelings tell,
 Or frame my faltering tongue to speak,
 That cruel word farewell.
 Farewell, but though I must depart
 In foreign climes to stray,
 Go where I will, my grateful heart
 Shall in old England stay,

CHORUS—Go where she will, &c.

CURTAIN.

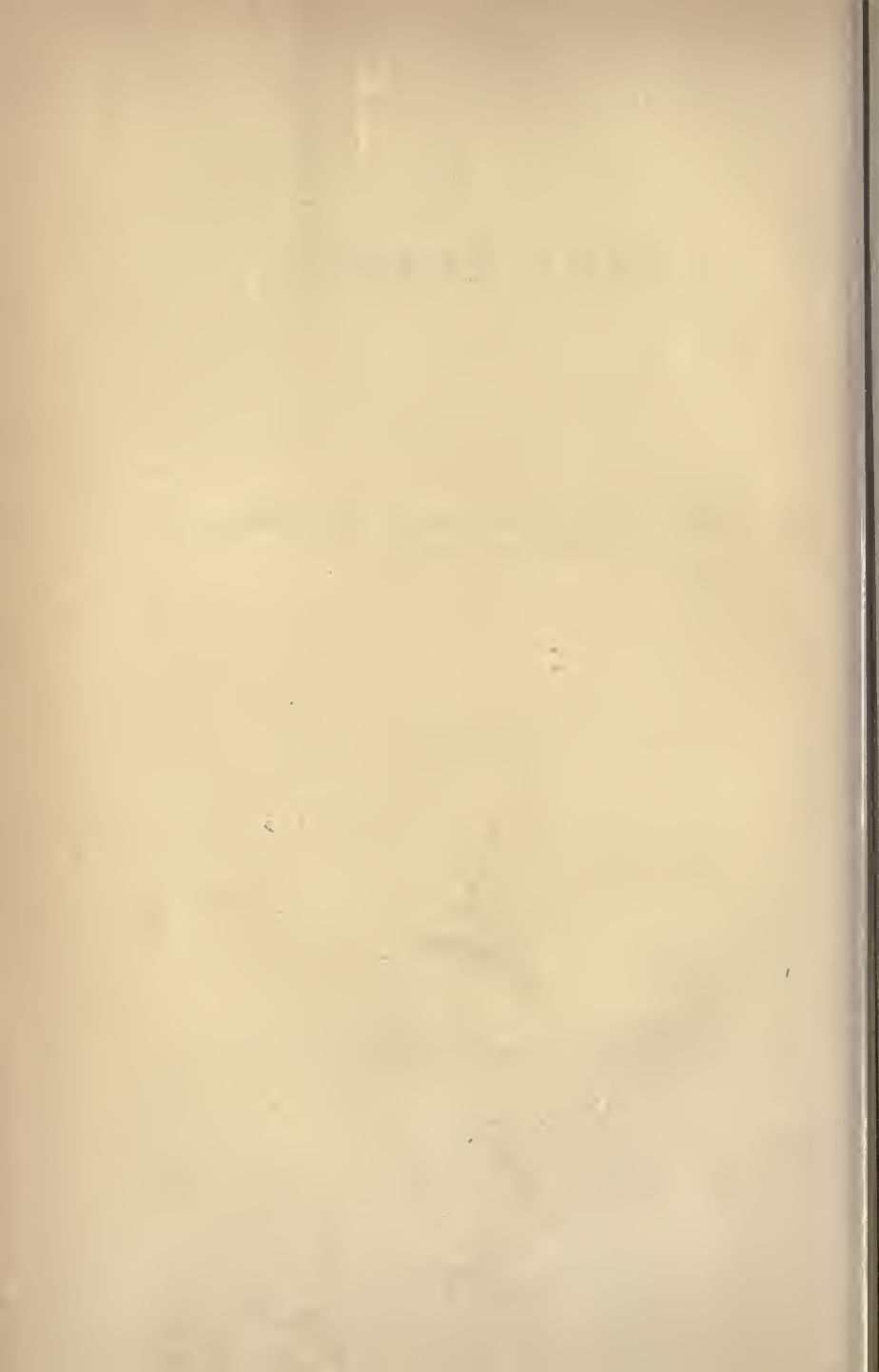


BLUE BEARD ;

*A Grand Musical, Comi-Tragical, Melo-Dramatic,
Burlesque Burletta,*

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Royal Olympic Theatre, under the management
of Madame Vestris, Wednesday, January 1st, 1839.



BLUE BEARD.

This was my last joint production with Charles Dance, for reasons which will be stated hereafter.

At the termination of the Olympic extended season, 1838-39, Madame Vestris and Charles Mathews, having first entered the united state of matrimony at Kensington, sailed for the United States of America, in pursuance of their engagement with Mr. Price, already mentioned. As they contemplated being absent from England during the whole of the ensuing season, they paid me the compliment of placing their theatre in my charge, and I consequently opened it at the commencement of October with a very strong company, including Farren, in the place of Liston, who had retired from the stage, and Mrs. Nisbett, engaged at a heavy salary to supply, if possible, the place of Madame Vestris. The American engagement, however, not turning out advantageous, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews returned to England before Christmas, and the piece which we had prepared for the holidays on the subject of "Blue Beard," and in which Mrs. Nisbett was to have played the principal female part without songs, had to be partially reconstructed and rendered lyrical for Madame Vestris (as she continued to be called in the profession), I need scarcely say to its great advantage. These alterations,

however, compelled us to delay the production of the piece till the week after Christmas, when, to a crowded and enthusiastic audience the ever popular lessee made her re-appearance in the character of Fleurette in our new version, as far as the stage was concerned, of the nursery tale of "Blue Beard; or, Female Curiosity." For our Blue Beard was not "a very magnificent three-tailed Bashaw," as in George Colman's well-known and well-worn melodramatic opera, the music of which was composed by Michael Kelly, but, as will be seen by the announcement in the original play bill, a French nobleman of the fifteenth century in accordance with the legend on which Perrault founded his story. The piece, magnificently mounted and admirably acted, was a great hit and triumphantly closed Madame Vestris' last season at the Olympic Theatre.

It was revived during her tenancy of the Lyceum Theatre, with Miss Kathleen Fitzwilliam in the part of Fleurette, for whom I introduced some new parodies; and it is in its latest form that the piece is printed in this collection, as its special arrangement for the re-appearance of Madame Vestris would be no longer compatible with its representation.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, &c.

The Scenery by Messrs. Telbin, Cuthbert, and Assistants.
 The Machinery by Mr. Strachan. The Dresses by Mesdames Glover
 and Bradley.
 The Properties by Mr. Bradwell. The Music arranged by Mr. Tully.
 The Dances, &c., by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

The Melo-Dramatists of the past century converted "Blue Beard" into an Eastern story, but every child knows that the old nursery tale, by Mons. Charles Perrault, is nothing of the sort. At Nantes, in Brittany, is preserved amongst the records of the Duchy the entire process of a nobleman (the original of the portrait of Blue Beard) who was tried and executed in that city for the murder of several wives, A.D. 1440. In accordance, therefore, with the laudable spirit of critical inquiry and antiquarian research, which distinguishes the present era, the scene of the Drama has been restored to Brittany, and the Costumes selected from authorities of the period above mentioned. But, at the same time, in order not to wound the feelings of a noble family, the last of whom has been dead scarcely three hundred years, the real name of the criminal has been carefully suppressed, and that under which he first obtained dramatic notoriety substituted.

SCENE FIRST.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

DAME PERROQUET (a Widow Lady of a certain age—with an uncertain income, two unmarried Daughters, and two Sons in the Army)	MRS. MACNAMARA
FLEURETTE (one of her Daughters)	MADAME VESTRIS
(Being her First Appearance after her Return from America)	
ANNE (the other)	MRS. FRANKS
JOLI CŒUR ("a worthy and noble-minded young man," in love with Fleurette)	MR. T. GREEN *
BARON ABOMELIQUE (surnamed BLUE BEARD—a celebrated Lady-Killer, who has obligingly undertaken, on this particular occasion, to sing his own March)	MR. J. BLAND
PAGE (with Invitation to the Ball à la Gustave)... ..	MISS LANE
Officers and Gentlemen of Blue Beard's Household, Pages, &c. :	
Messrs. Hart, Kerridge, Giffin, Hitchinson, Connell, Davis, Ireland, &c. ;	
Mesdames Downton, Goward, Bailey, Kendall, A. Kendall, &c.	

* A very agreeable comedian, for several years a member of Madame Vestris' company.

SCENE SECOND.

Gallery on the "Ground Floor" in Blue Beard's Castle,

With Doors of the Blue Chamber.

MARGOT (a <i>Waiting Maid</i>)	MISS A. TAYLOR
O'SHAC O'BACK (from "the Land of the West,"				
Groom of the Blue Chamber, and <i>Head</i>				
Valet to the Baron)	MR. BROUGHAM

SCENE THIRD.

STATE APARTMENTS.

A DÉJEÛNÉ DANSANT.

Ladies invited to see Blue Beard *re-wived*: Mesdames Jackson, A. Jackson, Brookes, Beresford, Norton, James, Charlton, E. James, and Ward.

SCENE FOURTH.

GALLERY, as before; and INTERIOR OF BLUE CHAMBER, as behind.

Nineteen Female Curiosities, all undeniably Good Women.

"Each with her noddle,
Nid, nid noddle,
Each with her noddle
Underneath her arm."

SCENE FIFTH.

COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE.

BRAS-DE-FER }	(Fleurette's two Brothers—	{	MR. HUGHES
LONGUE-EPÉE }	very Sharp Blades)	{	MR. PRICE

Correction and Revival of Blue Beard;
and

RESTORATION OF FLEURETTE TO HER "OLD HOUSE AT HOME."

BLUE BEARD.

SCENE FIRST.—*Landscape and exterior of DAME PERROQUET'S house—JOLI CŒUR enters, goes to the window of the house with bugle horn, upon which he plays the symphony to*

DUO—"Twilight Glimmers"—*Melo-dramatic Opera of "Blue Beard."*

JOLI. Love won't let me go to sleep,
Fat I'm a-losing fast I fear !
 Sweetest, from your window peep,
 That I may—that I may see my dear.
 'Tis your true love—cold he's catching
 'Neath your window—list, oh, list !

FLEUR. (*appears at window*) *
 Don't be foolish—mother's watching.
 I shall catch it if I'm missed.

JOLI. Why not give mamma the slip ?
 Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, step down stairs !

FLEUR. What, to Gretna take a trip ?

JOLI. While you may.

FLEUR. But they'd say——

JOLI. Well—who cares ?
 Pit-a-pat, &c.

FLEUR. Little boy blue, be quiet with your horn !
 We shall be caught as sure as you are born.
 I start at every breath.

JOLI. That is a false start.
 Let Hymen ring the bell, and, once for all, start.

* It was arranged for Madame Vestris' first appearance that Joli Cœur's serenade should be interrupted by Dame Perroquet and Anne, and Fleurette should enter later to the air of "Home, Sweet Home." In Colman's melo-drama she is named *Fatima*.

Enter DAME PERROQUET and ANNE from house.

DAME. How now, sir, what is all this noise about ?

FLEUR. My mother's voice ! I knew she'd find us out.

DAME. What may your business with my daughter be ?

JOLI. Dame Perroquet, can you ask that of me ?

Didn't you give me leave yourself to woo her ?

I've come this morn to pop the question to her.

DAME. Then to your question, sir, take my reply :

I've got a better offer in my eye.

FLEUR. (*entering from house*) You've something in your eye
no doubt ; or blindness

Can be your sole excuse for such unkindness.

JOLI. This change is sudden as a clap of thunder !

FLEUR. Ma, would you tear two faithful hearts asunder ?

Who upon earth is this, Dick, Tom, or Harry,

Whom you are pleased to say that I shall marry ?

DAME. Baron Abomelique, surnamèd *Blue* Beard.

FLEUR. The nasty wretch ! he'd better get a *new* beard.

DAME. With love for you his noble heart is seared ;

For you he dies.

FLEUR. Then let him die—his beard !

JOLI. You're a nice mother, ma'am, I must confess,

To lead your daughter into such a mess.

There are reports of certain wives and crimes.

FLEUR. Has he been married ?

JOLI. Only nineteen times.

FLEUR. Why goodness gracious—gracious goodness me !

DAME. Don't believe him, it's all fiddlededee.

ANNE. How strange that he should marry nineteen wives.

FLEUR. How passing strange, too, that he still survives.

DAME. Hark—hark—I hear his trumpet and his drum.

Come, you be going, for he's going to come.

JOLI. Not I ; I'll stay, and with these rumours tax him,

After his nineteen wives, by Jove, I'll *ax* him.

Since he has dared to cross our love so true,

I'll beard him to his face till *all* is blue.

*Grand March, from the original Melo-dramatic Opera of
"Blue Beard," composed by Michael Kelly.*

Enter ABOMELIQUE, attended.

Air—ABOMELIQUE—(*his own march*).

I'm a baron bold, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, fol de rol, fol de rol ;
 And my tale's soon told, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 From my castle gate, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 I have marched in state, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 Here to choose a wife, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 It's true, upon my life, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 So without more rout, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 Trot your daughter out, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 If she suits my fancy,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 And no fault I can see,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 She shall be, this day, ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.
 The twentieth Mrs. A., ma'am,
 Fol de riddle lol, &c.

DAME. Great sir, behold her !

AB. Humph ! I think she'll do.

FLEUR. (*aside to DAME*) I will not wed a man whose beard is blue.

AB. What's that she says ?

DAME. Nothing, my lord, at all.

She's charmed that such a lot to her should fall.

(*aside to FLEURETTE*) What signifies his beard, you little flat ?

His money's the right colour, think of that.

FLEUR. I don't want money, and I hate blue hair.

AB. What said she then ?

DAME. Nothing, my lord. (*aside to FLEURETTE*) Beware !

AB. Nothing again ! a jewel of a wife :

A woman who says nothing all her life.

Were she an Ethiop that would me decide—
Madam, I ask your daughter for my bride.

JOLI. (*advancing*) And I forbid the banns!

AB. The deuce you do
If I may make so bold, pray who are you?

JOLI. One who, if thwarted in his fondest views,
Will take and shake you in your lordly shoes.

AB. Audacious bumpkin! Has the slave no fears?
If not for his vile head, at least his ears!

JOLI. I'll punch your head, as though it were a pumpkin,
Thick as it is—"Alone I'll do it—"bumpkin!"

DAME. If you'll stand that, sir, you'll stand anything.

AB. I don't intend it, ma'am—seize, bind, and fling
The wretch into a dungeon, deep and dreary!

(OFFICERS *seize* JOLI CŒUR)

JOLI. I'll not be diddled thus out of my deary.
Haven't you married nineteen wives before?

AB. Nineteen exactly—for they are *no more*.

JOLI. No more, indeed! how came they so? explain.

AB. "Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein."

JOLI. Didn't you make away with them, you brute?

AB. Away with him, and cut short this dispute.
Ma'amselle (*to FLEURETTE*), I own your beauty is tran-
scendant;

I am a widower, and independent.

You are quite free to answer, yea or nay,
But I shall marry you, whate'er you say.

FLEUR. Take me against my will. (*aside*) I'll never yield.

AB. I'll take the favourite against the field.

DAME. (*aside to FLEURETTE*) Consent at once, or else you'll
get the worst.

FLEUR. I'll see him—everything whatever first.

AB. Quick, to my castle I invite you all,
I mean to give a breakfast and a ball;
A "déjeûné dansant." It quite the rage is
At the West End. What, ho! you rascal pages,
Send out my cards, and bid my cooks prepare
To out-Gunter Gunter! he of Berkeley Square.

(ABOMELIQUE *takes* FLEURETTE *by the hand*)

CONCERTED PIECE—"Gustave."

PAGE (*advancing with the cards*)

Fair dames, for one and all
I've cards of invitation
For a ball.

A breakfast will precede—a brilliant déjeûné—
A very handsome "feed," or "spread," as we say;
And Strauss, Musard, and Colinet,
Whom of course you know by reputation,
Are engaged expressly there to play.

A gay affair it sure will be,
A gay affair 'twill be.

Oh, happy day,
A déjeûné!

Methinks I see the glorious sight,
Pheasant pies
Tempting rise,

Champagne flies about so bright,
While Strauss' band
Play waltzes, and
Divine Musard's
Gay gallopades,
And Colinet's
(Surpassing praise),

By turns quadrille and polonaise.

JOLI. Aye, dance away,
My page so gay,
Your master shall the piper pay.

PAGE. We'll dance away,
The merry day,
No matter who the piper pay.

AB. Take him away,
The popinjay
Most surely shall the piper pay.
She seems a young pickle.
But woman is fickle,
Her vanity tickle,
The course is soon cleared.
None else shall she marry,

I swear by Old Harry,
The day I will carry,
Or cut my Blue Beard !

FLEUR. I'm in a sad pickle ;
My tears vainly trickle ;
O think me not fickle, (to JOLI CŒUR)
And don't be *afear'd*,
For ne'er will I marry,
A sort of Old Harry,
Who thinks fit to carry,
An ugly Blue Beard.

JOLI. She's in a sad pickle,
Her tears vainly trickle,
That she may be fickle,
I'm sadly *afear'd* !
O ne'er must she marry,
A sort of Old Harry,
Who thinks fit to carry,
An ugly Blue Beard !

OFFICERS *drag back* JOLI CŒUR ; ABOMELIQUE *seizes*
FLEURETTE—*Tableau closed in by*

SCENE SECOND.—*In ABOMELIQUE'S Castle.*

Enter MARGOT, *with a guitar.*

MAR. Dear me, where can O'Shac O'Back be gone ?
It's very lonesome to be all alone
In a lone house, with no one else besides ;
That's why our lord brings home so many brides.
I've carried this about so long and far,
I've left off thinking it a *light* guitar ;
And am in such a humour I could strike it,
And sing a favourite song, or something like it.

Song—MARGOT—" *A lowly youth.*"

A lowly youth, of "mountain dew,"
Beneath his cloak a flask concealed—

His secret as the cork he drew,
 To Echo only he revealed.
 "Oh, if you could," he cried, "be taught,
 How good it is, how sweet, how strong!"
 And Echo licked her lips and thought
 To take a drop would not be wrong!

The drop she took, though only one,
 So potent proved—that youth unknown
 Found Echo's tongue began to run,
 In praise of whiskey, like his own!
 And, from that day, a private still,
 The nymph set up the hills among—
 And if you say, "How strong!" she will,
 In whispers soft, repeat "How strong!"

(O'SHAC O'BACK *blows his nose without*)

Cheer up, fond heart, what rapturous sounds are
 those?
 It is my love who blows his precious nose!
 He comes! He heard me about whiskey talking;
 And to this spot, the Irish *dear* is stalking.

Enter O'SHAC O'BACK, pausing at wing.

O'SHAC. One female with a head, at last! huzza!
 Sweetest of women, is it there ye are?

MAR. In pensive mood——

O'SHAC. Don't talk of moods or tenses.

I have been frightened out of my seven senses!

And I'm so glad to see you, you can't think;

Haven't you got a little drop o' drink?

MAR. I rather fancy I *can* find you some——

I've got a bottle of my lord's old rum! (*fetches it*)

O'SHAC. I'm low—so anything to make me frisky;

(*takes it*) But rum is not to be compared to whiskey!

MAR. You see for comfort, love, you needn't far go.

O'SHAC. I've looked for you through all the *château*,

Margot!

MAR. But what has frightened you?

O'SHAC. Why, what I've seen

In the Blue Chamber——

MAR. (*eagerly*) Is it *there* you've been?

O'SHAC. Oh, yes, I have—I mean—oh, no, I've not—
(*aside*) I was to lie, that's true, I quite forgot—

MAR. You're as confused as ever you can be ;
There is some secret,—tell it, love, to me !

O'SHAC. I'm not confused, although I own I shew it ;
But if I tell the secret, then you'll know it !

MAR. That's what I want, so tell me !

O'SHAC. (*aside*) I must blink
The question ! (*aloud*) Give me t'other sup
o' drink.

MAR. What keeps he in that chamber on the shelf?
Tell me, or else I'll drink it all myself.

O'SHAC. (*in a hollow tone*) Spirits !

MAR. (*frightened*) What spirits ? Answer, dearest, come.

O'SHAC. (*aside*) I'll give her an evasive answer. (*aloud*
and holding out his glass) Rum.

MAR. No shuffling now, but tell the secret pat.

O'SHAC. There is a secret there,—I tell you that ;
But if I tell you more I lose my head,
And then I'd be almost as good as dead.

MAR. I want no ghost to tell me that.

O'SHAC. Oh, fie !
Don't talk so ; you don't want ghosts less than I.

MAR. Tell me, what's in the chamber ?

O'SHAC. Botheration !
I wish to fate you'd change the conversation.

MAR. Tell me if there are people in it.

O'SHAC. Plenty.

MAR. What do you mean by that ?

O'SHAC. Why nearly twenty.

MAR. Answer me one more question, and I'm dumb,—
What sort of looking people are they ?

O'SHAC. (*holding out his glass*) Rum !

MAR. Then I must ask—

O'SHAC. (*takes bottle*) Don't ask another thing.
You're dumb, you know, so hold your tongue and
sing.

*Duet—O'SHAC O'BACK and MARGOT—"Tink-a-tink"—
"Blue Beard."*

O'SHAC. Yes, Margot,—This, Margot, when I fain would
jolly grow.

Dram drinking, heart sinking, soon can drive away.

MAR. Bad hearing, I'm fearing, on you will this folly grow.

Now mind what to you, O'Shac O'Back, I say.

I think, I think, I think the light guitar would cheer
you.

I think, I think, I think, I think that drinking is
a sin !

O'SHAC. Drink, drink, oh, drink, oh, drink, I really cannot
hear you !

'Till, 'till for me you pour out whiskey, rum, or gin.

BOTH. Think, think, I, &c.

Drink, drink, I, &c.

O'SHAC. Once sighing—sick, dying—something has come
over me.

Quite queerly—drunk nearly—on the ground I lay ;

There moaning—deep groaning—Margot did discover
me.

MAR. Strains soothing, hair smoothing, I began to say,

I think, think, I think, I think the sweet guitar would
cheer you.

O'SHAC. Drink, drink, oh, drink, oh, drink ! I thought a
better thing.

Drink, drink, oh, drink, 'tis pleasure to be near you !

For, darling, you give me spirits while you sing.

(horn sounds at Castle gate)

MAR. Hark ! there's the horn—some one on Blue Beard
calls.

O'SHAC. 'Tis he himself, so just look out for squalls.

MAR. He's brought another wife home, I declare ;

You may say what you like, but it's not fair.

O'SHAC. What ?

(gives her bottle and glass)

MAR. Why, that he should have so many wives,

And worry them, poor things, out of their lives.

O'SHAC. Mind what you're saying, bridle up that tongue.
 MAR. Why, warn't they all of them cut off quite young?
 O'SHAC. Be aisy, darling, don't that way be going it,
 You're letting out the secret without knowing it.
 MAR. I don't care what you say, my mind I'll speak.
 O'SHAC. Begone, you devil! Here's Abomelique.

(*exit* MARGOT)

Enter ABOMELIQUE.

AB. So, slave, you're here?
 O'SHAC. I'm not quite sure of that.
 (*aside*) When I see him my head feels like a hat,
 That may be whipped off at a moment's warning,
 Before a gentleman can say good morning.
 AB. Are you alive, man? Heard you what I said?
 O'SHAC. Just as you please, sir, I'm alive or dead.
 AB. Then be alive, and quickly, villain, say,
 What has been stirring since I've been away.
 You know what I committed to your care?
 O'SHAC. What, the Blue Chamb—there's nothing stirring
 there.
 AB. For my new bride have you therein made room?
 O'SHAC. Yes, sir. (*aside*) I wish it was for the bridegroom.
 (*aloud*) And dusted all the heads and every body.
 AB. And kept the secret?
 O'SHAC. Yes, sir, like Tom Noddy.*
 AB. 'Tis well. (*takes keys*) This victim will complete the
 score,
 And then your service I shall need no more.
 O'SHAC. (*aside*) Faix, and you shouldn't have it now, my
 honey,
 If 'twasn't for the secret service money.
 (*Exit*)
 AB. Successful, surely, I this time shall be,
 Or I know nothing of phrenology.
 She has, if rightly I her cranium read,
 Inquisitiveness very large indeed.

* "Tom Noddy's Secret," a favourite farce by T. Haynes Bayly.

Her head completes the tale, and then I may,
Perhaps, know something of a quiet day.

SONG—" *The Admiral.*"

Though gallantly, though merrily, my days appear to
fly,
The notion is all moonshine, I might say, all my eye;
I've made an ugly bargain, with a still more ugly sprite,
A creature who for payment, bothers morning, noon,
and night.
Blue devils haunt me all the day, and when I go to
sleep,
Strange things come up to frighten me, and through my
curtains peep ;
Wide-awake I feel more bilious, at being in the dark,
Than any Yellow Admiral at Cheltenham you may
mark.

I hear a horrid whisper, that tells me fail I may,
In making up the twenty *crowns* that I am bound to
pay ;
And I've taken to strong waters, what they will do to
see,
But my whistle while I wet, I feel I whistle may for
glee.
"A lecture upon heads" my guilty conscience reads me
still,
Each night is but one long black draught, each day a
large blue pill ;
And I never have a moment wherein I do not see,
The tail of the black gentleman who waits below for
me. (*Exit*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The State Apartments.*

ABOMELIQUE, FLEURETTE, ANNE, and GUESTS *discovered.*
Feasting and dancing.

GRAND CHORUS—" *Guillaume Tell.*"

Everything fine surrounding.
 Everything nice abounding.
 Everything sweetly sounding !
 What can we wish for more ?
 Savoury dishes steaming,
 Champagne like a river streaming,
 Music that sets one screaming,
 Encore ! encore ! encore !

(ABOMELIQUE *leads forward* FLEURETTE)

AB. How do you like my castle, madam, say ?

It's furnished to your taste ? be candid, pray.

FLEUR. I find your castle, sir, the truth to tell,

Superb ! enchanting ! matchless !—pretty well !

(*aside*) I'm dazzled quite with all I round me view,

I wish his beard was not so very blue.

AB. Madam, you flatter me by your approval,

I trust you'll think no longer of removal,

But make yourself at home—my house, my grounds,

My servants, coaches, horses, hawks, and hounds,

Are yours, if you will have their master too.

FLEUR. (*aside*) I really think his beard is not so blue.

AB. My wealth's enormous—I've a rent roll clear

Of forty millions—I'm a potent peer !

Likely to die before you, a great point sure—

A youthful peeress, with a thumping jointure !

The king himself might at your feet then fall.

FLEUR. (*aside*) I'm quite convinced his beard's not blue at
 all ;

Besides, if he's so very much my slave,

He'd be polite enough, perhaps, to shave.

A peeress ! 'twould be cheap at any cost !

AB. (*aside*) The wench who hesitates, they say, is lost.

Enter O'SHAC.

Does silence speak consent ? Say, are you mine?
The contract's ready.

FLEUR. So am I to sign.

O'SHAC. And please your honour, here's a billy doux.

AB. For me ?

O'SHAC. Oh, no, sir ; not for me—for you.

AB. Fool, give it me. (*reads*) Odds bobs ! but here's a
screw loose ; (*Exit O'SHAC*)

The King has heard my life's a little too loose,

And I am cited to appear and answer

The charge of being a great necromancer.

I must to some one learned in the law ;

In these proceedings we must find some flaw,

And prove to those who prate of my intents,

That *they're* no conjurors, at all events.

ANNE. You seem disturbed.

FLEUR. What ails my lord and master ?

ANNE. I trust that note announces no disaster !

AB. Charming Fleurette, I'm called in haste away,

But don't let that break up the party, pray.

I shan't be long—and in my absence you

Can with your friends range all the castle through.

Here are the keys of every room within it.

FLEUR. What a nice job, I quite long to begin it.

AB. This of my treasury you'll find the key ;

These ope the iron chests you'll in it see.

And this the wine cellar, and this the store room ;

But this, *mind*, is the key of the ground floor room—

The small apartment at the gallery's end,

Called the Blue Chamber. Now mark, I depend

On your discretion. Enter all but that—

Therein peep at your peril ! *verbum sat !*

FLEUR. It needs no threat—you've but to speak your wishes—
They're my commands.

ANNE. (*aside to her*) Ye gods and little fishes !
You've quite forgotten Joli Cœur, I see !

FLEUR. Forgotten Joli Cœur ! Pray who is he ?

Oh, ah, I recollect, a little man

Who used to play the horn. Pray, sister Anne,

Don't mention him again, we must forget
We ever knew such persons.

ANNE. Oh, Fleurette !

For shame ! when in a dungeon pines the lad,
On your account, it really is too bad !

FLEUR. On my account ! Law, you don't say so ; bless me,
I'm very sorry, dear, you quite distress me ;
I hope and trust he'll soon get out again.

Come, ladies, won't you take some more champagne ?

ANNE. Sister, beware, your pride may have a tumble.

AB. Ladies, I am your most obedient humble !

(Exit ABOMELIQUE)

FLEUR. He's gone, now then we will have such a gambol.
Through all the castle I propose to ramble !
The cellar plunge in, to the garret chamber,
Up stairs, down stairs, and in my lady's chamber !

Duet—FLEURETTE and ANNE—then Chorus.

Goosey, goosey, gander,
Come, let us wander,
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber !
He'll be a bold man
Who to stop us dares !
We'll take him by the right leg,
Take him by the left leg,
Take him by both legs, and fling him down stairs.
Goosey, goosey, gander, come let us, &c.

(*Exeunt FLEURETTE and ANNE, and the others*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Gallery on the "ground floor," with folding doors, leading to the Blue Chamber.*

Enter FLEURETTE.

FLEUR. Well, I think now I've been in every corner,
And ate as much minced pie as young Jack Horner.

I'm dressed as fine as any princess, too,
 And haven't got a single thing to do ;
 Yet I'm not happy—no, 'midst all these revels,
 I'm troubled by a touch of the blue devils.

SONG—" *Son vergin vezzosa* "—" *I Puritani*."

I've used my ten toes so
 They need some repose, so
 I'll seek in a doze—O
 My senses to steep.
 My Blue-bearded sposo
 Objects to "peep-bo," so
 I'll go to "bo-peep."

Yes, I'll to bed, for I feel very weary ;
 What place is this ? it looks uncommon dreary
 After the other rooms—a door all blue !
 This must be that which I must not go through.
 And wherefore not, I should just like to know,
 If I'm to be the dame of this château ?
 Old Blue Wig's not at home, nobody's nigh,
 I'll through the key-hole have at least a spy. (*looks*
through key-hole)
 It's dark as pitch—why should I waste my time ?
 I've got the key, there can be no great crime.
 There's something curious in this room, no doubt of it,
 And I'll be sworn their's someone curious out of it.
 And so here goes !

*Puts key in door—it opens with a crash, and discovers interior
 of the Blue Chamber, and nineteen women in white, with
 their heads under their arms.*

What sight my soul alarms ?
 A regiment of heads, all under arms !
 Who are you, ladies ? if you can, pray speak !
 ALL THE HEADS TOGETHER. The nineteen wives of base
 Abomelique !

CHORUS OF HEADS—" *Nid, nid, noddling.* "

Each with her noddle,
 Nid, nid noddle,

Each with her noddle
 Underneath her arm.
 And it's how do you do, ma'am,
 And when did you arrive?
 You'll come and join our party
 As sure as you're alive,
 With your own noddle,
 Nid, nid noddle,
 With your own noddle
 Underneath your arm.

FLEUR. (*in great alarm*)

Oh, you're all models,
 Mod, mod models!
 Oh, you're all models
 Of politeness, I protest;
 But I couldn't think your graces
 To trouble any more,
 So permit me in your faces
 Just to slam the parlour door.

(*shuts and locks the door hastily*)

And I'll off toddle.
 Tod, tod toddle,
 With my own noddle
 Where I like it best.

(*Exit*)

Enter ANNE.

ANNE. Where can Fleurette have got to? Mother's gone
 And all the company—I'm quite alone,
 And feel so mopish,—ah! she's here at last.

(*Re-enter FLEURETTE*)

Why, sister, you are looking quite aghast.

FLEUR. And well indeed I may, for I have seen——

ANNE. A ghost?

FLEUR. A ghost, my love! I've seen nineteen!

ANNE. Nineteen at once? Permit me, dear, to doubt it.

FLEUR. Be quiet, and I'll tell you all about it.

Air—FLEURETTE—“*As pensive as I thought*”—“*Blue Beard.*”

As pensive the blue chamber near,
 I looked on this key shining bright,
 I felt rather curious, my dear,
 And fancied all wasn't quite right.
 Oh, I wished that the truth I could know,
 For I felt not a wink should I sleep ;
 And I couldn't help stooping just so,
 In hopes through the key-hole to peep.

I thought the old fright was away,
 And might be for hours or more,
 And ere you could Jack Robinson say,
 I had popped the key into the door !
 O, lud ! you may guess my alarm,
 A row of good women to view,
 Who with each her head under her arm,
 Cried, “ Ma'am, we're all waiting for you.”

ANNE. I never heard of anything so shocking.

FLEUR. I wasn't long again the portal locking
 You may be sure ; but when I turned the key
 Behold the key turned blue ! *(shewing it to her)*

ANNE. As blue can be !

FLEUR. Blue as it's horrid master's room or beard ;
 And nought can take the stains out, I'm afeard.

ANNE. With sand and brick-dust let us try a scrub.

FLEUR. I've tried, and to no purpose—there's the rub.

ANNE. What, in the name of fortune, can we do ?

FLEUR. Why, that's exactly what I'm asking you.

ANNE. Here comes O'Back ! let's ask him.

FLEUR. He'll betray us,

And then Abomelique alive will flay us.

ANNE. We can't be much worse off.

FLEUR. I don't know that ;

I tremble so, I don't know what I'm at.

(Enter O'SHAC O'BACK)

Come hither to me, Mister What's-your-name ?

O'SHAC. O'Shac O'Back.

FLEUR. Well, well, it's all the same.

Would you be kind enough to fetch me straight
The powder that you use to clean the plate?

O'SHAC. What do you want it for?

ANNE. Dear goodness me!

If you must know, she wants to clean a key.

O'SHAC. A key!

FLEUR. Why, yes, a key! What makes you stare?

O'SHAC. Oh, murder! sure you never have been *there*?

FLEUR. Don't frighten me; the key has changed its hue.

O'SHAC. Nothing will clean that key but powder blue.

FLEUR. But powder blue! then tell me where they sell it.

O'SHAC. Nowhere on *earth*—just take the pains to smell it.

ANNE. 'Tis but to tease you that he talks this stuff.

FLEUR. It has a dreadful odour sure enough.

O'SHAC. Anywhere else, I wouldn't care a button,

But you've been *there*, and you're a poor lost mutton.

ANNE. Devise some plan, and don't say things to grieve us.

O'SHAC. We can do nothing to make him believe us!

Once in that chamber having shewn your face,

You'll find he's booked you for an inside place.

FLEUR. But I've no money.

O'SHAC. He don't want your pelf;

He drives 'em there and pays the fare himself.

ANNE. Do think of something—we'll make you amends.

O'SHAC. I've got it, ma'am!—have you got any friends?

ANNE. She cannot answer—see with fear she swoons!

FLEUR. I've got two brothers in the Light Dragoons.

O'SHAC. Send to their quarters, let them come and storm

The Baron's castle in full uniform.

FLEUR. Alas! whom can I send? Poor Joli Cœur!

Where art thou now?

O'SHAC. Why just behind that door.

FLEUR. No, you don't say so! then beyond a doubt,

I've got the keys, and you can let him out. (*gives them to O'SHAC*)

O'SHAC. O'BACK *opens secret door in panel, and JOLI CŒUR appears.*

JOLI. Within this solitary cell confined,

For forty years poor Joli Cœur has pined.

FLEUR. Why, my good friend, you don't know what you say.
The Baron only lock'd you up to-day.

JOLI. Was it to-day? mark the effects of sorrow!
I actually thought it was to-morrow!

(sings) To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
And sure as you are born,
I'll beneath your window play
A solo on the horn!

FLEUR. His poor brain wanders.

O'SHAC. He's horn mad, I vow.

JOLI. I feel a little better, thank you, now!
And want my supper; for, as I'm a sinner,
I've only had a black French roll for dinner,
And half-a-pint of dirty Adam's ale,
I who was always used to "Bass's pale!"

FLEUR. Were you a lover true, you wouldn't think
Of two such vulgar things as meat and drink;
My head's at stake. Fly! jump into the mail,
And to my brothers bear my piteous tale!
If you have luck, you'll catch the evening train,
And ere you're there you may be back again.

JOLI. I fly to aid a female in distress!

FLEUR. I wish you every possible success.

O'SHAC. Young man, I beg to say four legs is best,
Call at the stable, and—you know the rest.

Air—JOLI CŒUR—"Guillaume Tell."

Fast to the office let me ride,
If I can find but a place outside;
Little I care for rain or hail,
Once on the top of the royal mail!
Blue Beard shall feel our vengeance lawful,
Widow'd shall be his twentieth wife;
Oh! that to make his fate more awful,
We could restore the rest to life!

Fast to the office, &c.

(*Exeunt JOLI CŒUR and the others*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The Castle Court-yard.**Enter ANNE, followed by FLEURETTE and O'SHAC O'BACK.*

ANNE. If our brave brothers are but to be found,
All may go well yet. (*horn*)

FLEUR. Hark! what means that sound?

O'SHAC. It means Blue Beard's come back again.

FLEUR. So soon!

O'SHAC. We're like to have a pleasant afternoon.

FLEUR. What can have brought him home so quick, I wonder?

O'SHAC. A coach and four.

ANNE. He looks as black as thunder.

O'SHAC. And, hark! he's going to say something surly,

AB. (*without*) Hang Joli Cœur to-morrow morning early.

FLEUR. Hang Joli Cœur!

O'SHAC. Faith, he'll be bothered there,

As Mrs. Glass remarks, "first catch your hare."

ANNE. I trust in time he'll reach our brothers' quarters.

O'SHAC. If not, I wouldn't be your mother's daughters.

FLEUR. The monster comes!

O'SHAC. I wish you, ma'am, well through it.

I'll make my bow while I've a head to do it.

(*Exit O'SHAC O'BACK*)

FLEUR. Run up into the attic, sister Anne,

And hollo out as loudly as you can

If you see anybody coming—fly!

The only game to play is "*high spy eye*."

Enter ABOMELIQUE.

FLEUR. Well, my good lord! (*aside*) Oh, hardness to dissemble.

AB. Well, my good lady!

FLEUR. (*aside*) Mercy! how I tremble.

(*aloud*) My lord, I heard you give a shocking order

About poor Joli Cœur.

AB. I told the warder

To have him hanged at sunrise, nothing further.

FLEUR. D'ye call that nothing, sir—I call it murder.

AB. Pray call it anything, my dear, you please,
But in the first place, hand me back my keys.

FLEUR. Your keys ! Oh, yes, sir—there they are, sir—all.
(*aside*) I feel so faint, I do think I shall fall.
Why hang that youth ?

AB. He vowed my head to punch—
Ha ! where's the key that was upon this bunch ?

FLEUR. Which key ?

AB. The chamber on the ground floor—where
The key that opens that ?

FLEUR. Is it not there ?

AB. No !

FLEUR. Lack-a-daisy ! then where can it be ?

AB. No lack-a-daisies, ma'am, I lack a key !

FLEUR. I have it not about me.

AB. That's a fault.

FLEUR. (*aside*) He'll eat me up with half a grain of salt !

AB. That key——

FLEUR. (*aside*) I feel I've not an hour to live !

AB. Did an Egyptian to my mother give.

She was a fairy.

FLEUR. La, sir, you don't mean it !

Then, would to goodness I had never seen it.

AB. Wherefore ?

FLEUR. (*aside*) He's like the black man in the play.

AB. Is't lost ? Is't gone ? Speak ! Is't out o'the way ?

FLEUR. It is not lost ; but what an' if it were ?

AB. Ha ! fetch it ! Let me see it. If you dare !

FLEUR. Of course I dare, sir ; but I won't before

You promise me to spare poor Joli Cœur.

AB. Fetch me that key, I say—my mind misgives.

FLEUR. There's not a better natured fellow lives——

AB. The key !

FLEUR. Or on the horn can better play.

(ANNE appears at the top of the house)

AB. The key !

FLEUR. In sooth you are to blame.

AB. Away !

Song—ABOMELIQUE—"The Sea, the Sea."

The key, the key, the fairy key,
 The blue room door that opens free !
 Without a mark, without a stain,
 Go find it and bring it back again !
 To play with edge tools is held unwise,
 The proverb, ma'am, you'll find applies !
 Go fetch the key ! go fetch the key !
 I swear by all that blue can be,
 By my beard above and my room below,
 Your head shall off your shoulders go,
 If you've dared but through the key-hole to
 peep,
 Your noddle, your noddle off my sword shall
 sweep.

FLEUR. (*aside*) He sounds that key-note so, 'twould be in
 vain

Higher to go, I must come down again !
 Forth it must come, whatever may befall ;
 (*aloud*) Why, bless me, here it is, sir, after all !
 (*produces it*)

AB. Aha ! Indeed, ma'am, is it so ? Hollo !
 How came it of this colour ?

FLEUR. I don't know.

AB. Well, then, I do—you've ope'd the room below
 And put your foot in it—I told you so.
 Prepare to die !

FLEUR. To die so young and hearty.

AB. You must go in again and join the party !

FLEUR. Oh, say not so—you can't so cruel be,
 Your room is worse, sir, than your company !
 Mercy !

AB. It's no use, ma'am, to whoop and hollow,
 They have all gone-a-head and yours must follow.

FLEUR. Though you're no duke, I ask your grace,
 oh ! let it
 Be granted.

AB. Don't you wish that you may get it ?

Air—FLEURETTE—"How can you smile at my despair."

How can you think my head I'll spare ?
 As if I'd others by the score.
 'Stead of my head, cut off my hair,
 And I will trouble you no more.
 Pray be so kind to grant my prayer,
 Hair grows again just as before ;
 But my poor head, unlike my hair,
 If once cut off will grow no more !

AB. If you have but one head to wear
 You should have thought of that before.
 Five minutes take, ma'am, to prepare,
 And prythee trouble me no more,

(FLEURETTE ascends tower)

AB. (*calling after her*) Five minutes, mind you, not another second——

FLEUR. (*at window of tower*) Have I in vain upon my rescue reckon'd ?

Dear sister Anne, say, is there any hope ?

ANNE. I can see nothing.

FLEUR. Take this telescope. (*hands one up to her*)

ANNE. My hand shakes so. I ne'er shall hold it steady.

AB. Make haste, there are two minutes gone already.

FLEUR. I'm making haste !

AB. Two minutes and a quarter.

FLEUR. I shan't be long.

AB. At least you'll soon be shorter.

Two and a half.

FLEUR. Pray don't make such a pother !

AB. What are you doing ?

FLEUR. Writing to my mother.

Shall I say aught from you ? (*aside*) For time I angle.

AB. Yes ; you may ask her if she's sold her mangle.

FLEUR. Don't talk of mangling, you unfeeling man !

AB. Four minutes !

FLEUR. Are they coming, sister Anne ?

ANNE. There's something kicking up a dust.

AB. What ho !

FLEUR. He's kicking up a dreadful dust below !

AB. Five minutes, ladies !

FLEUR. Take another peep !

ANNE. Alas ! 'tis nothing but a flock of sheep.

FLEUR. Only a flock of sheep ! my hopes you fool,

All that great cry about a little wool ;

Fortune upon me seems resolved to frown,

My time is up and so I must go down.

AB. I'm getting out of patience. Mrs. A !

Pray do you mean to keep me here all day ?

FLEUR. I'm coming.

AB. Coming ! So is Christmas, wretch !

Come down directly, or I'll be your *fetch* !

FLEUR. Look out again, dear sister Anne, you must

See something now, I'm sure.

ANNE. Another dust !

AB. Prepare !

FLEUR. It's very easy, sir, to say

"Prepare !" How would you like it ?

AB. Mrs. A. !

FLEUR. Good sister Anne, what see you coming now ?

ANNE. Three gentlemen—on horseback too, I vow !

But dear me, slowly as if each a snail rode.

FLEUR. Inhuman ! why not travel by the railroad.

TRIO—" *I see them galloping* "—" *Blue Beard*."

FLEUR. Quick ! wave your handkerchief, my sister dear.

ANNE. Pray, sirs, be kind enough to make haste here.

FLEUR. Bid them be kind enough to make haste here.

AB. Prepare !

FLEUR. I see them galloping, they come along like fun.

Now faster galloping, like thorough-breds they run.

AB. Prepare ! (*brings down FLEURETTE*)

Air—FLEURETTE—" *Robert, toi que j'aime* "—" *Robert le Diable*."

Forbear ! forbear ! Fie ! for shame, sir !

The key was blue before.

I'm in such a fright ! I'm in such a fright !

Ah ! sir. Ah ! sir—I was not to blame, sir !
Oh, don't, sir ! I won't, sir, do so any more.

(*loud knocking at the door*)

AB. How now ! who's knocking at the gate that way ?

Enter O'SHAC O'BACK.

O'SHAC. Lieutenants Bras-de-Fer and Longue-épée.

AB. Tell 'em I'm not at home.

O'SHAC. They've found you out.

AB. Say I'm at dinner, then, you stupid lout !

O'SHAC. I told 'em you were waiting for your *chop* ;

And so they said they'd in upon you drop,

And take pot luck !

AB. (*seizing FLEURETTE*) My vengeance lose I won't,
So thus I score up twenty !

*As he is about to strike, JOLI CŒUR, BRAS-DE-FER, and
LONGUE-EPÉE rush in.*

JOLI. No, you don't. (*seizes his arm*)

Heads up, Fleurette !

BRAS-DE-FER. }
LONGUE-EPEE. } There, take that, you old wizard !

(*passing their swords through ABOMELIQUE, who falls*)

O'SHAC. Thunder and turf, they've run him through the
gizzard !

JOLI. Dost pity him ?

O'SHAC. Who, I, sir ? No, sir ; never !

But there's a quarter's wages gone for ever.

AB. (*sitting up*) Kind-hearted soul, your shaken nerves
compose,

They have but run me through my wedding clothes.

FLEUR. Perhaps it's better so, and for this reason,

We humbly hope to run you through the season.

But you (*to JOLI CŒUR*) were rather late.

JOLI. No fault of mine ;

The locomotive, love, got off the line !

And we were forced to post it as we might ;

But here we are, you're safe, and all is right.

O'SHAC. I wish it may be so ; but there are those
Before our eyes, that may put in their *noes*,

And vote that we have, all 'gainst common sense,
To night committed a most grave offence !

AB. If 'tis a *grave* one, then we must submit ;
But if we've once to laughter moved the pit,
We plead that here uncommon nonsense revels,
And strives to kill with laughter all blue devils !

JOL. But there's another charge that may be made
By those who have not well the matter weighed ;
They'll say this can't be Blue Beard ; ask us where
his
Horses, elephants, and dromedaries,
Real or stuffed ?

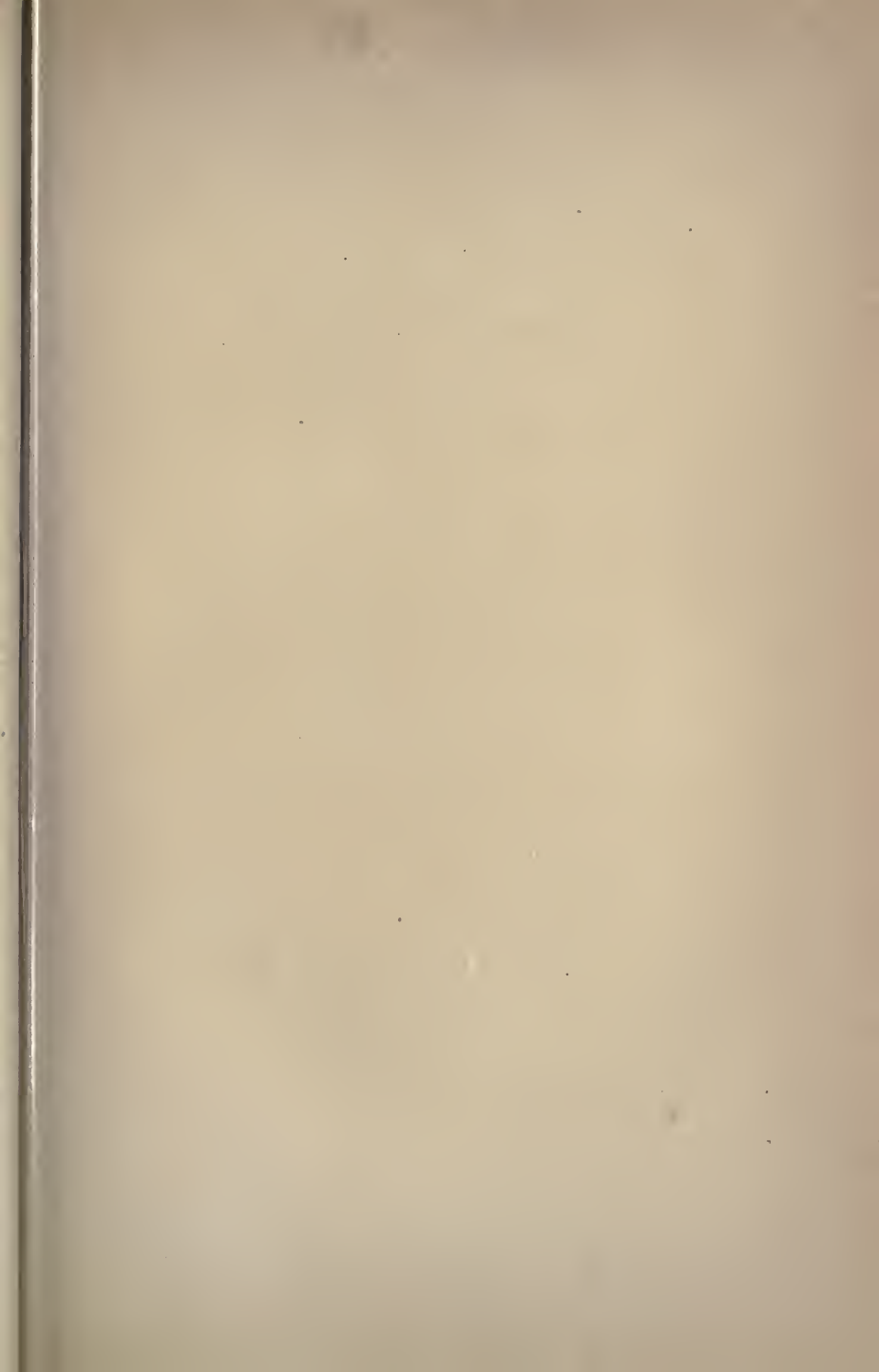
FLEUR. To that the answer plain
Is—"Sir, the beasts belonged to Drury Lane,
And were but lent to Blue Beard, when—sad work—
They made him fly his country, and turn Turk."
Our Blue Beard's not a great Bashaw of three tails,
But a French gentleman of one—the details
Dished up, à l'*Olympique*, by the same cooks
Who for so long have been in your good books.
Smile on us still, nor let our Blue Beard be
A "Fatal Curiosity" to me.

Finale—FLEURETTE and CHORUS—"Non Piu Mesta."

FLEUR. Spirits light'ning by our gambols gay,
We'll each night dull Care anew beard :
And to modern music sing and play
The old romance of Blue Beard.

CHORUS. If to "female curiosity,"
You'll extend your generosity,
Spirits light'ning by our gambols gay, &c.

CURTAIN.





Your sincere &c.
J. A. Harper

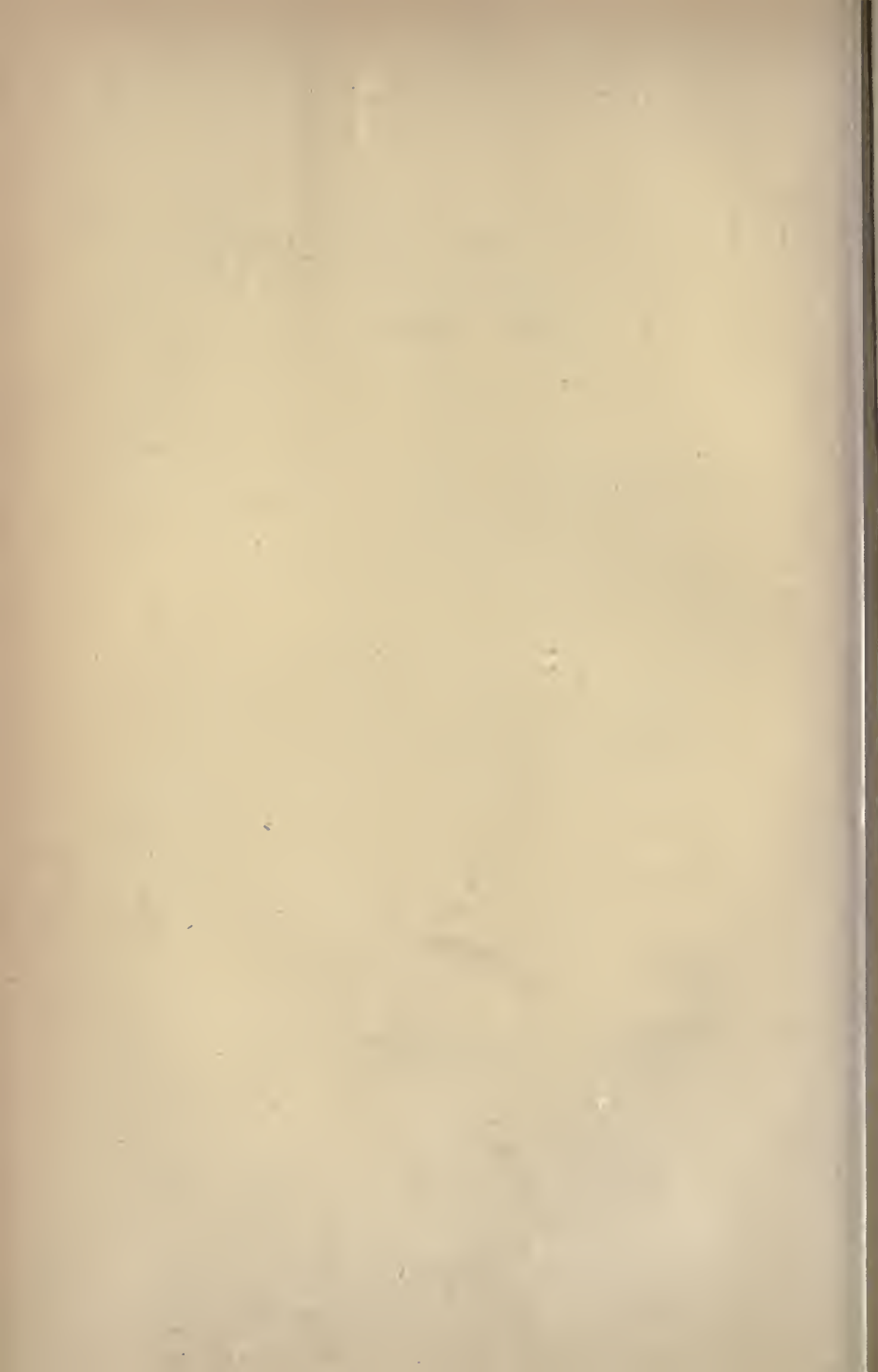
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD;

An Original, Grand Comic, Romantic, Operatic, Melo-dramatic

FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN THREE PARTS.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on
Easter Monday, April 20th, 1840.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN THE WOOD.

For the demerits of the remaining thirty-three Extravanzas I am solely responsible, Charles Dance and I having amicably dissolved partnership in consequence of his taking a partner for life and retiring for some period from any connection with the stage. Much as I regretted this at the moment, it proved eventually a fortunate circumstance for me, as my subsequent repeated successes, notoriously unassisted by any collaborateur, dissipated the idea which I discovered had been entertained, not only in England, but in America, that the fun was all Dance's and merely the stage carpentry mine. To such an extent had this notion been disseminated in the United States that even many of my dramas in which Dance had not the slightest share, were advertised as his only ; but as, however beneficial to the American manager, not one complimentary dollar found its way into the pockets of either of us, the empty honour was not worth scrambling for had I even been aware of the fact.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, at the termination of the Olympic season in 1839, had, at the instigation of Mr. Bartley, entered into negotiations with the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, which resulted in their becoming the lessees of that still national establishment, vice Mr. Macready resigned, and the transference to it of the whole of the Olympic Company. A harlequinade being unavoidable at Christmas time at Covent Garden, the fairy piece, which had become an institution under Madame Vestris' *régime*, was postponed to Easter, and I, who had accepted the position of "superintendent of the decorative departments," and was also engaged to provide the Easter piece, had to do so single-handed.

I selected the subject of "La Belle au Bois Dormante," and as the absurd regulations which I have already described as fettering the minor theatres, did not affect the patent houses, the vague title of "Burletta" was no longer necessary to designate the particular style of drama I had originated in England. "The Sleeping Beauty" was therefore announced as an *extravaganza*, distinguishing the whimsical treatment of a poetical subject from the broad caricature of a tragedy or serious opera, which was correctly termed a "Burlesque." I was rather nervous before the curtain rose on the evening of Easter Monday, 20th April, 1840, as it was a first experiment on so large a stage, and the responsibility was entirely on my own shoulders; but

the hearty roar from all parts of the house at an early line in the first scene—

“We stop the press to say we’ve no more news,”

relieved me of all my anxiety.

I had the advantage in this piece of the valuable services of my old friend and theatrical foster-father, John Pritt Harley, who two-and-twenty years previously had determined my career by the popularity he had mainly contributed to achieve for my “Amoroso.” In the part of Baron Factotum he was delightfully ridiculous.

Miss Rainforth, a young lady who rapidly rose in public estimation as a vocalist, was included in the cast, and in the ballet appears, for the first time under the management of Madame Vestris, the name of the beautiful Miss Fairbrother. A *contretemps* which might have imperilled the success of the piece occurred in the last scene. A *coup de théâtre* had been prepared for the final tableau by that most ingenious and tasteful artist, Mr. Bradwell. At the conclusion of the finale the chairs in which the seven fairies were seated were by unseen machinery to ascend with their occupants, illuminated by coloured fires, to nearly the height of the proscenium ; but when the cue was given they remained perfectly motionless, and the curtain fell amidst the unanimous plaudits of the audience, who never missed what they fortunately had never been promised they should see. Poor Bradwell was, however, nearly frantic with rage and disap-

pointment. He rushed up into the flies to ascertain the cause of the failure, and finding it to have arisen by a part of the machinery getting out of gear, could not be persuaded that it was accidental, but that it was purely so I felt perfectly satisfied. On the following evening the machinery worked capitally, and the effect was extremely novel and splendid.

“The Sleeping Beauty” brought crowded houses to the end of the season, and the theatre re-opened with it in the following one.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PART FIRST.—Period 1583.

THE FAIRY BANEFUL	MRS. TAYLEURE
NEWSPAPER IMP (not "Printer's Devil")	MASTER FLIGHT
THOMAS, surnamed NODDY (King of Noland)	MR. J. BLAND
QUEEN SERENA (his Consort)	MRS. MACNAMARA
THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE (in Long Clothes)	By a YOUNG LADY
	(Being her First Appearance upon any Stage)			
NURSE	MRS. EMDEN
GENTLEMAN USHER	MR. RIDGWAY
BARON FACTOTUM (Great-Grand-Lord-High-Everything)	MR. HARLEY
THE FAIRY ANTIDOTA	MISS LEE
THE FAIRY ELEGANTIA	MISS E. PHILLIPS
THE FAIRY DEWDROP	MISS BAKER
THE FAIRY ROSEBUD	MISS FITZJAMES
THE FAIRY GOSSAMER	MISS CHARLTON
THE FAIRY PHILOMEL	MISS LANE
THE FAIRY CHOREMUSICA	MISS JACKSON

PART SECOND.—Period 1601.

THE LADY AURORA ABIGAIL (First Lady of the Bed Chamber)	MISS RAINFORTH
THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE (aged 18 all but an hour or so)	MADAME VESTRIS
OLD WOMAN (still a Spinster)	MADAME SIMON

PART THIRD.—Period 1701.

LARRY O'LOG	{ (Wood Cutters) }	MR. BROUGHAM
COLIN CLUMP		MR. KERRIDGE
PRINCE PERFECT	MR. J. VINING
EX-KING OF NOLAND (aged 160)	MR. J. BLAND
EX-QUEEN OF NOLAND (aged 150)	MRS. MACNAMARA
LORD FACTOTUM (aged 140)	MR. HARLEY
LADY AURORA ABIGAIL (aged 120)	MISS RAINFORTH
THE PRINCESS IS-A-BELLE [<i>still</i>] (aged 118)	MADAME VESTRIS

Sylphides, by Miss Fairbrother, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Ryals,
Miss Kendall, and Miss E. Kendall.

* * In strict accordance with the Modern School of Melo-dramatic Composition, *Eighteen Years* are to be supposed to have elapsed between the First and Second Parts; *One Hundred Years* between the Second and Third Parts; and *considerably more than One Hundred* after the Piece is over.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

PART FIRST.—Period 1583.

BOUDOIR OF THE FAIRY BANEFUL,

Nine thousand miles north of the Kingdom of Noland.

Banquet Hall in the Castle of the King of Noland.

PART SECOND.—Period 1601.

*VESTIBULE IN THE ROYAL CASTLE.*APARTMENT OF THE PRINCESS IN THE OCTAGON
TOWER.

Mademoiselle Maria Luigia Bettoni and Monsieur Saxoni will dance a
new Pas de Deux.

Lobby and Lumber Room at the very Top of the Castle.

STATE BED CHAMBER.

PART THIRD.—Period 1701.

MAGIC FOREST.

CASTLE GATES. MOAT AND DRAWBRIDGE. OLD PALACE YARD,
And Re-view of a Company of the "Old Guards."

*Quick-set Hedge, and a merry Green Wood in the Spring-
time of the year.*

THE STATE BED CHAMBER. (Exactly as before.)

Person-ages "in *Statu Quo*"—though a Century older.

Illuminated Palace and Gardens of the Fairy Antidota.

FETE AL-FRESCO.

"La Cachoucha" by Mademoiselle Maria Luigia Bettoni.

DEPARTURE OF THE SEVEN FAIRIES, in a Patent Safety "Fly,"
constructed by Mr. W. Bradwell, "time out of mind the Fairies'
Coachmaker."

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

IN THE WOOD.

PART I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Abode of the FAIRY BANEFUL.*

The FAIRY BANEFUL discovered at breakfast—On one side her toilet—several ELVES in attendance.

Air—FAIRY BANEFUL—"The Old Maid."

When I was a Fairy just turned of fifteen,
As fair as a Fairy could be,
I whisk'd through the key-holes and danced on the green,
But now that won't do for me!—for me, &c.

I then was invited to every fine feast,
Each wedding and christening to see ;
But now I am old, no one cares in the least,
Nor e'en asks what's become of me—of me, &c.

But I'm living yet, and though centuries old,
Still as potent as Fairy can be—
And the next time I'm treated with scorn, I'll make bold,
To shew them what 'tis to slight me—slight me, &c.

I'm far from well—I've got the spleen—the vapours—
What makes 'em so late with the morning papers ?
Neglected here, e'en by my sister sprites,
Scandal and tea are now my sole delights.

(horn without)

Ah ! there's the newsboy's horn !

An IMP flies across with a horn in one hand and a bundle

of papers under his arm—he drops two, which are caught and handed to FAIRY BANEFUL by an ELF.

What have we here?

(putting on her spectacles)

“The Flying Post” and “Fairy Gazetteer.”

“Second Edition”—Quick! let me peruse—

“We stop the press to say we’ve no more news.”

Pshaw! *(throws down the paper and takes up the other)*

“Overland Dispatch,”—what’s this, I pray?

“At noon precisely, on the first of May,

“Her Majesty the Queen of Noland brought her

“Most loving lord and King a little daughter,

“To the great joy of all the court and nation,

“After ten years of anxious expectation!”

There, there, a month ago, and none before

Could tell me of this news! but stay, here’s more.

“We understand the christening’s fixed for,”—eh!—

“The 30th instant.” Why—yes—that’s to-day!

“And that the Fairies have been all invited

“To dinner.” All but me—again I’m slighted.

’Tis well! the time is come on which I reckon’d—

My Dragon to the door in half a second!

(to ELVES) My crown, my mantle, and my crutched stick!

(they bring them, and assist her to dress)

Oh! I will have such vengeance;

(a fiery Dragon descends or enters)

Now then, *(seating herself)* quick,

To Noland. Prove, my fiery friend, thy power,

’Tis but nine thousand miles, and we’ve an hour.

(Exit on Dragon)

ELVES disappear—Scene changes to

SCENE SECOND.—*Hall of the KING’S Palace—Royal Servants discovered setting out a grand Banquet Table.*

Music—Enter LORD FACTOTUM.

LORD F. Come, bustle, bustle, furnish forth the board,
Where are the seven gold covers?

SERV.

Here, my lord.

LORD F. Place them before these seven chairs—and where
The seven gold ferks and spoons?

SERV.

Your lordship, there.

LORD F. Quick, quick, or we shall have them here, by
heavens!

And find us all at sixes and at sevens.

Enter GENTLEMAN USHER.

USHER. My Lord Factotum, is all ready, pray?

LORD F. Don't speak to me, I've ne'er had such a day
Since I have been in office. Goodness gracious!
I've galloped up and down this palace spacious
Since sunrise, till I'm really quite worn out.

(*To a SERVANT*) Is that the way to pinch a napkin, lout?

I shall go crazy. Ye who sigh for place

Behold and profit by my piteous case.

As Lord High Chamberlain, I slumber never,

As Lord High Steward, in a stew I'm ever,

As Lord High Constable, I watch all day,

As Lord High Treasurer, I've the deuce to pay.

As Great Grand Cup Bearer, I'm handled queerly,

As Great Grand Carver, I'm cut up severely.

In other States the honours are divided,

But here they're one and all to me confided;

They've buckled Fortune on my back—until

I really feel particularly ill!

Young man, avoid the cares from state that spring,

And don't you be a Great Grand anything.

Song—LORD FACTOTUM—Air—"Where the bee sucks."

Who would be Great Grand Lord High,

All the blame on him must lie;

Everywhere for him they cry,

Up and down stairs he must fly—

After all folks, verily!—

Verily! verily!—Few could live now

Under the honours beneath which I bow!

(*guns, trumpets, shouts, &c.*)

Hark, to those guns, that flourish, and that shout,
 The Royal Baby's christened, there's no doubt ;
 King, Queen, and Court are coming, I've a notion,
 Away, for sharp's the word and quick's the motion.

Song and Chorus—LORD FACTOTUM and SERVANTS—
"Beggar's Opera."

They are on their road—
 Hark, I hear the sound of coaches,
 The Royal *cortège* approaches.
 To your places, both young and old—
 See the wand I hold.
 Don't stand like stupid asses,
 But as the procession passes,
 Mind and shout, as you've all been told.

GRAND MARCH—*Enter KING, QUEEN, and COURT ; a NURSE
 bearing the BABY.*

KING. So that job's jobbed. Our daughter has a name,
 Which shall with ours be handed down to fame.
 My Lord Factotum !

LORD F. Sire !

KING. You'll please to see
 That it is handed down as we decree.

LORD F. Sire, while I live, at least, I'll see—

KING. How ? What !—

See it, my lord, whether you live or not.

We're very hungry—are not you, sweet wife ?

QUEEN. I'm anything you please, my dearest life !

KING. Then we'll to dinner.

QUEEN. But—'tis not yet noon.

KING. Not ! Then it shall be so—and very soon.

My Lord Factotum !

LORD F. My most gracious master !

KING. Why don't you make those cursed clocks go faster ?

Let 'em strike twelve directly.

(all the clocks strike twelve)

LORD F. Sire, 'tis done.

KING. Confound that racket ! Make 'em all strike one,
And stop until we bid them strike again !

(*they strike one*)

Now then to dinner.

QUEEN. If my liege would deign
To listen to his loving Queen.

KING. We do—
Say on—we always listen, love, to you.

QUEEN. Would not the Fairies, then, whom we've invited,
Feel—if we dined without them—rather slighted ?

KING. Eh !—How !—My Lord Factotum !

LORD F. Here—Great King !

KING. Great me no Greats !—my Lord High-Everything !
You are responsible for such vagaries—
How comes it that we had forgot the Fairies ?

LORD F. My liege—I had not——

KING. You—who spoke of you ?
I say that "*we* had"—answer, is it true ?

LORD F. All that your Majesty says must be true——

KING. Then kneel and ask our pardon——

LORD F. Sire, I do.

KING. We grant it ; but remember—if you'd live,
The next time we forget—we shan't forgive—
That's rather antithetical—and droll——

LORD F. (*to COURT*) Laugh ! the King laughs——

KING. Not bad upon the whole—
Silence !—What keeps these Fairies ? Lord Factotum—
The cards of invitation—sure—you wrote 'em ?

LORD F. I did, my liege.

KING. And sent them ?

LORD F. Sent them all.

KING. Have you the list ?

LORD F. 'Tis here.

KING. Be pleased to call
Their names in order over—Come, begin.

LORD F. (*reading*) "The Fairy Dewdrop."

KING. Why don't she drop in,
She's over *due*—Ha, ha !—Upon my word,
We're getting quite jocose—Proceed, my lord !

LORD F. "The Fairy Rosebud."

KING. It may be a doubt

Whether a bud will come to a blow-out—

LORD F. "The Fairy Elegantia."

KING. Without *Grace*

It wouldn't do to dine in any case.

LORD F. "The Fairy Gossamer."

KING. She lives on air ;

It's quite a joke to ask her, I declare.

LORD F. "The Fairy Philomel."

KING. We've known her long—

She likes a *jug*, and sings a tidy song.

LORD F. "The Fairy Chore—" (*hesitating*)

KING. "Musica,"—you dunce—

She plays on twenty instruments at once—

Rattles them all together in a case,

From the Jew's harp down to the double bass.

LORD F. "The Fairy Antidota."

QUEEN. What a name !

KING. I know the lady but by common fame—

She rules, I'm told, the Island of Contraries.

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. (*announcing*) My liege! Their Highnesses, the
Seven Fairies !

KING. Throw the doors open, rascals—and stand back,
Or they'll be through the keyholes in a crack !

*Music—The SEVEN FAIRIES appear in their chairs.**

KING. I told you so—why how the fellow stares !

Don't ladies often come to Court in chairs?

(*Exit PAGE*)

Welcome, fair Fairies, to our Court—our Queen,

Our child—the finest baby ever seen.

ALL THE FAIRIES. The very image of its father—

* This was most ingeniously managed. The chairs having very high backs, the Fairies were seated behind them unseen by the audience, and when the cue was given were wheeled instantly round on them.

KING.

Oh !

You flatter me.

FAIRIES. Upon our honours, no !

FAIRY A. We've each brought her a fairing.

QUEEN. You're too kind—

We'll have her down, nurse, after dinner, mind.

(Exit NURSE with BABY)

LORD F. (*announcing*) Their Majesties are served.

KING. The banquet, see.

Enter PAGE, announcing.

PAGE. "The Fairy Baneful."

KING. Who the devil's she ?

QUEEN. The Fairy Baneful—can I trust my ears ?

Why she's been dead and gone these fifty years.

KING. She's never been to Court since I've been King—

Tell her she's dead, my Lord High-Everything.

FAIRY A. Beware how you affront her—she's most spiteful,

And may take vengeance on your daughter.

QUEEN. Frightful !

LORD F. Distracting thought ! I feel quite cold and flabby,

At thought of mischief to that darling babby !

KING. We own we never were in such a twitter,

My Lord Factotum, why don't you admit her ?

Enter FAIRY BANEFUL.

FAIRY B. My service to you all, I'm rather late,

I trust, however, I've not made you wait ;

I've stood upon no ceremony since

You stood on none with me.

KING. 'Twas to evince

Our great affection——

FAIRY B. That you did not send

An invitation to so old a friend.

No matter. Pray don't say a word about it,

I'm come, and trust I'm welcome.

KING and QUEEN. Can you doubt it ?

KING. A cover for the Fairy Baneful, quick.

FAIRY A. (*aside*) She'll play their Majesties some scurvy
trick ;

I see it in her eye—but I'll be wary,
And if I do not match her, I'm no fairy.

A chair is placed for FAIRY BANEFUL.

FAIRY B. How's this, a plate without a spoon or fork?

KING. (*aside*) Confusion! here's a pretty piece of work!

(*aside*) A fork and spoon for Fairy Baneful, boobies!

FAIRY B. And gold ones, set with diamonds and with rubies,

Like those my young friends have.

KING. (*aside*) The truth she'll guess.

My Lord Factotum——

LORD F. Sire.

KING. We're in a mess——

Quick! get us out of it.

LORD F. Most potent Fay,
I trust you'll pardon what I'm going to say,
But, by some very singular mistake,
Rundell and Bridge had no more of this make.

FAIRY B. Better and better—say no more about it.
I'm the last comer, and must go without it,
For an old woman anything's as good—
Bring me a spoon of pewter or of wood!

FAIRY A. (*aside*) There's mischief brewing—she will work some ill.

KING. Ladies, champagne—my Lord Factotum—fill
Bumpers all round—no daylights, I beseech—
I'm going to give a toast and make a speech;
Most noble Fairies, and most loving wife,
This is the proudest moment of my life—
I feel that I want words—I am not able—
Too happy to behold around my table—
Quite overpowered—Forgive me, phrases seeking—
Accustomed as I am to public speaking—
On this occasion, I shall only say
My daughter's health! with three times three!

ALL. Hurrah!

QUEEN. Ladies, with gratitude believe I burn,
And beg to drink all your healths in return.

ALL. Brava! brava!

- FAIRY B. But am I not to see
This wondrous child—this tiny prodigy?
KING. Of course—Dessert, ye knaves, as quick as may be,
And, Lord Factotum——
LORD F. Sire——
KING. Ring twice for Baby.
(LORD FACTOTUM *pulls a rope and a large bell*
rings twice very loudly)
FAIRY A. (*aside*) Now is my time—behind this screen I'll
hide,
And have the last word—every woman's pride!
(*hides behind arras*)

Re-enter NURSE with BABY.

- QUEEN. See where she comes—fresh from her morning
airing.
FAIRY D. I first shall give the little dear my fairing—
Receive with this small drop of mountain dew
The purest mind that ever mortal knew.
FAIRY R. This rose leaf on her pretty cheek I lay.
She shall be lovely as the dawning day.
FAIRY E. By this enchanting touch and mystic bow,
With graceful action I the maid endow.
FAIRY G. Light as a fairy shall her step entrance
All who behold her in the mazy dance.
FAIRY P. Sweet as the nightingale's her song shall be,
FAIRY C. To which I add all powers of minstrelsy.
KING. Oh, all ye gods and little fishes!—Never
Will there have been a girl so fair and clever—
Excuse a father's feelings—words are weak—
These tears of joy——
FAIRY B. Stop—I have yet to speak—
I owe you some return for your attention,
And fain would pay——
KING. I beg you wouldn't mention——
FAIRY B. Nay, hear me out—And fain would pay in kind
My obligations—but 'tis hard to find
(So bountiful have been my good friends here,)
A present worthy of the little dear.

Yet something pleasant to foretell I'll try,
Thy daughter, ere she comes of age, shall DIE !

ALL. Die !

FAIRY B. Yes, a spindle shall her hand run through.

QUEEN. Catch me, I faint——

KING. I can't—I'm fainting too !

My Lord Factotum—catch us both !

LORD F. (*with an arm round each*) O ne'er

Had mortal such a weight of woe to bear !

FAIRY B. Ha, ha,—next time you'll send *me* an invite—

And so—I wish your Majesties good night !

FAIRY A. (*coming forward*) Stay—and hear me—for I've
not spoken yet,

Cheer up, fond pair—your hearts at ease I'll set.

As she's my elder in the magic art,

Her stern decree must be fulfilled in part ;

A spindle *must* your daughter's hand run through,

But death shall not upon that wound ensue.

The maiden, undisturbed by pains or fears,

Shall slumber sweetly for a hundred years.

KING. A hundred years !—My gracious ! What a nap——

QUEEN. And wake a poor old woman !—Sad mishap !

FAIRY A. No, young and lovely still. A prince shall wake
her,

And of his heart and hand a present make her.

KING. How very kind ! For ever we're your debtor.

How fares our Queen ?

QUEEN. I feel a little better.

FAIRY A. Come, sisters, it is time " Good-night " to say——

LORD F. The Fairy Baneful's dragon stops the way !

KING. She's coming down.

FAIRY B. Don't triumph, monarch, yet ;

Depend upon't, I won't die in your debt.

(FAIRY *descends*)

QUEEN. The spiteful creature !

KING. We will foil her rage.

First, 'till our darling daughter comes of age,

'Neath lock and key she shall be kept secure.

Next, we, to make assurance doubly sure,

Will make a law that none henceforth shall spin

With spindles, or keep spindles houses in.

On pain of death. My Lord Factotum, see
The law is made—and kept too—or we'll be
The death of you——

LORD F. "Dulce et decorum est,
Pro patria mori——"

KING. Peace—we know the rest.
Ladies, since you seem bent your flight to wing,
We are your most obedient lord the King.

Finale to Part I.—KING, QUEEN, LORD FACTOTUM and
CHORUS—*Finale to First Act of "Guillaume Tell"*—
(Hofer.)

After next morning,
Should any, scorning
This legal warning,
A spindle dare ply ;
Their thread is spun, sir,
They'll find it no fun, sir,
Sure as a gun, sir,
The traitor shall die !

PART II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Vestibule in the Royal Castle.*

Enter LADY ABIGAIL, *followed by* LORD FACTOTUM.

DUET—"Fair Aurora."

LORD F. Fair Aurora, prithee stay ;
O regard what I've to say ;
Hear what anguish rends my breast,
Too distressing—I protest.
Why, fair idol of my heart,
Thus at my approach depart ?

LADY A. Fond adorer ! cease, I pray.
 Can't you call another day ?
 For the anguish of your breast
 I've no dressing—I protest.
 So 'tis idle ; Cupid's dart
 Never shall approach my heart.

LORD F. Yet, fatal beauty, but one moment stay.

LADY A. Be quick and say then what you've got to say.

LORD F. "Full eighteen times hath Phœbus' cart gone
 round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,"

That is to say, full eighteen years have past

Since the Princess was christened.

LADY A. Well, and fast
 The time has flown—at least, it has with me ;
 It scarcely seems as many hours to be ;
 Only since then I have a woman grown.

LORD F. Alack, to me the last five years alone
 Have seemed an age—look on these grizzling hairs,
 Turned by your cruel usage.

LADY A. Well, who cares ?

LORD F. Not you, I know—therefore, I'm daily sinking,
 And soon shall go to my long home, I'm thinking.

LADY A. I hope you've made your will ?

LORD F. Aye, you may laugh,
 But I've done more—I've made my epitaph !

LADY A. Oh, let me hear it !

LORD F. 'Twas for that I came ;
 If it's too touching I am not to blame.
 To a wild, plaintive air I'll strive to sing it,
 And if your heart's a good one, I shall *wring* it.

Air—LORD FACTOTUM—"Round about the Maypole"—
Midas.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A lord to fortune and to fame well known ;
 But fair Aurora couldn't see his worth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Melancholy marked him,
Melancholy marked him,
Melancholy, melancholy,
Melancholy, melancholy,
But fair Aurora, &c.

LADY A. Well, I confess, I cannot hear that strain
Unmoved, so I move off.

LORD F. Oh, yet remain——

LADY A. Then change the conversation,
Of dolefuls I've the greatest detestation——

LORD F. Well, well,—I will—I'll struggle to be gay.
You know the Princess is of age to-day,
And will come regularly out to-night,
At the State Ball—'twill be a glorious sight.

LADY A. 'Twill make a great sensation, I've a notion,
Her dancing is the poetry of motion ;
And then her singing, did you ever hear
A girl with such a voice, and such an ear ;
And plays on any thing, and any tune ;
I've heard her practising on the bassoon.

LORD F. Bassoon ! I'd bet the heaviest of wagers
She'd make her *dumb* bells ring triple-bob-majors

LADY A. Where is she now ?

LORD F. Still locked up in her tower,
Until the clock has struck the fated hour.

LADY A. The fated fiddlestick !—don't talk such folly,
I wonder *she's* not marked by melancholy.
Mewed up, because of that absurd prediction
About the spindle ! I've a firm conviction
The thing's impossible, From out the nation
Spindles are banished by a proclamation ;
Now, if there are none left within the land,
Pray how can she run one into her hand ?

LORD F. Unanswerable question ! You're quite right,
I vow it never struck me in that light.

LADY A. Well then, what say you to a bit of fun ?
Suppose we let her out to have a run
Just up and down the Palace.

LORD F. Heaven and earth !
It's more than every place I hold is worth.

LADY A. Well, if your places you prefer to me——

LORD F. Eh! how! what's that?

LADY A. Dear Chamberlain, the key.

LORD F. Don't tempt me! don't! for if you do I'm
dished.

LADY A. How oft you've sworn to do whate'er I wished;
And when I condescend a wish to name,
You hesitate.—O fie, my lord, for shame!

Air—LADY ABIGAIL—"Artaxerxes."

Monster, away,
How dare you say,
You a button care for me!
Hope no more,
That love the door
Of this heart shall ope for thee.

No, since thus
You make a fuss,
All about a paltry key;
'Gainst your art, sir,
My true heart, sir,
Double locked shall ever be.

LORD F. Stay, stay, I yield! I'm vanquished! here's the
key,

But grant one boon, love, in return to me.

LADY A. Name it.

LORD F. I will—while joy my soul entrances—
Your hand——

LADY A. 'Tis yours——

LORD F. Ah!

LADY A. For the first two dances.

(*Exit* LADY ABIGAIL)

LORD FACTOTUM *stands as if paralysed for a moment, and
then rushes out overwhelmed by his feelings.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The PRINCESS'S apartment—It is richly furnished and adorned with vases full of beautiful flowers, cages of rare birds, musical instruments of every description, globes, maps, books, &c.—The PRINCESS is discovered playing with her parrot.*

Air—PRINCESS—"Nix my Dolly."

It is eighteen years since I was born,
And here from my cradle I've lived forlorn,
Well-a-day !
My royal father, as I've heard say,
With joy cut many a caper gay,
With my dolly when I could play.

When I was christened, full many a Fay
Was asked to dine and to spend the day,
As they say ;
Each gave me some fairing fine—Oh why
Didn't one of 'em give me wings to fly,
Wouldn't we, Polly, have flown away.

But I'm of age this morn of May,
And every day will be holiday,
As they say ;
And I shall then be merry and free,
As lively a girl as you'd wish to see,
What tricks my Polly and I will play.

PRIN. Yes, I'm of age, and shall to-day be free,
And introduced at Court ! Good gracious me !
Shut up for eighteen seasons, who can doubt ?
No girl was e'er so anxious to "come out !"
It's true I've had all sorts of pretty playthings,
Birds, music, flowers, books, jewels, rare and gay
things !
Save in the wish beyond these walls to stray,
I've been indulged in every sort of way—

Denied no kind of harmless recreation,
 Or learning fitted to my birth and station—
 The lock upon the door at the first landing,
 The only *Lock* upon my understanding.
 Hark ! as I live ! a key turns in it now,
 Who's coming? Lady Abigail, I vow.
 Can she be come to fetch me? 'Tis too soon,
 I'm not to be at liberty till noon.

Enter LADY ABIGAIL.

LADY A. Your Royal Highness, I am come to pay
 My duty to you on this happy day ;
 And as a proof of my extreme devotion,
 To hint, that if your highness has a notion
 Of taking a small peep beyond the bar,
 It won't appear in the Court Circular.

PRIN. What riddle's this ?

LADY A. "Riddle my riddle my re,"
 If 'tis a riddle, madam, here's the key ;
 Suppose, by accident now, I should drop it,
 And you should pick it up, and slyly pop it
 Into the door, when nobody is by ?

PRIN. Oh dear, I couldn't think of it, not I.

LADY A. But you might do it, madam, without thinking.

PRIN. (*aside*) I feel my heart within my bosom sinking.

Deceive my pa and ma ! oh no, "I never !"

I'd rather be "in statu quo" for ever.

(*aloud*) I thank you for this dutiful address,

But dare not profit by it, I confess.

LADY A. Permit me just to ask you, where's the harm ?

PRIN. 'Twould give my parents just cause for alarm.

LADY A. They're gone out hunting and will never know.

Besides you won't beyond the Palace go—

Just see the preparations for the ball,

The presence chamber and the banquet hall ;

And, as by that time 'twill be twelve o'clock,

You may hang up the key and shoot the lock.

PRIN. No, no, my pa I've promised o'er and o'er,

I'd never try to pass that chamber door.

LADY A. Not pass that door?—but there's a time, you know,

When a door's not a door.

PRIN. Go, tempter, go !

Duet—PRINCESS and LADY ABIGAIL—" *Gazza Ladra*."

LADY A. Nay, then, I'll press you no more, ma'am,
Since you prefer to stay so,
But change your mind you may, so
I'll leave ajar the door.

PRIN. (*aside*) Yon door ajar too—I *must* take
One peep ! Oh, yes ! what fear I ?
Come what—come may—I'm weary
Of this dull second floor——

BOTH. Your pa { won't know { you've } been astray.
My pa { I've }
Until the frolic's o'er ;
And when it is "*a-jar*" they say,
"A door is *not* a door."

Lose not an instant,
Of pleasure haste in quest, O !
Time, by the forelock,
Catch him, and hold him presto.

LADY A. Pray do not dally,
Or stand shilly-shally ;

PRIN. Why do I dally,
And stand shilly-shally ?

LADY A. Why don't you say addio,
To this dull second floor ?

PRIN. Yes, yes, I'll say addio
To this dull second floor.

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Lobby and Lumber Room at the very top of the Castle—a small door in flat.*

The FAIRY BANEFUL appears.

FAIRY B. 'Tis done ! so far I triumph—she shall know
 What dire effects from disobedience flow ;
 In yonder nook hath dwelt an ancient crone
 For twenty years, as deaf as any stone,
 Who therefore never heard the proclamation
 For putting spindles down throughout the nation,
 And sits offending every hour, in fact,
 Against the “ mustn’t spin with spindles ” act.
 Come, my fair Princess, turn thy steps this way,
 And for thy first false step the forfeit pay.

(FAIRY BANEFUL *waves her wand and exit—music*)

Enter PRINCESS.

PRIN. Bless me ! I’ve surely come up the wrong staircase !
 Well, I suppose at Court that’s not a rare case.
 There are so many turnings round about,
 It must take half one’s life to find ’em out.
 I’ve mounted to the very top, I vow !
 There can but be the roof above me now ;
 So, here I am, alone in all my glory,
 Just in the middle of a fine old story—
 So old, indeed, that like the learned sages,
 I’m poring here over the dust of ages.
 Dear me, it’s very gloomy and romantic,
 A place to drive some sort of writers frantic ;
 For fashion now, on jail allowance feeding,
 Proclaims the darkest crimes the lightest reading.
 Well, *Chacun à son goût*, let who will grovel
 In blood, give me a sentimental novel.

Song—PRINCESS—“ *Long Ago* ”—*American Melody.*

Introducing the Sweep’s Cry.

Newgate records and slang ditties
 Seem all the go—

'Tis, I think, a thousand pities
 It should be so.
 Let who will "on horrors," daily
 "Sup full,"—I know
 I prefer'd *Haynes** to *Old-Bailey*
 'Long time ago.

Tyburn's not the place from whence, sirs,
 My song should flow ;
 Hanging's not "the sweet suspense," sirs,
 I wish to know.
 Rather to a Yankee ditty
 I'd jump Jim Crow,
 Or be a sweep in New York City,
 And cry just so.
 "Heigho," &c.

Well, I must down again without delay ;
 Perhaps there is a nearer cut this way.

(throws open door and discovers a small Gothic chamber, in which an OLD WOMAN is seated spinning with a spindle)

A room ! and some one in it, I declare !
 A poor old woman—what's she doing there ?
 She doesn't see me—what can she be at ?
 I'll ask her—sure there is no harm in that ;
 Good day, good mother.

(the OLD WOMAN rises and advances)

Nay, don't rise, I pray.

OLD W. I beg your pardon, miss, what do you say ?

PRIN. I say don't stir. Sit down again, I beg.

OLD W. "My leg ?" No, child, there's nothing ails my leg ;

I'm rather hard of hearing.

PRIN. So 'twould seem.

OLD W. "Scream !" No, young lady, no, you needn't scream,

I'm not so deaf as that.

* Thos. Haynes Bayly, the poet and dramatist.

PRIN. Then tell me——

OLD W. Eh ?

A little louder.

PRIN. Please to tell me——

OLD W. Stay—

Come on this side—I hear best with this ear.

PRIN. What's this you hold ?

OLD W. Yes, very old, my dear ;

Come Michaelmas I shall be ninety-four.

PRIN. Oh, I shall play at bawl with her no more,

I'll see if pantomime she'll understand.

(makes signs)

OLD W. Oh ! you would know what this is in my hand ?

Why it's a spindle.

(Music—The PRINCESS expresses by action her ignorance of its use)

OLD W. Lawk ! Excuse my grinning—

Have you lived all these years, and not seen spinning ?

PRIN. How very odd !—They ransacked every college
To make me perfect—fill my brain with knowledge,
Yet ne'er till now of spindles have I heard !
I'm quite provoked, it must seem so absurd.

OLD W. Why it's a mortal shame, child, and a sin,
That at your age you don't know how to spin.

(Music—PRINCESS expresses a wish to learn)

Teach you—with all my heart ! But, dear, I wonder
Where thou hast been brought up. Here, take this.

(gives PRINCESS the spindle—Thunder)

PRIN. *(alarmed)* Thunder !

I'm a sad coward in a storm.

OLD W. Not so—

That's not the way to hold a spindle.

PRIN. *(in turning it wounds her hand)* Oh !

(louder thunder)

I've hurt my hand.

OLD W. Why, what's the matter, eh ?

PRIN. I'm hurt ! Quick, call for help.

OLD W. What's that you say?
(*turns from her and enters room*)

PRIN. Alas! what shall I do? My senses fail—
Help! Lord Factotum! Lady Abigail!

CONCERTED PIECE—"Such a getting upstairs."

QUEEN. (*without*) My daughter's voice!—without a doubt!

KING. Speak, rascals! speak, who let her out?

PRIN. My pa come back! Where shall I fly?

I have no power—I faint—I die!

(*Enters room*)

Chorus—KING, QUEEN, LORD FACTOTUM, LADY ABIGAIL
(*entering*).

Such a getting upstairs, and a playing Old Harry,

Such a getting upstairs I never did see.

KING. I'm out of breath,

LORD F. And so am I;

QUEEN. I ne'er before was up so high.

LADY A. Look up that chimney.

LORD F. Scour the leads.

KING. If she's not found,
You lose your heads!

CHORUS. Such a getting upstairs, and a playing Old
Harry, &c.

QUEEN. What place is this?

(*opening door, and discovering PRINCESS and OLD
WOMAN*)

LORD F. The Lumber Room.

KING. Who's there?

One of the Troop! *

LORD F. She's armed, I do declare.

QUEEN. And with a spindle!

KING. Taken in the fact.

My Lord Factotum, say, how runs the act?

* The Lumber Troop.

LORD F. Hanged, drawn and quartered is the mildest sentence ;

Without a moment left her for repentance.

QUEEN. Our daughter here and wounded !

(*helping PRINCESS forward*)

KING.

For a guinea !

This is your work, you vile old spinning jenny !

PRIN. (*faintly*) Be merciful, dear sir, she's deaf, and ne'er

Could hear the law you name.

KING.

That's her affair.

OLD W. What's that you say, sir?

LORD F. Seize her !

Enter FAIRY BANEFUL—exit OLD WOMAN.

FAIRY B.

Not so fast.

KING. That hag again !

FAIRY B.

What ! stand you all aghast !

Don't you remember—eighteen years ago,

I told your Majesties it should be so ;

And though in some degree foiled by a juggle,

You still are in my net and can but struggle ;

Slumber is on your daughter stealing fast,

And the same spell upon you all I cast.

KING. My Lord Factotum, is it so-o-o !

(*yawning*)

LORD F. My gracious liege, indeed I don't know-ow.

QUEEN. We're all a little sleepy—don't you think so ?

PRIN. I shouldn't mind it if I didn't wink so.

LADY A. I was up early.

PAGE.

I to bed went late.

KING. I couldn't slumber for the calls of State.

FAIRY B. Well, you'll have time enough now all to doze ;

Nor shall you wake till a prince pulls your nose.

(*to KING*)

Music—Scene sinks and discovers State Bed Chamber ; FAIRY ANTIDOTA and ATTENDANT SPRITES.

FAIRY B. The Fairy Antidota—you're too late

This time—the spell's complete !

FAIRY A.

I bow to Fate,

Not you. (*to her SPRITES*) Haste, Elfin Sprites, fulfil
your duty,
A pathless wood shall guard the Sleeping Beauty.

SYLPHS *bear the PRINCESS to her couch*—KING, QUEEN, LORD
FACTOTUM, LADY ABIGAIL, &c., *fall asleep in various*
attitudes—*Curtain descends to the Air*

"We're all nodd'ing."

END OF PART II.

PART III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Forest*—COLIN CLUMP, LARRY O'LOG, and
other WOODCUTTERS at work.

ROUND—"When the wind blows"—*Bishop.*

Spite of our blows,
There the wood grows,
And makes of our labours merry ;
Vain are our chops,
Not a tree drops,
It's very hard work, boys—very—yes, very.

LAR. Well, it ain't aisy then, and that's the truth,
I've worked in this same wood, man, boy, and youth,
For twenty years, and my ould dad before
He worked in it as bad as fifty more,
And divil a tree has fallen by axe or weather,
I think these oaks are all a hoax together.
But come, it's supper time, and so who cares,
Let's cut our own sticks, as we can't cut theirs.

COL. Aye, come, for my poor wife will be on thorns
Until she sees me by her side with—

(*hunting music in the distance*)

LAR.

Horns !

COL. Aye—some chaps have been hunting all the day.

(*Exeunt CLUMP and WOODCUTTERS*)

LAR. And here comes one, as if he'd lost his way.

Enter PRINCE PERFECT.

PRINCE. Pray can you tell me where I am, my lad?

LAR. Yes, sir—You're there.

PRINCE. Well—come, that's not so bad.

Are you a woodcutter, my friend, or what?

LAR. I am, sir, a woodcutter, and I'm not.

PRINCE. How very mystical—Expound—explain.

LAR. Why, sir, you see I hack these trees in vain——

Not one will fall.

PRINCE. Ah!—Then if truth you utter,

You are but a "would-if-you-could-be" cutter.

LAR. Faith, sir, you've hit it.

PRINCE. You must fare but badly,

Or I'm afraid you fling the hatchet sadly.

LAR. 'Deed, no, sir——

PRINCE. What's the cause? for still I doubt it.

LAR. You're not the first, sir, that has axed about it.

Folks say the wood's enchanted—O'er the trees

There are some turrets, as your honour sees,

Wherein some say old Nick himself's a lodger;

Others that there's a horrible old codger,

They call an Ogre—who has got a habit,

Of catching a fat baby like a rabbit,

And smothering it with onions——

PRINCE. Nasty dog!

And eats it?

LAR. As a Frenchman would a frog!

PRINCE. The filthy fellow! S'death, you make me sick,

I'd have him hanged for such a dirty trick.

LAR. But you must catch him first—and who's to do it?

PRINCE. I'd storm his castle——

LAR. But you can't get to it;

The trees will only let him pass between.

PRINCE. I'd burn 'em down!

LAR. They won't burn—they're too green——

PRINCE. *I* should be much too green did I believe you.

LAR. Upon my sowl, sir, then I don't deceive you,

The wood's as stiff to hunters as to hacks.

PRINCE. You swear it?

LAR. Yes, sir—by St. Mary Axe !

But my old dad was wont to say he'd heard

A story in his youth still more absurd.

How that a beautiful young Princess lay

There fast asleep—and for an age must stay ;

And that no mortal soul away could carry her

Until a king's son came to wake and marry her !

PRINCE. A king's son said'st thou ?

LAR. Aye, sir—a king's son.

PRINCE. Hark ! in thine ear—a secret—*I* am one——

LAR. Who flings the hatchet now ?

PRINCE. Nay, you may smile,

But I'm Prince Perfect, of the Emerald Isle.

LAR. Och, murder !—Of the Emerald Isle too !—what

“ My countryman—and yet I knew him not.”

I can't believe it.

PRINCE. Don't—I'm not offended,

But *I* believe that I am the intended

Of this young sleeping fair one in the wood—

If she *is* young and fair, be't understood—

Because, if not, I am not of the number

Who would, for worlds, disturb the lady's slumber.

LAR. I tell the story as 'twas told to me—

And if you are a prince——

PRINCE. (*giving him money*) You soon will see.

Here's half-a-crown until I get a whole one.

LAR. Faith, if you are a prince than you're a droll one.

PRINCE. (*advancing a step*) Behold !

(*the wood changes to a deep blue*)

The first step proves that I am right,

The conscious trees change colour at my sight.

LAR. Well, sure enough, they're looking mighty blue,

All of a sudden——

PRINCE. (*advancing*) Now for passage through.

Most venerable branches—by your leaves——

(*the Forest opens gradually*)

LAR. As I'm a living sowl—the forest cleaves !

The brush-wood brushes off—the thickets thin ;
 And the trees bow him most politely in !
 Faith, he's the Prince of Wood-cutters !

PRINCE. Behold !
 The castle gates, the moat, the drawbridge old,
 The ancient guards too, all as fast as churches !

LAR. Like the ould Charlies* roosting on their perches.

PRINCE. I will make bold to enter without rapping,
 And catch the young and lovely owner napping.

(Exit PRINCE into Castle)

LAR. And if it warn't for this half-crown—mayhap
 I could go in myself without a rap—
 Why not, at all events—Perhaps there may be
 A sleeping beauty of a maid for me !
 If she's as dead as ever sleep can make her,
 Arn't I an Irishman, and won't I wake her ?
 I'd be a made man then—here goes !

(as he advances briars and thorns rise in his path)

I say—
 That's mighty ungenteel, now, any way !
 Come out of that, ye divils—Are you crazy ?
 Is that the way you poke your fun ?—Be aizy !

(the trees close upon him and beat him with their branches)

Thunder and turf !—Be quiet wid your tricks,
 How dare you hit a man such murdering licks,
 With nothing in his hand but his own fist ?
 Wait till I get my axe.

(the axe, as he strives to take hold of it, is whirled away, and in letters of fire upon the trees appear the words "Rash fool, desist !")

(reading) "Rash fool, desist !"

"Rash fool !"—Well, by the lakes of sweet Killarney,
 One can't mistake you for the groves of *Blarney* !
 Oh, murder ! Fancy now, if after all
 His Royal Highness in a trap shall fall !
 And 'stead of a young beauty, sweet and civil,
 Find a big yellow ogre sort of divil—

* The name given to the old watchmen.

That can't be called a beauty anyhow,
 And eats the heir apparent—there's a row !
 I'll run and tell his men what a disaster
 Is likely to befall their noble master.
 If I can save him from that nasty beast,
 I shall be made a barrow knight at least.

— — —

SCENE SECOND.—*Ante-chamber in Palace ; curtains closed.*

Enter PRINCE.

PRINCE. The potent spell throughout the palace reigns
 A magic slumber all the Court enchains,
 The porter in his arm-chair dozing sits
 The cooks are nodding o'er their loaded spits ;
 Yeomen in ranks in the guard chamber snore,
 The pages snooze upon the matted floor ;
 Ladies and lords in waiting, footmen, grooms,
 Lie strewed like rushes all about the rooms ;
 The dogs are curled up underneath the tables
 The horses are all fast within the stables,
 Their lady's lot the very fruit trees share,
 I gathered as I passed a *sleepy* pear !
 But where can this enchanted beauty be
 Who's laid in state a century for me ?

Song—PRINCE PERFECT.*

O where, my love, art thou in secret dozing ?
 Some friendly Fairy kindly whisper where
 A fine young man who really means proposing,
 Is " brave " enough sure to " deserve the fair."

* Mr. J. Vining was no vocalist ; but on the revival of this piece at the St. James's, the part of the Prince was played by Miss Eleanor Bufton, and this song written for her by me introduced.

For O, sweet maid, I cannot help confessing
 If fast asleep you'll an exception make.
 Young ladies now—to own it is distressing—
 Are *fast* enough ; but too much wide awake.

Where art thou, love ? A hundred years in slumber
 Is long enough for any maid to be,
 And you another hundred years might number
 Ere you again behold a prince like me.
 So much per annum wives now want to dress on,
 Marrying men get scarcer every day.
 "First catch your hare," was Mrs. Glass's lesson,
 "First catch *an heir*" is what mammas now say.

*The Curtains fly back, and discover the PRINCESS, KING,
 QUEEN, LORD FACTOTUM, LADY ABIGAIL, &c., fast
 asleep as at the end of Part II.*

By Morpheus ! there she is ! and what a creature !
 Divine, I vow, in form as well as feature ;
 Like my great-grandmother she's dress'd, 'tis true,
 My *Storrs and Mortimers* ! † what jewels too ;
 But nought her beauty can outshine or hide,
 Worthy she is to be an Emperor's bride !
 And who are these that wait in sleep upon her,
 Some sort of Chamberlains and Maids of Honour.
 Nay, now I look again, this queer old fellow,
 Who looks a sort of regal Punchinello,
 May be my future pa-in-law ; and t'other
 Old-fashioned piece of goods, my lady mother ?
 But truce to all conjectures—let me break
 The spell, and bid this sleeping Venus wake !
 But how ? By Cupid and all other loves,
 I'll try a kiss, and win a pair of gloves.

(kisses her ; she wakes)

PRIN. Ah ! was that you, my Prince, my lips who prest !

PRINCE. She wakes ! she speaks ! and we shall still be blest !
 You're not offended ?

† The celebrated jewellers, Storr and Mortimer, of New Bond Street,
 now Hunt and Roskell.

PRIN. Oh, dear, not at all !

Am't you the gentleman who was to call?

PRINCE. I feel I am, and hope my bosom cheers—

How have you slept, my love, these hundred years ?

PRIN. Charmingly, thank you, for I dreamed of you.

PRINCE. And do I realise your dream ?

PRIN. You do !

PRINCE. Sweet, candid, barley-sugar answer ! Oh !

How frankly maidens spoke an age ago.

Say, then, you'll wed me ; set my heart at ease.

PRIN. Oh, you must ask my father, if you please.

PRINCE. Where is he ?

PRIN. There ; an attitude he stands in.

You'd better wake them all, sir, now your hand's in.

PRINCE. With all my heart,—but they so soundly doze.

PRIN. Just wring him, very gently, by the nose.

PRINCE. With your permission—else I would not take

So great a liberty for worlds. Pray wake.

(pulls KING's nose—they all sneeze loudly)

QUEEN. Bless me !—was that an earthquake !

LADY A. What a shock !

KING. My Lord Factotum !

LORD F. Sire !

KING. What's o'clock ?

LORD F. My liege ! I cannot tell, but as I guess,

By certain feelings, which I can't express,

It should be breakfast time, or there about.

KING. We've overslept ourself !

LORD F. Beyond a doubt.

KING. Then see, my lord, it don't occur again,

Or you shall cease to be our Chamberlain.

LADY A. I feel I've slept too long—and yet but sadly.

LORD F. I know I've had the night-mare very badly.

KING. Hey day !—A stranger !—In my daughter's room !

Worse !—in her company ! Death be his doom !

My Lord Factotum !

LORD F. Sire !

KING. Call out the Guard !

LORD F. They're fast asleep, sir, in the castle yard !

KING. Then draw and run him through the body.

PRIN. Stay !

Papa—you wouldn't sure my husband slay !

KING, QUEEN, LADY A., LORD F. Her husband !

KING. Zounds !

PRIN. O, smooth your angry brows—
This is my dear and long-predestined spouse !
The heir apparent to a mighty king,
Who wants your license but to buy the ring.

KING. My Lord Factotum !

LORD F. Sire !

KING. Pray is this true ?

LORD F. My liege ! I'm quite as ignorant as you.

QUEEN. Then you know nothing ?

LORD F. Nothing, ma'am, at all.

KING. Go, wake the Guard, and bid 'em load with ball.

(*exit* LORD FACTOTUM)

I'll have the fellow shot.

PRINCE. Nay, sir—Hear reason.

KING. I won't ; it's but another name for treason !

An Heir Apparent !—Pshaw !—You mean to say

An Heir *Presumptive*.

PRIN. Father !

KING. Hence, away !

Air—KING—" *Tol de rol lol.*"

Thy father ! away ! I renounce the fond name !
Thou blot to my honour, thou blast to my fame ;
Let Justice the traitor to punishment bring !
If further I'm cross'd, you shall all of you swing !
Tol de rol, de rol lol, &c.

That's not the tune, nor quite the words !—no
matter ;

You understand me, and so no more chatter ;
Insulted Majesty can't stop for trifles !
My Lord Factotum !—Forward with the rifles !

Re-enter LORD FACTOTUM.

LORD F. My liege, they do refuse to come.

KING. Refuse !

LORD F. That is, they're all in the profoundest snooze ;

I beat one fellow very near to powder,
 But all in vain, he only snored the louder !
 KING. You should have beat the General—deuce take 'em !
 PRINCE. It wouldn't do, sir, only *I* could wake 'em.

Enter LARRY O'LOG and HUNTSMEN.

LORD F. Help, murder, treason !

LAR. Hould your gab, you rogue, or—
 Oh, murder !—Here's the ould thief of an ogre !
 Down with him, boys ! we'll teach him to eat babies
 Smothered with onions !

PRINCE. Hold ! you stupid gabies !

LAR. And it is there you are, sir ! safe and sound ?
 Then that's the Sleeping Beauty, I'll be bound,
 That's wide awake beside you—Only think !
 Ma'am ! if I'd eyes like yours I'd never wink !

KING. Why this is rank rebellion !—Traitors ! Slaves !

LAR. Manners, ye divil, don't call names !

KING. He braves
 My wrath !

LAR. I do !—if me you try to eat,
 You'll find me mighty tough to masticate !

PRINCE. Be quiet, friend. This person, you must know,
 Was a great king a hundred years ago.

KING. A hundred years ago !

PRIN. Yes, father dear ;
 This is what I was wishing you to hear ;
 But you would put yourself in such a rage.
 Don't you remember, you have slept an age,
 And might have still been wrapped in deep repose,
 If the Prince hadn't kindly pulled your nose !

KING. Now by our crown !—a pretty explanation,
 Permit us to return the obligation !

PRIN. Nay, pardon him ; for 'twas at my suggestion,
 And for your good. He fairly put the question,
 And the *nose* had it.

KING. Do we dream—or dote ?

LORD F. Upon my honour, sire—I didn't vote.

I paired off long before with Lady A.

KING. (*to PRINCESS*) And we have slept a hundred years,
 you say ?

PRIN. You—I—my royal mother—All the Court,
 KING. We do begin to credit this report.

CONCERTED PIECE.

AIR—" *I remember.*"

PRIN. You remember, you remember, how my childhood
 fled by,
 How one hour, from my tower, I ventured on the
 sly.
 How you came and found me out, sir, and gave
 yourself high airs,
 And made a precious rout, sir, up twenty pairs of
 stairs!

KING. We remember, we remember, now you tell us it was
 so,
 But 'tis hard, love, to remember things so very
 long ago.

PRIN. You remember, you remember, now I tell you, &c.

LORD F. } We remember, we remember, &c.
 LADY A. }

KING. One agonising question! only one!—
 Say! what have my afflicted people done
 These hundred years?

PRINCE. They've done, my liege, without you.

KING. Impossible! Again you make me doubt you.

PRINCE. Think you, because Courts sleep, that nations do?
 Your country's had a dozen kings since you.

KING. A dozen! Who reigns now then, quickly tell?

PRINCE. Your cousin, nineteen times removed—

KING. 'Tis well!

We will remove him once again. (*aside*) Prince, take
 Our daughter's hand—we now are wide awake.
 My Lord Factotum, hasten and preparè
 The nuptial feast—

FAIRY ANTIDOTA *appearing.*

FAIRY A.

Hold! that is my affair!

All is accomplished, by your free consent,
 And I, to celebrate this glad event,
 Have ordered supper for the party. Nay,
 I'll hear of no excuses, sir, to-day ;
 I've asked your friends and mine—the six kind fairies—
 They'll meet us in my Island of Contraries,
 To which I move this Court do now adjourn !

(*Scene changes to the Illuminated Gardens of the FAIRY ANTIDOTA'S Palace, the SIX FAIRIES appearing—Procession of LORDS, LADIES, GUARDS, SYLPHS, &c., preceding the SIX FAIRIES*)

B A L L E T.

FINALE.

Air—PRINCESS—" *Cruiskeen Lawn*."

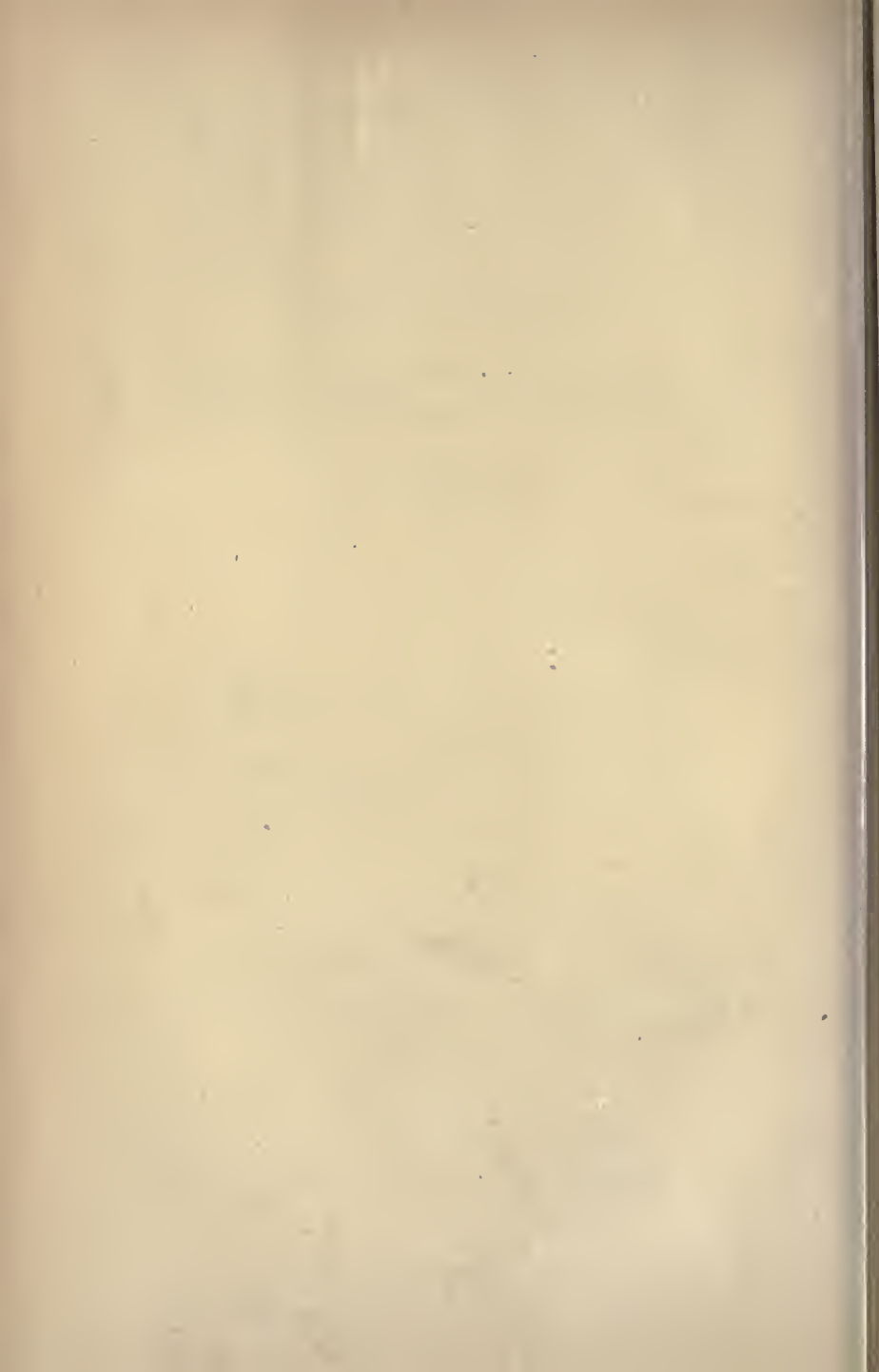
Our Easter dues to pay,
 We have done our best to-day ;
 Then stand our friends, as ye've so often stood,
 And let our hands unite
 To chase away our *fright*,
 And cheer our "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood,"
 Wood ! Wood !
 And cheer our "Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

CHORUS.

Let your hands unite, &c.

The SEVEN FAIRIES ascend in their chairs—ANTIDOTA in the centre, surrounded by SYLPHS and FAIRIES, bearing torches of various coloured fires, &c.—Tableau.

CURTAIN.

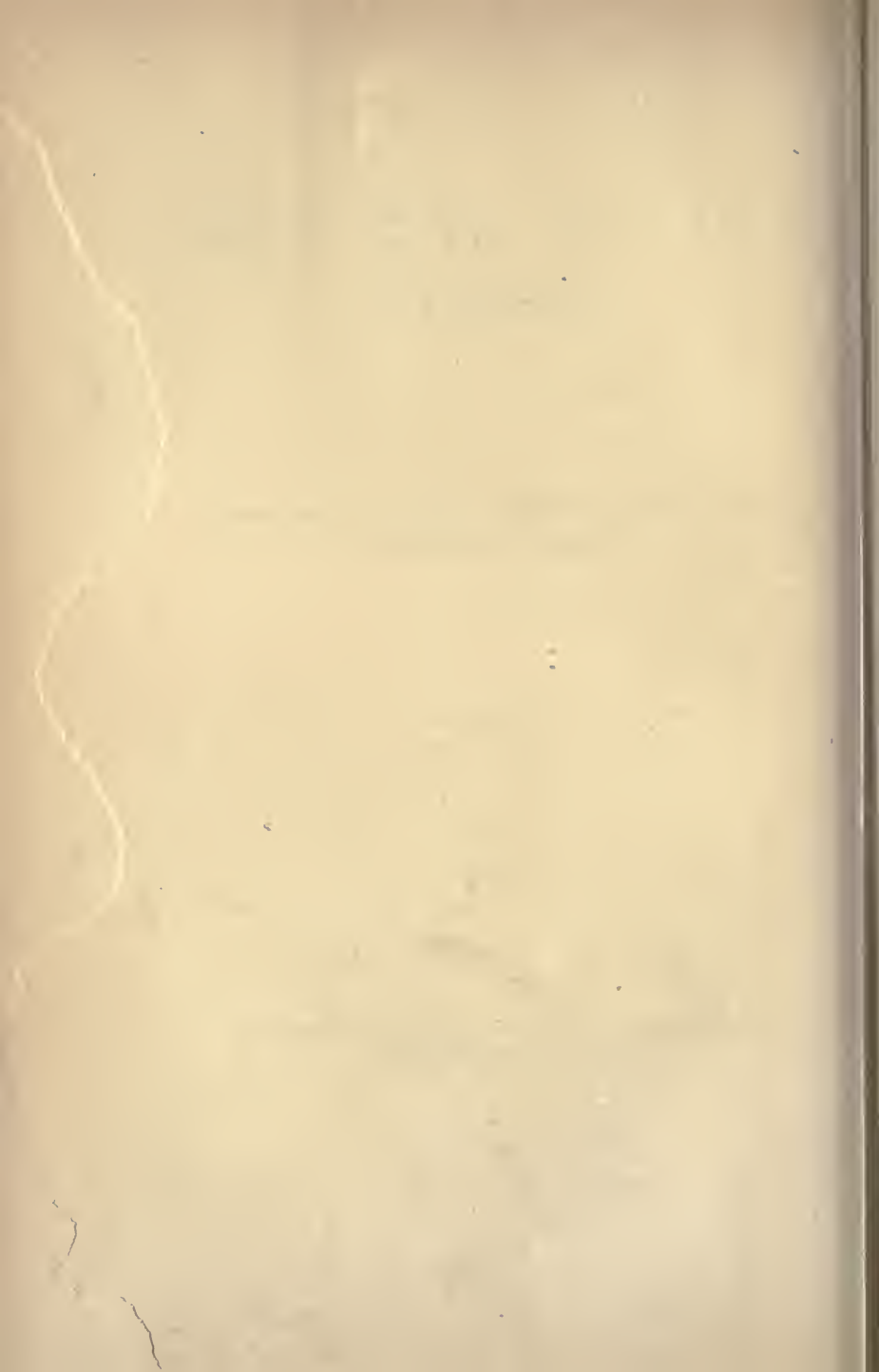


BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;

*A Grand Comic, Romantic, Operatic, Melo-dramatic
Fairy Extravaganza,*

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on
Monday, April 12th, 1841.



BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

The popular story of "La Belle et la Bête," by Madame le Prince de Beaumont, had undergone the same process of alteration and adaptation for the stage, as well as the nursery, as those of Perrault and Madame d'Aulnoy. It had been long known in an operatic form as "Zamire and Azor," and cut down unmercifully to suit the capacity of children. Mr. Bartley therefore looked grave when I communicated to him that I had selected it for the groundwork of the Easter piece for 1841. The subject, he said, was "stale," and he feared the result would be "flat and unprofitable." But I relied upon the effect of an entirely new treatment of it, as the same objection might have been urged against a score of other fairy tales, and the recent success of "The Sleeping Beauty," an equally hackneyed subject, was an encouragement to me and an answer to him.

It had been the custom of my predecessors, in dramatising fairy tales of almost every description, to lay the scene in Oriental regions, probably considering that more splendour could be introduced in the *mise en scène*; and as they were usually treated seriously, the general theatrical opinion that

there was "no fun under a turban" was not an argument against it. I had my own way, however, and was again favoured by Fortune. In addition to Harley, Bland, Madame Vestris, and Miss Rainforth, the cast was strengthened by the good-natured assumption of "the Beast" by Mr. Harrison, which I had hardly hoped for, and therefore read the piece to him privately, leaving it with him to decline or accept the part at his option. To my agreeable surprise he took to it most cordially, and the music being selected at his suggestion, he made quite a hit in it.

"Beauty and the Beast" was produced on Easter Monday, April 12, 1841, and ran to the end of the season.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BEAUTY	MADAME VESTRIS
THE BEAST, <i>alias</i> PRINCE AZOR	MR. W. HARRISON
SIR ALDGATE PUMP (Knight, Alderman, and Merchant Adventurer, in Difficulties—Beauty's Father)	MR. J. BLAND
JOHN QUILL (his Ex-Clerk and present humble Servant, a livery-man'out of livery)	MR HARLEY
DRESSALINDA,	{ (Beauty's Sisters) }					MISS RAINFORTH
MARRYGOLDA,						MISS GRANT
QUEEN OF THE ROSES	MISS LEE

Members of the Parliament of Roses—Mesdames Cross, Jackson, A. Jackson, Lane, Collett, Goward, Garrick, Kerridge, Charlton.

Zephyrs (in waiting)—Mesdames Payne, Ryals, Miller, Kendall, A. Kendall, Taylor, Fitzjames, Gardiner, Platt, Hatton, Travers, L. Payne.

Driver of Fairy Omnibus—Miss Kendall. *Cad*—Master Marshall.

Nobles and Ladies of the Court of Prince Azor—Messrs. Collett, Green, S. Smith, Gledhill, Butler, Kerridge, Connell, Davis, Healey, Hodges. Mesdames Rushton, Edgar, Scott, Marsano, Bishop, Granby, Franklin, Osborne.

Period of the Action—"Whichever you please, my pretty little dears."

The Costumes, from no Authority whatever.

The Scenery by Mr. Grieve, Mr. T. Grieve, and Mr. W. Grieve. The Decorations and Appointments by Mr. W. Bradwell. The Dresses by Mesdames Glover and Rayner. The Machinery by Mr. H. Sloman.

The Overture and Music composed and arranged by Mr. J. H. Tully.

The Action and Dances by Mr. Oscar Byrne.

THE SCENERY (PAINTED ON THE SPOT) AS FOLLOWS :

ACT FIRST.

THE HOUSE OF ROSES,

Opened by the Queen in Person.

PARLOUR IN "PUMP'S FOLLY," BRIXTON.

A FOREST. (Snow Scene.)

Enchanted Gardens of the Palace of the Beast.

"PUMP'S FOLLY." (As before.)

SALOON IN THE BEAST'S PALACE.

BEAUTY'S DREAM.

Zephyrs, Mr. Gilbert and Master Marshall.

Esprits de Rose, Misses Ballin, Marshall, and Fairbrother.

ACT SECOND.

Beauty's Boudoir in the Palace of the Beast.

"Veluti in Speculum."

"PUMP'S FOLLY." (As before.)

With Beauty's Second Dream.

GROTTO IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE.

THRONE ROOM IN THE PALACE OF PRINCE AZOR.

THE LAST

GATHERING OF THE ROSES.

THE QUEEN'S STATE CARRIAGE, from the Repository of
Mr. W. Bradwell.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Bower of Roses, not by Bendemeer's stream.*

ZEPHYRS discovered sleeping.

Enter a ZEPHYR to the "Gavotte de Vestris."

ZEPH. How's this? what still asleep, my rosy posies?
Come ope your eyes and blow your little noses.
Not a leaf stirring yet—why gracious powers,
Are you aware the time of day, my flowers?
Have you forgotten that your Queen proposes
This day to ope the Parliament of roses!

Chorus—ZEPHYRS—"Der Freischutz"—"Bridesmaids' Chorus."

Sweet Zephyr, don't make such a breeze,
We're rather late this morning,
But don't be angry, if you please,
We shan't be long adorning;
Sleep, you know, will sometimes thus enthrall us,
You should earlier call us.

Music—THE QUEEN OF THE ROSES appears.

ZEPH. Behold your sovereign! Silence, all and each,
To hear her Majesty's most flow'ry speech.
QUEEN. My Buds and Blossoms, I rejoice to say,
That I continue to receive each day

Assurances from all the foreign flowers
 Of their good will towards these happy bowers.
 I have concluded, on the best foundations,
 A treaty with the King of the Carnations,
 And trust ere long to lay the leaves before you.
 I'm sorry now to be obliged to bore you
 On an old subject, but, for your digestion
 At Easter, we must have an Easter question—
 And on my faithful Roses I depend
 To bring the matter to a happy end.
 The facts are these—a youth of royal race,
 Of noble mind and matchless shape and face,
 Has been transformed by a malicious fairy
 Into an ugly monster, huge and hairy
 And must remain a downright beast outside,
 'Till some fair maid consents to be his bride.
 My Buds and Blossoms, you will take that measure,
 Of course, which best may work your sovereign's
 pleasure—
 Which is, that through a Rose's mediation
 The Prince may be restored to form and station.
 Ere nightfall, I expect you'll break the spell,
 And so, my Buds and Blossoms, fare ye well.

CHORUS—"Coal Black Rose."

Queen of Roses, we'll take care
 To lay before this honourable house the affair ;
 If we can get two acts pass'd, without its being nettled,
 The beast will be *re-formed*, and the Easter question
 settled !
 No rose here that blows,
 Will vote against a measure, ma'am, that you propose.
 (*Tableau and the scene closes*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of "Pump's Folly."*

Enter MARRYGOLDA and DRESSALINDA.

MAR. Oh, sister ! sister ! times have altered sadly,
To think we should live poorly——

DRES. / And dress badly !

MAR. We who have banqueted in fair Guildhall,

DRES. We who have opened Easter Monday's ball——

MAR. The daughters of Sir Aldgate Pump, Lord Mayor
Of London once——

DRES. And now, though past the chair,
A knight and alderman, who might again
Wear o'er the velvet gown the golden chain,
Had not malicious Fortune, at one blow,
Ruined the famous firm of Pump and Co.

MAR. Out on the jade ! could she none else have fix'd on
To banish from Threadneedle Street to Brixton ?
Sad change from merriment to melancholy,
From lordly Mansion House to poor "Pump's Folly."

DRES. It makes me mad to hear our sister Beauty
Say we should be content, and prate of duty,
And resignation, and that sort of stuff—
She thinks a grogram gown is fine enough.

MAR. And so it is for her to scrub the floor in,
To cook the dinner, or to ope the door in.
That's all she's fit for—with her wax doll's face,
What matters what she thinks in any case !
We are her elders, and her betters too,
And need more ornament than she can do.

DRES. Here comes papa—and in a mighty hurry !

*Enter SIR ALD GATE PUMP hastily, in great agitation, with an
open letter in his hand.*

SIR A. Oh, Gog and Magog !

MAR. Bless me, what a flurry
You seem in, sir ! Is anything amiss ?
Or have you heard good news ?

SIR A. Girls, come and kiss

Your happy father. Pumps are up! Behold
 This precious letter. List, whilst I unfold
 The glorious tidings. Fortune, in her sport,
 Has brought the good ship "Polly" into port.

DRES. The bark you thought was lost on some vile rock—

SIR A. Is safe in Plymouth Sound.

MAR. You're sure, sir.

SIR A. Cock!

DRES. Why she was thought the richest of your fleet.

SIR A. Her cargo's worth would buy all Lombard Street.

MAR. Then we again in gilded coach shall ride.

DRES. And wear the richest clothes in all Cheapside.

SIR A. Again a roaring trade on 'Change I'll drive!

But I must hence with speed, so look alive—

Where is my youngest hope, my Beauty fair?

MAR. I'm sure, pa, I don't know.

DRES. And I don't care!

BEAU. (*sings without*) "Gondolier, row, row."

SIR A. Hark that's her voice? as any bell 'tis clear.

MAR. I'm sick of that eternal "Gondolier."

Enter BEAUTY, singing.

Air—BEAUTY—"Gondolier Row"—Lover.

Gondolier, row, row,

Gondolier, row, row;

'Tis a pretty air,

I do declare.

But it haunts a body so,

Gondolier, row, row,

Gondolier, row, row;

At work or play,

By night or day,

I sing it where'er I go.

BEAU. Good morning, sir.

SIR A. Rejoice, my child, for know,

The "Polly's" safe in port.

BEAU. You don't say so?

SIR A. Read! you can read?

BEAU. Both print and written hand.
 SIR A. Accomplished creature! And can understand
 What you do read?
 BEAU. Affirm that quite I wouldn't,
 Because, at times, e'en those who write it couldn't.
 SIR A. Where's my ex-clerk and faithful drudge, John
 Quill?

Enter JOHN QUILL.

JOHN. Here, master. I am your remainder still.
 SIR A. Run to the "Goat in Boots."
 JOHN. Yes, master—Dot
 And carry one—— (*going*)
 SIR A. Stop! you've not heard for what.
 Order a chaise and four—and mind, John, you
 Must travel with me——
 JOHN. Dot and carry two. (*Exit JOHN*)
 SIR A. Rot your arithmetic, and stir your stumps—
 This is a glorious day, girl, for the Pumps!
 BEAU. Where go you, father?
 SIR A. To the ship, my dear.
 To land her cargo, and the Customs clear.
 DRES. You'll bring some present home, I hope, for me.
 SIR A. With all my heart, my love—what shall it be?
 DRES. Oh, any trifle that falls in your way—
 A hundred guinea shawl suppose we say.
 SIR A. A hundred—humph—but then your sisters too.
 MAR. Oh, sir, I wouldn't think of asking you
 To buy a shawl for me—that were too rash——
 I'll take a hundred guineas, sir, in cash.
 SIR A. Considerate child! But first, love, I must net 'em;
 In the meanwhile, I'll wish that you may get 'em.
 But what says Beauty? Is my pet so happy
 That she's no boon to ask of her own pappy?
 You've heard the choice of your two sisters here,
 One's for mere cash, the other for Cashmere.
 What says my duck?
 BEAU. (*aside*) If nothing, I suppose
 They'll call me proud. (*aloud*) Well, bring me, sir,
 a rose.

SIR A. A rose !

BEAU. Yes—in our little garden here
There is not one at this time of the year.
And I'm so fond of roses.

DRES. } Well, if ever !
MAR. }

SIR A. Only a flower ! Nonsense, child ; endeavour
To think of something else.

BEAU. No, sir ; 'twill be
Enough to prove that you have thought of me
When far away.

DRES. } (sneeringly) Sweet sentimental soul !
MAR. }

SIR A. I'll bring one though I search from pole to pole
To find it.

Re-enter JOHN QUILL.

JOHN. Sir, they've brought over the shay.

SIR A. Brought over ! brought it to the door you'd say.

JOHN. Yes, sir.

SIR A. Are all my things well packed behind ?

JOHN. I've added up, sir, all that I can find,
And here is the grand total. (*shewing a small parcel*)

SIR A. A small stock, it
Won't take much room up—put it in your pocket.
And now, farewell, my darlings ! Behave pretty,
I'll come back and astonish all the city !

QUINTETTE—"The Fox jumped over"—"Guy Mannering,"
Bishop.

JOHN. I've just looked over the garden gate,
And sorry am to observe it snows !

SIR A. O-ho ! does it so, John ? I'll wrap up my pate ;
One last embrace, and away we goes.

BEAU. Wrap, father, wrap this round your chest ;
The day's caught cold, I do protest.
For, ah ! you hear,—it blows, it snows.

SIR A. One last embrace, and away we goes.

DRES. Beaux will swarm——

JOHN. Multiplication——

MAR. Cash be plenty——

JOHN. Sweet addition——

SIR A. Now, without more conversation,

Here at once we part——

JOHN. Division.

Exeunt SIR ALDgate, JOHN QUILL, DRESSALINDA, and
MARRYGOLDA.

BEAU. More snow ! He'll have sharp weather, there's no
doubt ;

But pa was always fond of " cold without."

SONG—*Air*—" *Susannah don't you cry*" *—*Nigger Melody*.

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I dreamt I saw my father,
Half seas over with John Quill.

The cold within was nearly out,
A drop was in his eye ;
He says to bolt I am about,
So, Beauty, don't you cry.
Oh, my Beauty, don't you cry for me,
I'm going to California to dig gold upon my knee.

And when I to the diggings get,
I'll dig up all the ground,
Until I find a lump of gold,
That weighs ten thousand pound.
Then in the good ship Polly
Home I'll bring it presently,
Then we'll all again be jolly,
So, Beauty, don't you cry for me.

Oh, my Beauty, &c.

(*Exit* BEAUTY)

* As originally written, Beauty sang here a parody on "Happy Land," the first four lines of which contained a happy allusion to the representative of Sir Aldgate, James Bland. They ran thus :—

Father bland, Father bland !
Blander none could ever be.
Come again, come again,
And bring a rose to me.

SCENE THIRD.—*A Forest—Snow storm—Crash without.*

SIR A. (*without*) Holloa ! confusion ! help ! holloa !
John Quill !

JOHN QUILL *enters with* SIR ALDGATE.

JOHN. Here, master !

SIR A. Mercy on us, what a spill !

The leaders shied at that confounded drover.

JOHN. Fours in a ditch, go once, sir, and two over.

SIR A. "Go once," indeed—a very pretty go—

And fancy too, a heavy fall in snow !

As the Scotch gentleman says in the play,

"What wood is this before us ?"

JOHN. I can't say.

SIR A. It isn't Birnam, that's as clear as light.

JOHN. Why, no, it's more like Freez'em, to my sight.

SIR A. John, we are in a pretty situation !

JOHN. I'm out completely in my calculation.

SIR A. Fate seems determined, John, to use me queerly,

The chaise is broken all to shivers nearly.

JOHN. I shouldn't mind the shivering of the shay,

If we could keep from shivering here all day.

SIR A. Is there no friendly power to shield or spare

A knight and alderman who's been Lord Mayor.

Protecting Genius, to my rescue fly.

JOHN. Law ! you've no more a genius, sir, than I.

SIR A. The deuce I haven't ! See, my prayer is heard

By some kind spirit—never mind the word.

*Scene gradually changes, the snow melting from the trees,
and the forest opening and shewing a beautiful garden with
a magnificent castle in the background.*

The sky is clearing, it has left off snowing—

The wood is "all a growing, all a blowing ;"

And yonder I behold a castle fair,

Such as I've built too often in the air.

JOHN. Oh, Bonnycastle ! Sir, I ask your pardon,

Your genius has cast up a lovely garden,

With beds of roses, and with bowers of myrtle,
Where the fond turtle——

SIR A. Oh, don't mention turtle!
I'm famished, and would give I know not what,
For a good quart from Birch's, smoking hot.

(a table rises, with a basin of soup on it)

Amazement! at my wish a basin see!

JOHN. Oh, master, wish again a pint for me!

(a smaller basin appears on the table)

SIR A. 'Tis there!

JOHN. Now was't because I wished, or you?

Perhaps I've got a little genius, too;

I'll try—a nice French roll, sir, if you please;

(a basket with bread rises)

Now that I call getting one's bread with ease,

And that's what geniuses don't often do.

SIR A. This is the *best bred* one I ever knew.

Delicious soup!

JOHN. I say, good master mine,

Suppose we both wish for a little wine.

SIR A. With all my heart.

JOHN. What shall it be? Champagne?

SIR A. Stop! punch with turtle—punch *à la Romaine*.

(the punch rises, they drink)

Perfect!

JOHN. I should say quite. Some more to eat?

SIR A. A slice of venison now, would be a treat.

*(the soup is replaced by a silver dish, with a lamp
under it, and filled with hashed venison)*

A better hash ne'er smoked upon a table.

JOHN. If this were told they'd count it a mere fable.

SIR A. Now if you'd fancy some superior sherry?

JOHN. Bless you, I do.

(a decanter replaces the punch; SIR ALDGATE drinks)

Is it superior?

SIR A. *(setting down his glass)* Very! *(rises)*

John, I feel all the better for my lunch.

JOHN. My head is none the better for that punch.

SIR A. Come, let us try if we can find our way.

JOHN. Dy'e think, sir, there is anything to pay?

SIR A. I don't know, but I won't wish for the bill.

JOHN. No, don't ; the gentleman might take it ill.

Which is the way out ? I can't tell, can you ?

My eyes are multiplying all by two.

SIR A. I say, John, Beauty asked me for a rose ;

I'll take her one of these.

JOHN.

Yes, do.

SIR A.

Here goes.

Duet—SIR ALDGATE and JOHN—“*I know a bank*”—*Bishop.*

I see a bank whereon a fine one blows ;

It can't be wrong to pluck it, I suppose ;

When 'tis by Beauty seen, if we get home to-night,

So fond of flowers, she'll dance, sir, with delight.

(SIR ALDGATE gathers a rose ; thunder, lightning, &c.)

Enter the BEAST with an enormous club.

AIR AND CHORUS—“*Garde à vous*”—“*La Fiancée*,” *Auber.*

BEAST. Tremble you ! tremble you !

Who dare to pluck my roses,

I tear ye limb from limb, and with your bones the
churchyard strew.

Tremble you ! tremble you ! tremble you !

On turtle soup and punch, rogues,

You've made a hearty lunch, rogues,

Now I will lunch on you, lunch on you, lunch on you.

CHORUS. (*behind the scenes*) On turtle soup, &c.

BEAST. Is this your gratitude for lunching gratis ?

Trespass on my preserves ! *Où j'en suis !*

But I will have your bones ground into dust,

And make a pie of you with your own crust.

SIR A. Mercy, great king of clubs ! one moment pause.

BEAST. Well, take a rule, then, rascals, to shew cause,

Why I should not beat with this oaken plant,

The brains of both out——

JOHN.

Brains from one you can't.

SIR A. Pity the sorrows of a poor old Pump,
Whose trembling knees against each other thump,
And listen, with a kind attentive ear,
While he explains what now seems rather queer.

Air—SIR ALDGATE—"Under the Rose"—"Love in a Village."

Great sir, don't fly out, for a trifle like this,
What harm have I done, sir? one rose you can't miss.
Don't make, if you please, sir, so fierce a grimace,
You'd have done the same thing, had you been in my place.
I'm a family man, sir; fair daughters I've three.
There's one they call Beauty, because she's like me;
Her pleading resistless what heart could oppose,—
"Papa," said the pretty girl, "bring me a rose."

BEAST. I don't believe a word of this affair.

SIR A. As I'm an alderman, and have been Mayor,
You may depend on the account I give.

JOHN. As I'm a liveryman, who hopes to live,
If you examine his account, you'll find it
Correct.

BEAST. Your promise, then, and oath to bind it,
That you will bring that daughter here to die
Instead of you——

SIR A. To die! Oh, my!

JOHN. Oh, cry!

BEAST. Come, make your mind up quickly, you or she?
Decide! It's immaterial quite to me.

SIR A. My lord!——

BEAST. I'm not a lord, sir; I'm a beast.

SIR A. You wouldn't have us call you one, at least?

BEAST. I would—I like the truth—I'm a plain creature.

JOHN. The plainest that I ever saw, in feature.

BEAST. Is it a bargain? Speak, I wait to strike it.

SIR A. I'll go and ask my daughter if she'd like it.

BEAST. Of course, man, that's exactly what I meant;
I wouldn't eat her without her consent.

SIR A. If I object, then, sir, you won't eat me ?

BEAST. Oh ! that's another matter quite, you see !

Come, swear you will return in either case.

SIR A. I do !

BEAST. By what ?

SIR A. The city sword and mace !

BEAST. 'Tis well ; away ! I shall expect you back

In half-an-hour——

SIR A. In half-an-hour ! Good luck !

How far are we from home ?

BEAST. Four leagues and more,

But here's an omnibus goes past your door,

And only stops to take up and set down.

A car on which is written "Time flies, No stoppages," with a ZEPHYR for a driver, and another for a CAD, appears at the back of the stage.

CAD. Now, sir, Bank ? city ! Bank ! going up to town ?

SIR A. (*getting in, followed by JOHN*) Pump's Folly,
Brixton.

BEAST. With the speed of light ! (*to CAD*)

In half an hour ? (*to SIR ALDGATE*)

SIR A. Certainly !

CAD. All right !

(*they fly off—Exit BEAST*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Cottage (as before).*

Enter DRESSALINDA, MARRYGOLDA, and BEAUTY.

Air—MARRYGOLDA—" 'Tis really very strange."

'Tis really very strange.

But people say, on 'Change,

That some ill-natured folks

Have dared papa to hoax,

And that in Plymouth Sound
No "Polly's" to be found.
'Tis really very strange,
But that's the news on 'Change.
They also say, on 'Change,
What's even still more strange,
That Beauty's above par ;
And we at discount are !
Now if this should be true,
Oh dear, what shall we do ?
'Tis really very strange,
But that's the news on 'Change.

DRES. Hark ! there's the gate bell ! why, who can it be ?

MAR. Beauty ! how now ? why don't you run and see ?

BEAU. I'm going, sister. *(Exit)*

DRES. Going !—stir, then, stir !

She really wants a maid to wait on her.

MAR. What has she done to-day ?

DRES. Her work—no more.

MAR. The lazy hussy !

Re-enter BEAUTY.

DRES. Well, who's at the door ?

BEAU. My father ! in his habit as he started.

MAR. Can it be possible ?

DRES. The dear departed !

Enter SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL.

MAR. Returned so soon !

JOHN. Returned, like a bad penny.

DRES. You've got my shawl ?

SIR A. No, for I've not seen any.

MAR. The money, sir, for me, at least, you've brought.

SIR A. I've seen no money—

JOHN. Dot and carry nought.

DRES. No shawl !

MAR. No money ! what a horrid bore.

SIR A. I've brought a rose for Beauty—nothing more.

BEAU. Oh, thanks ! I hope it has not cost you dear ?

SIR A. Only my life, my love.

BEAU. What's this I hear ?

SIR A. "Forlorn, deserted, melancholy, slow,"
 (For we'd been overturned, love, in the snow)
 We wandered, like two large babes in the wood,
 Except that no cock robins brought us food,
 When, lo, a splendid mansion rose to sight,
 Which, talk of Robins, George alone could write *
 A true description of—Meand'ring streams,
 Perennial bowers that mocked the poets' dreams ;
 Surpassing all that ere that great magician
 "Submitted" yet "to public competition !"
 Nor was the eye alone allowed to feed,
 Turtle and punch were furnished us with speed.
 Nothing to pay—Turtle without a bill,
 And Punch that made a Judy of John Quill.
 John, tell the rest, for out I cannot bring it.

JOHN. I haven't heart to say it, sir.

BEAU. Then sing it.

JOHN. I'll try—perhaps the air may do you good.

BEAU. I shouldn't wonder really if it would.

Air—JOHN QUILL—"I have plucked the fairest flower."

He thought of Beauty's flower,
 And he popp'd into a bower,
 And he pluck'd the fairest rose
 That he found beneath his nose ;
 But scarce had he done so,
 When a monster, black as crow,
 Like an arrow from a bow,
 Flew out and cried, "Holloa !
 Here's a very pretty go, a very pretty go,
 You rascals, Oh !
 You have spoiled my flower-show,
 And to pot you both shall go
 In a squab pie, oh !"

* George Robins, of Covent Garden, auctioneer, was notorious for his grandiloquent descriptions of the property he was entrusted to sell, or, as he phrased it, "submit to public competition."

Then we fell upon our knees,
And we said, "Sir, if you please,
We did *not* mean to offend,
'Twas to please a lady friend."
On which he answered "Oh !
If indeed the truth be so,
You'll be good enough to go,
And just let that lady know
She must pay for Pump and Co.,
Pay for Pump and Co."
'Twas a horrid blow,
And it made us very low,
And we've come to let you know,
With a sad heigho !

BEAU. The horrid brute !

MAR. How could you be so silly ?

DRES. What was he like ?

JOHN. The Black Bear, Piccadilly.*

SIR A. (*to BEAUTY*) To cut my story short, or you, or I
Must for the brute be made into squab pie.

BEAU. Oh horror ! make a squab pie of my father !
I'd rather—oh, I don't know what I'd rather.

MAR. I hope, Miss Beauty, you are satisfied.

DRES. Your rose has proved a nice thorn in your side.

MAR. Our father's death will lie, miss, at your door.

BEAU. Never ! I'll die a hundred deaths before.

SIR A. My noble child !

JOHN. The very Queen of Trumps !

SIR A. Oh fate ! come to the *succour* of the Pumps !

Let not the flower of our ancient race
Be made into a pie before my face.

JOHN. "Time flies !"—you told the omnibus to call
As it went back.

DRES. This time do get my shawl.

MAR. And if you can but bring me fifty pounds,
Or only five-and-twenty, sir——

SIR A. Odd zounds !

* Now pulled down. It stood near the Albany.

Is this a time about such trash to tease,
When your poor sister——

Enter CAD.

CAD. Now, sir, if you please.

BEAU. Farewell, dear sisters, I forgive you both.

Go, father.

SIR A. And fare worse—oh, cruel oath !

JOHN. Don't cast up hope, dear master, fate may save
her

And strike a balance yet, sir, in our favour.

QUINTETTE—“ *Mild as the Moonbeams* ”—“ *Artaxerxes* .”

To death, per omnibus, poor Beauty goes,
And all because her pa just plucked a rose.
Mild as the moon, when a cream-cheese she resembles,
And sweet as sugar-plums, Birch's best.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Saloon in the Palace of the BEAST—A banquet
set out.*

Enter BEAST.

BEAST. Gallop apace, ye fiery-footed steeds.

Oh, if this little scheme of mine succeeds,
The smile of Beauty will the spell destroy,
And I shall jump out of my skin with joy !

AIR—“ *My love is like a red, red rose.*”

I sent my love a red, red rose,
And hoped she would come soon.
She can't be long now, I suppose,
For, by my watch, 'tis noon.

Oh, haste and try, my bonny lass,
In love with me to fall,
And you may find 'twill come to pass,
I'm not a beast at all, my dear,
I'm not a beast at all.

I know I look a fright, my dear,
But yet my hopes are high ;
There's many a girl has loved, my dear,
A greater brute than I.
Say but you'll wed me, sweet Miss Pump,
And to my own fair isle,
Out of my skin, for joy I'll jump,
At least ten thousand mile, my dear,
At least ten thousand mile.

She comes ! be still, my heart—yes, she is there,
And something like a beauty, I declare.
Let me retire, nor shock, at first, her sight ;
But minister, unseen, to her delight. *(retires)*

Enter SIR ALDGATE, BEAUTY, and JOHN QUILL.

SIR A. Well, here we are.

BEAU. It is a lovely place
To live in.

JOHN. Yes, but that's another case—
You've come to die.

BEAU. That makes it rather duller.

SIR A. A horse, my dear, of quite another colour.

JOHN. There's dinner ready ; take a mouthful, will you ?

SIR A. They'd fatten you, it seems, before they kill you.

BEAU. The thought quite takes my appetite away.

JOHN. Master, you'll pick a morsel ? do, sir, pray.

SIR A. I couldn't touch a bit, 'twould make me ill ;
There isn't any turtle, is there, Quill ?

JOHN. Plenty, both calipash and calipee.

SIR A. Indeed ! Well, if I must, I must.

BEAU. Ah me !

I'm getting nervous. *(noise within)* Ugh ! what's that ?

JOHN. The Beast—
The—the—that is—the founder of the feast.

Enter BEAST.

BEAST. Madam, you're welcome ; won't you take a seat ?

BEAU. I come, sir, to be eaten, not to eat.

BEAST. And come you, madam, of your own accord ?

Answer me truly.

BEAU. Yes, indeed, my lord.

BEAST. Don't call me lord, I beg. I told your father

My title is "The Beast."

BEAU. Well, if you'd rather——

BEAST. But now to business. I'm o'erjoyed to know

You came here willingly. Pump, you may go !

CONCERTED PIECE—" *Begone, dull Care.*"

BEAST. Begone, old Pump,
I prithee begone from me ;
Begone, old Pump,
Thy face let me no more see ;
Thy daughter who is tarrying here,
Instead of thee I'll kill ;
So begone, old Pump,
And take with thee young John Quill.

SIR A. When Lord Mayor,
Had anyone dared to say
Half that, there
Would have been the deuce to pay ;
But, alas, they snap their fingers now
At Sir Aldgate Pump and say,
Ex-Lord Mayor,
Like a dog, you've had your day.

(*Exeunt* SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL)

BEAST. Now, madam, we're alone, dismiss your fear,
I trust to make you very happy here ;

Although I feel that I could eat you up,
I'd rather *with* you breakfast, dine, and sup,
If you'll permit me, but I won't intrude ;
You'll find, I hope, my outside only rude ;
I beg you'll make yourself at home completely.

BEAU. I never thought a beast could speak so sweetly !

BEAST. You find me very hideous, I'm afraid.

BEAU. Why, I——

BEAST. Oh, speak out, call a spade a spade !

I like to hear the truth, whate'er it be.

BEAU. Indeed ! Oh there, then, we shall both agree !

BEAST. Did you e'er see aught like me ?

BEAU. Yes, the what-d'ye-call

They once had at the Surrey Zoological.

BEAST. The what-d'ye-call ! and *was* that like me ?

BEAU. Very.

A great baboon—they called him "Happy Jerry !"

BEAST. Were I *your* "Jerry," I *should* "happy" be.

Oh ! could I fancy you could fancy me.

BEAU. *My* Jerry ! nay, in that light, truth to speak,
There's more of "Bruin" in your looks than "Sneak."

BEAST. This candour's quite enchanting ! Matchless fair,
"Your eyes are loadstars, and your tongue's sweet
air,

More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear ;"

Allow me to take wine with you.

BEAU. Oh dear !

Air—BEAST—"Drink to me only."

Drink to me only with your eyes,
If you object to wine ;
But if you'll taste this claret cup,
I think you'll own 'tis fine.
But drink to me only with your eyes,
If you object to wine.

BEAST. 'Tis late, and you need rest—I will retire ;
Pray call for anything you may desire !
Behold your room.

(*over the door of a room appear, in letters of gold, the words,
"Beauty's Apartment"*)

You'll find a wardrobe there,
With every sort of dress you'd like to wear.
Costumes from every land, North, South, West, East.

BEAU. Delightful!

BEAST. Good-night, Beauty!

BEAU. Good-night, Beast!

(Exit BEAST)

Well, I declare! a very civil brute!
If manners make the man, beyond dispute
He must be one, though he don't look the part.
He seems a perfect gentleman at heart,
And one that, cruelly, no girl would e'er cut,
If he'd just shave his beard, and have his hair cut;
Come, downy sleep, a balm from thee I'll borrow,
And look at all these fine affairs to-morrow.

BEAUTY *flings herself on the couch and falls asleep; the Hall is immediately filled with SPIRITS OF THE ROSE and ZEPHYRS, the QUEEN OF THE ROSES in the midst.*

QUEEN. Beauty, you've been a good girl, and I'll see
That you're rewarded as you ought to be;
Dance round her couch, ye flowers and spirits bright,
And give her pleasant dreams and slumbers light.

(Dance—Tableau)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—BEAUTY'S *Boudoir in the Palace of the*
BEAST.

Enter BEAUTY, richly attired, with a rose in her hand.

Air—BEAUTY—"Jim along Josey."

Oh, Rose, as in yon garden you happened to grow,
P'rhaps, my pretty Rosey, its master you know?
He looks like a brute, but he acts like a king,
And—bless me! I scarcely know what 'tis I sing.

Oh, get along, get along, Rosey;
Oh, get along, get along, do.

Poor old papa he kindly let go,
And he hasn't ate me yet—as far as I know;
And if he should really offer, instead,
To marry me—pshaw! what put that in my head?

Go, get along, get along, Rosey;
Go, get along, get along, do.

Enter BEAST.

BEAST. Good morning, fairest Beauty; how d'ye do?

BEAU. I'm pretty well, I thank you; how are you?

BEAST. Dying for love; I couldn't sleep all night
For thinking of you.

BEAU. Oh! you're too polite.

I've had a nice nap, and such pleasant dreams;
I've got a fairy friend at court, it seems;
With loves and graces, all in flowers and wings,
She came last night, and said such pretty things.

BEAST. You feel quite happy then?

BEAU. Oh, no, not quite !

BEAST. Say, what can make you so ?

BEAU. Dear Beast, a sight
Of my poor father ; I'm afraid he's ill.
Will you oblige me ?

BEAST. Certainly I will ;
Look in that glass, my charming fair—"Veluti
In Speculum !"—Behold him there, my Beauty.

*Music—The glass expands, and shews the inside of the
cottage, with SIR ALDGATE PUMP, JOHN QUILL, DRESSA-
LINDA, and MARRYGOLDA, in a tableau vivant.*

BEAU. Oh, dear ! he's looking very sad and poorly ;
Could you just let me hear his voice, sir ?

BEAST. Surely.
(music—waves his hand)

SIR ALDGATE PUMP *sings without.*

Oh ! where, and oh ! where, is my darling Beauty gone ?
She's gone to fight the French, for King George upon
his throne !

And it's oh ! in my heart, I wish she was safe at home.
(tableau closes)

BEAU. His mind seems wand'ring !

BEAST. What he calls his mind.

BEAU. Well, if not very wise, he's very kind,
And loves me dearly. Let me go, I pray,
And comfort him——

BEAST. How ?

BEAU. Just to spend the day ;
I will return ere Sol sinks in the deep.

BEAST. I dare say. Catch a weasel fast asleep.

BEAU. You doubt my word ! I thought you more gallant.

BEAST. Ask for aught else ; but that I cannot grant.

BEAU. Then you don't love me, as you say you do.

BEAST. Not love you ! Oh, my wig and whiskers ! who
Ere loved so well as I——

BEAU. There's no believing
You brutes of men,—you're always so deceiving.

BEAST. (*aside*) I *am* a beast indeed, to make her cry ;
Who pipes so sweet should never pipe her eye.

BEAU. My pa will die, and you will be the cause ;
My fate is in your hands.

BEAST. Ah !

(*he looks at her and remains silent*)

BEAU. (*looking at his hands*) Awful pause !

BEAST. You won't come back again—I know you won't.

BEAU. I wish I may be shot, then, if I don't.

BEAST. You'll be the death of me, mind, if you stay
One moment after sunset——

BEAU. Trust me, pray !

BEAST. Upon your mercy, then, myself I fling,
And so, to prove my love, behold this ring !
Don't start—it's not a wedding one——

BEAU. I vow
You make me feel—I—really—don't know how.

BEAST. The moment that this ring your finger's fixed on,
Hey, presto, pass, you'll find yourself at Brixton !
And *vice versa*—pull it off—you'll be
As quick as thought—at home, love, to a *tea*.

BEAU. Oh, give it me—I long its power to try.

BEAST. One chaste embrace before you say good-bye !

DUET—“*Tancredi*.”

BEAU. Embrace you ? oh dear, no !

BEAST. Ah, say, aren't you content to pare, here, my heart,
pray, to the core ?

Remember, I do this to please you, all else is naught
to me now.

BEAU. Well, to appease you, though 'tis strange, I'll not say
no. (*he embraces her*)

BEAST. Oh ! say you'll marry me, I
Can't bear it any more ;
Say “yes,” and all men shall see I
Can, for you, the world throw o'er.

BEAU. I'll tell you some other day,
When I come back, not before ;

DRES. Has he consented back his prey to render ?
 Were you too tough ? or has he been too tender ?
 BEAU. Where is my father ? let me calm his fears,
 And then I'll tell you all about it, dears.
 MAR. He was half crazy—now he'll be quite wild.

Enter SIR ALDGATE and JOHN QUILL.

SIR A. Where is my poppet—where's my precious child ?
 JOHN. There she is, "all alive, oh !" like the eels !
 SIR A. Oh, who can tell what a fond father feels,
 When——

DRES. La, papa, pray don't be so pathetic,
 To me such stuff is worse than an emetic.

SIR A. Well, anything, child, for a quiet life.

MAR. Come, tell us all—are you the monster's wife ?
 Or is he dead, and left you his sole heiress ?

DRES. You're drest as fine as any Lady Mayoress !

BEAU. I am not married—and he isn't dead.

SIR A. But from the monster have you naught to dread ?

BEAU. If he kills me, 'twill be with kindness merely—
 He's all attention—vows he loves me dearly—
 Would marry me to-morrow, if I chose,
 And gives me everything you can suppose.

MAR. He's rich ?

BEAU. As Croesus.

SIR A. Croesus ? Oh ! I know,
 He was Lord Mayor of Greece, some time ago.

DRES. And wears fine robes ?

BEAU. A bear skin——

DRES. } How improper !
 MAR. }

JOHN. A, B, E, A, R—Bear-skin—a rough wrapper—
 A sort of pilot-coat.

BEAU. Just so—but here
 I've brought you what you wished for, sisters dear ;
 There is your shawl, and there your hundred guineas.

BOTH. Oh, thank you !

DRES. (*aside*) Sister, we've been two great ninnies !

- If you or I had volunteered to go,
 We should have had all this good luck, you know.
- MAR. (*aside*) To mar her triumph let us yet endeavour,
 I hate the odious creature worse than ever.
- SIR A. The fellow lives in fine style, I must say—
 Turtle for dinner, no doubt, every day.
 Gad, if I thought he'd hold his horrid jaw,
 I shouldn't much mind being papa-in-law—
 That's if you'd have him, child, not else, I vow.
- BEAU. But as your ship's come home, you're wealthy
 now.
- SIR A. Oh, no! 'twas all a hoax about the "Polly,"
 No matter, you're alive, so let's be jolly!
 You are *my* treasure, as my Lady Crackeye
 Said once——
- BEAU. You mean the mother of the Gracchi.
- SIR A. Crackeye or Crackeye, it's all one. Let's see
 What *we've* for dinner——
- BEAU. I go back to tea,
 Remember that!
- SIR A. Go back?
- JOHN. Not come to stay?
- BEAU. Oh, no, I only came to spend the day:
 I must return ere sunset, or the Beast
 Will ne'er forgive me.
- DRES. (*aside to MARRYGOLDA*) There's one chance, at least.
 We'll try and make her overstay the hour.
 And then the Beast will surely her devour!
- SIR A. Come all, then, let's be merry while we can.
- JOHN. If you're for fun, you know, sir, I'm your man.

GLEE—"Come stain your cheeks."

Come o'er a glass of good brown sherry,
 Let's while we can be very merry.

LADIES. Pray don't get tipsy.

SIR A. }

JOHN. }

Only merry.

(*Exeunt* SIR ALDGATE, JOHN QUILL, and BEAUTY)

DRES. Press her to take some negus—then you brew it,
And pop a little poppy juice into it.

MAR. I take your hint—I'll dose her, never doubt it.

(Exit MARRYGOLDA)

DRES. What fun ! She'll make a precious fuss about it.

AIR—" *On the Banks of Allan Water.*"

By a glass of wine and water,
Made quite soporifical,
Soon our father's fine pet daughter,
Fast asleep shall fall ;
And the Beast, who had besought her,
To return in time for tea,
When re-appearing, thus has caught her,
Breakfast will on she.

Re-enter MARRYGOLDA.

MAR. I've done the deed, and hither comes the gipsy.

DRES. Where's father ?

MAR. He and John have got quite tipsy.

DRES. The sun is setting now—as red brick.

MAR. Don't let her see it ! Draw the curtains, quick !

Re-enter BEAUTY.

BEAU. Sister, I feel so sleepy, you can't think.

MAR. (*aside*) It works ! it works !

(Exit MARRYGOLDA)

DRES. (*aside*) "The drink, Hamlet, the drink !"

BEAU. How goes the time ?

DRES. Oh, it's quite early yet ;
We'll tell you when the sun's about to set,
So if you'd like to take a nap——

BEAU. Methinks

I'd give the world for only forty winks.

DRES. Then why not take them in that easy chair ?

BEAU. If I was sure you'd wake me——

DRES. We'll take care.

BEAU. No, no, I'll drive this drowsiness away.

DRES. At any rate, sit down, dear, while you stay.

BEAU. I'm sure 'tis time—I must be going—going——

(*falls asleep*)

DRES. You're gone, my dear, and see, the west is glowing
With the last rays of sunset—sleep, sleep sound ;
I'd not disturb you for a hundred pound !

(*Exit DRESSALINDA*)

The scene opens at the back and the BEAST appears.

Air—BEAST—"All is lost now"—"Sonnambula," Bellini.

All is lost now—Oh, for me the sun is set for ever—
This poor heart in future never
One hope of bliss can see.
Go, ungrateful.
Counted on your word I had, miss,
Your behaviour's very bad, miss,
It has made me nearly mad, miss,
Quite unhappy, as you may see.
With all confidence appealing,
To any man of feeling,
I'd ask, is this fair dealing ?
No ! you've used me, madam, really very ill.
Though my looks might fail to charm you,
Though they rather might alarm you,
Yet I promis'd not to harm you ;
Yes, false one, yes ; and I'll keep my promise still.

The scene closes ; BEAUTY seems exceedingly disturbed in her sleep ; enter JOHN and SIR ALDGATE, both tipsy, JOHN carrying a candle.

SIR A. John, take care how you go ; you'll drop that candle.

JOHN. Never you mind, old Pump ! here, where's your handle ?

SIR A. John, is this language to a late Lord Mayor?
Where is my Beauty?

JOHN. (*holds the candle to him*) You may well ask "where?"
Not in your face,—it's ugly as a nigger's;
Nor in your form, if I'm a judge of figures!

SIR A. John! I discharge you.

JOHN. What! subtract your brains?
Take me from you, and, prithee, what remains?
A dry old pump!

SIR A. Well, well, you'll change this tone!

JOHN. "Well."—Pump, be quiet, and let well alone;
If you don't know when you've got a good man,
I know when I've got a good master!

(*Music, con sordini*—BEAUTY rises in her sleep, and stands up
in the chair)

SIR A. (*starting*) Can
I trust my sight—back, John, at distance keep,
Here's Beauty, bolt upright, and in her sleep!

JOHN. Perhaps she's dead, and that's her ghost that's
walking!

SIR A. Horrible thought! No! hush! I hear her
talking!

BEAUTY descends from the chair in imitation of AMINA in the
"Sonnambula"—the TWO SISTERS enter, and are stopped
by a sign from SIR ALDGATE PUMP.

CONCERTED PIECE—"Sonnambula."

ALL. Bless us, and save us, where is she going now?

(BEAUTY steps from the chair upon the table)

Over the table. (*she kicks a book off*) Oh, crik! y!
She'll tumble, by jingo!

(BEAUTY steps off to another chair, and then to a stool, and
then to the ground)

No, no; she's all right.

(BEAUTY approaches the front of the stage)

BEAU. Don't cry, Beast ; I'll come back.

SIR A. D'ye hear that, John ?

BEAU. 'Tis tea time ; Molly, put the kettle on.

ALL. Hear her ! how she's dreaming,—speaking of tea.

BEAU. Yes, I have lost him ; and yet I am not guilty.

ALL. Oh, listen !

BEAU. The ring he gave me, alas ! he'll now take from me.

He'll never let me come out to tea more.

ALL. She wakes !

BEAU. Where am I ? Ar'n't it very late ?

I've overslept myself, as sure as fate.

It's dark as pitch ! Oh, dear ! what's to be done ?

There's nothing left me but to cut and run.

SIR A. Dear daughter—

BEAU. Don't detain me, sir, good-bye

To all—off goes my ring, and off go I !

(she pulls her ring from her finger—SIR ALDGATE, JOHN, DRESSALINDA, and MARRYGOLDA, sink through the stage, and leave BEAUTY in the centre of—

SCENE THIRD.—*A Grotto in the Gardens of the BEAST'S Palace—Moonlight.*

BEAU. Bless me, I don't know where on earth I've got to.

Oh, yonder is the palace, this the grotto.

But where's it's master, good as he is grim ?

Oh, I've forgotten to remember him.

He'll say—Where are you, Beast, come out to play,

The moon is shining here as bright as day ;

Come with a hoop, if you won't with a call !

(the LEADER plays a note or two on his violin)

“That strain again, it had a dying fall,”

And mocked his voice, sweet as a special pleader's.

(LEADER taps on his desk)

Was that his tap ? No, it was but the Leader's ;

Oh, Mr. Hughes ! * can you my doubts dispel,

And tell me he is safe,—and that all's well ?

* Mr. Henry Hughes, the leader of the orchestra in 1841. He possessed a good baritone voice, and the effect was as agreeable to, as it was unexpected by, the audience.

Deserted by his Beauty bright,
Who promised to be back by night,
The Beast who saw his hope a wreck,
Has broke his heart, or else his neck.
And though a voice salutes { her } ear
 { my }

'Tis not the one { she } used (*Hughes'd*) to hear.

LEAD. Below——
BEAU. All right?——
BOTH. All's well.

O Gemini ! what's here ! Who's this I see,
Stretched in a state of funeral bier ! 'Tis he !
Alas ! though I broke mine, he's kept his word,
His must have been the dying fall I heard !
He gave me up—perhaps drank poisoned tea !
And perished—all along of love for me !
Oh, now, indeed, I feel, as 'tis my duty,
That I have been the Beast, and he the Beauty !
Oh, were he but alive again—to pop
The question, I would have him in a——

The QUEEN OF THE ROSES appears.

Is it a bargain? Would you really wed
The Beast, if I could prove he wasn't dead?

QUEEN. Precisely. Beauty, will you this time keep
Your word, and wed the poor Beast that lies by me,
If I revive him?

BEAU. Will I? just you try me.

QUEEN. Enough ! Behold him in his native land,
A prince—and yet your servant to command !

*The BEAST disappears as the scene changes, and discovers
PRINCE AZOR upon his throne, surrounded by a brilliant
Court, Guards, Banners, &c.*

The PRINCE descends, and kneels to BEAUTY.

BEAU. What ! can this be the Beast ?

QUEEN. Why this surprise ?

'Tis love hath so improved him in your eyes !
Where the mind's noble, and the heart sincere,
Defects of person quickly disappear ;
While vice, to those who have been taught to hate
her,
Would make, as soon, Hyperion seem a Satyr.

FINALE—Chorus—" *Cinderella.*"

In light tripping measure,
Surrounded by pleasure,
We now to our own rosy bowers will fly,
Which care and sorrow dare not come nigh.

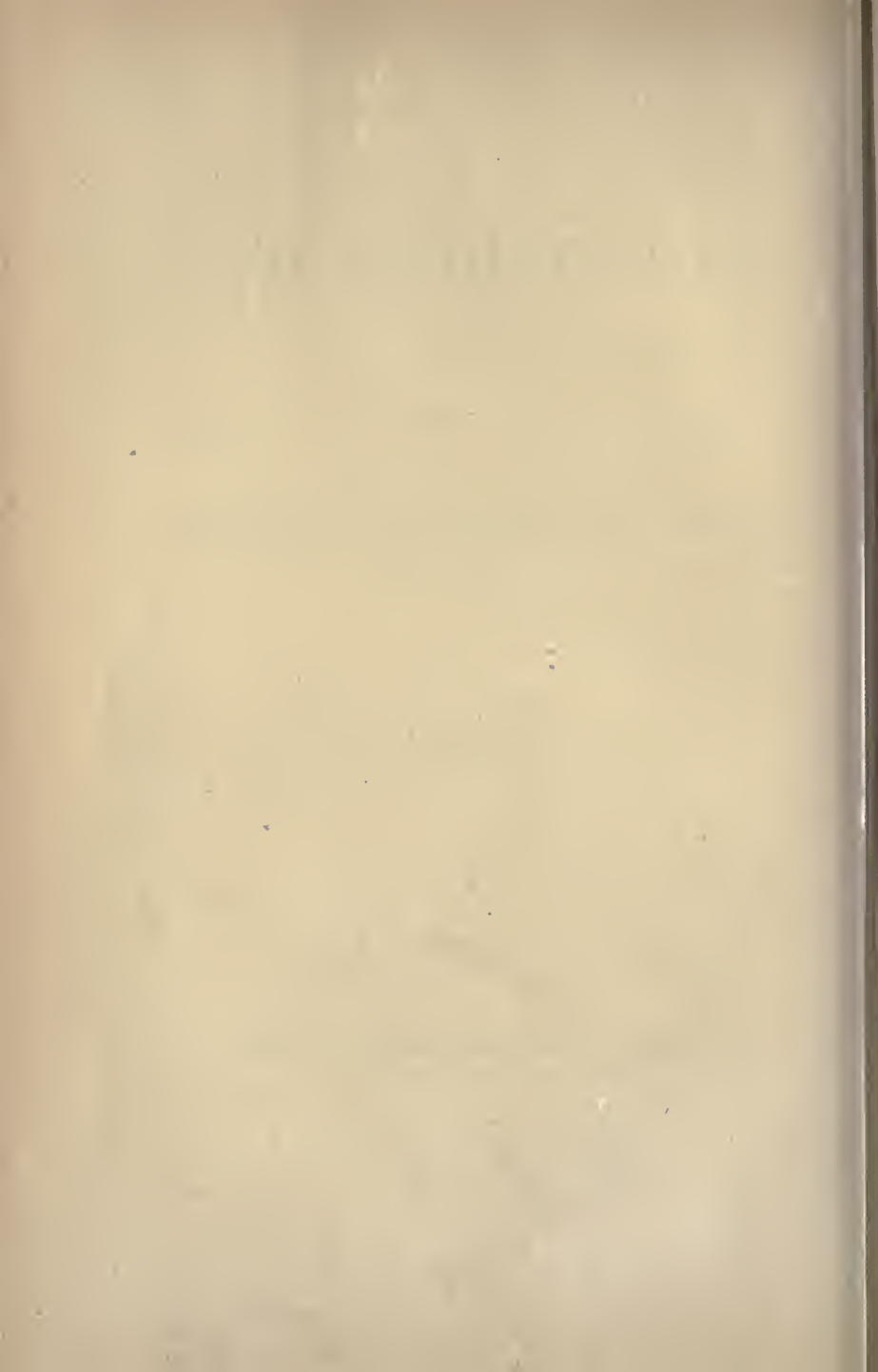
TABLEAU—CURTAIN.

THE WHITE CAT;

*A Grand Comic, Romantic, Operatic, Melo-dramatic,
Fairy Extravaganza,*

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on
Easter Monday, March 28th, 1842.



THE WHITE CAT.

I have little to say respecting this third of my fairy extravaganzas, and the last produced at Covent Garden, beyond the fact that its reception was fully as favourable as that which was accorded to its predecessors. In looking over it I do not find anything to "make a note of" that would interest the reader, unless it be an allusion to the earthquake which had been predicted some time previously, and shaken the nerves, at any rate, of many of Her Majesty's lieges. The cast included nearly all my popular old supporters, Madame Vestris, Bland, and Harley being particularly happy in their personations. An advance was made in the ballet department, but the special feature in the *mise en scène* was the very ingenious realisation of the description in the story of the attendance of hands without bodies. They appeared in all parts of the stage bearing flambeaux, moving chairs, and executing various other orders in the most natural and graceful manner without its being possible for the audience to detect the *modus operandi*. It was certainly the *chef d'œuvre* of that unequalled machinist,

Mr. W. Bradwell, and the effect was as picturesque as it was puzzling.

“The White Cat” ran to the end of the season, and was played on the last night of it for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. I did myself the pleasure of dedicating the piece to my kind and facetious friend, the Rev. Richard Barham, the celebrated author of “The Ingoldsby Legends.”

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WUNSUPONATYME (King of Neverminditsnamia)		MR. J. BLAND
PRINCE PARAGON	} (his Three Sons)	MADAME VESTRIS
PRINCE PRECIOUS		MISS MURRAY
PRINCE PLACID		MISS LEE
COUNT COINCIDE (Prime Minister)	MR. G. HORNCASTLE
JINGO (the Court Fool)	MR. HARLEY
CHAMBERLAIN	MR. BURT
STATE PAGES	MR. KERRIDGE, MR. COLLETT, MR. CONNELL
COURTIERS	{ MESSRS. DAVIS, HODGES, HEALEY, HUGHES, MELVILLE, BUTLER, GLEDHILL.
THE WHITE CAT, <i>afterwards</i>	}	MISS MARSHALL
PRINCESS CATARINA		MISS FAIRBROTHER

HOUSEHOLD OF THE WHITE CAT.

HE-CAT (Master of the [Wooden] Horse—a Magic Tortoiseshell Tom Cat-a-Mountain)	Mr. S. SMITH
HERR GRIMALKIN (Chamberlain) MASTER MARSHALL
THE LADY PALMYRA (Mistress of the Robes)	MISS CHARLTON

Gentlemen in Waiting—Messrs. Mouser and Mollrow.

Pages—Masters Kit and Tit.

Ladies in Waiting—Mesdames Angola and Tabitha.

Leader of the Band—Signor Catgutini.

Mew-sicians and Choristers—Sigs. Pussi, Catoni, Gutterini, Bowkittomi,
Mesdames *Pur*-siani, Catalani, Mewsidora, Squalini, &c.

Invisible Attendants—by all the best Hands in the Company.

Invisible Spirits—by all the best Voices in ditto.

Daughter of the Emperor of all the Cakes—Miss Jackson.

Daughter of the King of Sugar-Candy—Miss S. Foster.

Ladies in the Suite of the Princesses—Mesdames Hughes, A Jackson,
Kerridge, Lane, Emden, Deither, Maynard.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

THRONE ROOM IN THE KING'S PALACE.

MAGIC FOREST AND GOLDEN GATES OF THE WHITE
CAT'S CASTLE.

ILLUMINATED SALOON IN THE CASTLE.

Minuet by the White Cat and Herr Grimalkin.

Moorish Pas de Deux, by Mr. Gilbert and Miss Ballin.

Chinese, Messrs. T. and J. Ridgway. Cat in Walnut Shells, Master
H. Marshall.

Moorish and Chinese Dancers, Messrs. Ireland, Moore, Heath,
Gardner, Garden, Gough; Mesdames Ridgway, Payne, Hartley,
Gardner, Kendall, A. Kendall, Taylor, Platt, A. Payne, Reekie,
Jones, Hatton.

GARDEN OF THE WHITE CAT'S CASTLE.

GATES OF THE CAPITAL CITY OF NEVERMINDITSNAMIA.

Tail-piece (by Mr. W. Bradwell), "Finis Coronat O-fuss."

THE WHITE CAT.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Presence Chamber of WUNSUPONATYME, KING OF NEVERMINDITSNAMIA—The KING discovered on his throne, surrounded by his Court, and attended by COUNT COINCIDE and OFFICERS of STATE—Flourish.*

KING. Stand all apart !—Cousin of What's-your name,
Give me your hand, and help me play my game !

COURTIERS *stand aside, and KING descends from throne, leaning on the arm of his MINISTER.*

You are the wisest man in our dominion ;
For you are always of our own opinion ;
Therefore we've great respect for your advice,
And we will follow it at any price—
Whilst it accords with our good will and pleasure.

MIN. Your Majesty is gracious beyond measure !

KING. My lord, you know whate'er I say is true.

MIN. Undoubtedly ;—and right whate'er you do.

KING. Brave man !—who all he thinks thus boldly says !

MIN. Great king !—whom, without danger, we may praise !

KING. You'll scarce believe what you're about to hear !

Listen—I'm getting older every year !

MIN. Had any one except yourself said so,

I should have doubted !—but you, sir, must know.

KING. 'Tis passing strange !—but fact !—I'm nearly eighty !
And sigh for “otium *sine* dignitate.”

My eyes grow dim !—my limbs are not so strong !

And Tom Hood says, when folks have *reigned* so long,

'Tis time they mizzled !

MIN. Tom Hood did but joke.

KING. But oft, in jest, one gets an ugly poke !

So, tongues to stop, and civil war to muzzle,
 We'd make our heir apparent ;—there's the puzzle.
 My queen (who was the best soul upon earth)
 Brought me, you know, three fine boys at a birth.
 Born on the self-same day, of the same mother ;
 I know not that one's older than another.
 So of my crown I'm forced to keep possession,
 Because I cannot settle the succession.

MIN. 'Tis a hard case—a crown, perforce, to wear !

Amongst the three, suppose the realm you share ?

KING. What, cut my kingdom into chops, as though
 It were a loin of mutton ! Butcher !—No !

MIN. Let them draw lots for it.

KING. That's gambling ! Never !

We have abolished lotteries for ever.

All danger from the frowns of Fortune spurning,
 We, for the general *weal*, stopt hers from turning.

MIN. Why not decide yourself ?—Have you no choice ?

KING. No ; Nature cries with a most equal voice :—

So brave ! so good ! so handsome all the three !

One just as soon as t'other, king I'd see !

D'ye take ? (*shews a purse, and punches him in the ribs*)

MIN. Who wouldn't ? (*taking purse*) Sir, you've touched
 me nearly ;

I now begin to see the matter clearly ;

Suppose your Majesty should name some deed

In art or arms ; and he who should succeed

In that—which might not be an easy thing—

Might then succeed your Majesty as king.

KING. An excellent suggestion ! and a new.

MIN. Something—almost impossible to do.

KING. I have it ; a good thought ! My pages, ho !

Summon the Princes to my presence—go !

(*Exeunt PAGES*)

I need not tell a wise man in your station

Nought is so difficult as resignation.

Song—KING—“ *When a man marries.*”

Though a man's worried
 Half out of his mind,

To leave a good place
He is seldom inclined.
And cobbler or king,
As he happens to be,
There's no one he'd like
Better in it to see.
Monarch great—
Head of the State !
Treason to ask if he should, sir !
Minister—Prime—
Never has time.
Couldn't resign if he would, sir !
Lord Mayor,
When once in his chair,
Doesn't like "turn about," sir.
Commissioner Lin,
Or any one "in,"
Had rather be worried than "out," sir.
Toiling, moiling, wearing, tearing, rumbling, grumbling,
blustering, flustering.
Though a man's worried
Half out of his mind,
To leave a good place,
He is seldom inclin'd !
He's seldom inclin'd.
He's seldom or never inclin'd.

FIRST PAGE. (*enters and announces*) "Prince Precious."

Enter PRINCE PRECIOUS.

KING. Come, boy, to thy father's arms ;

A sceptre has for thee, I'm sure, no charms.

PRE. My royal father, pray how should I know,

Unless I had it for an hour or so.

KING. It needs a grasp of iron ;—an eye as quick
as lightning.

PRE. So, papa, does single stick ;

And I'd crack any body's crown at that.

KING. (*aside*) He'd crack his father's—the audacious brat !

SECOND PAGE. (*enters and announces*) "Prince Placid !"

Enter PRINCE PLACID.

KING. Come, boy, to thy father's breast!—

Thou wouldst not that a crown thy forehead prest?

PLA. It's quite impossible, my liege, to say,

Unless I wore it for at least a day.

KING. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

PLA. But can't you take it off when you lie down?

KING. (*aside*) Beneath that simple air much guile may lurk;

If I let him succeed me—I'm a Turk!

THIRD PAGE. (*enters and announces*) "Prince Paragon."

Enter PRINCE PARAGON.

KING. Here's one, at least, will own

He has no wish to sit on yonder throne!

PAR. None in the least, my liege.

KING. Wise boy! (*aside*) I vow

I've half a mind to fix upon him now.

PAR. I'll sit on anything and anywhere;

So that I'm but a king—that's all I care.

KING. (*aside*) Humph! second thoughts are best; 'twould
be unjust

Above his brothers this wild boy to thrust.

(*ascends his throne*)

Attend, whilst we our royal will make known.

Princes and peers, like Wolsey I am grown

An old man, weary of the cares of state;

And have made up my mind to abdicate.

To a small country house I would retire;

And, for companionship, I much desire

A pretty little dog. Now, of you three,

He who shall bring the prettiest dog to me

By this day twelvemonth, shall become my heir,

And Neverminditsnamia's sceptre bear!

But mark! we stipulate the dog you bring

Must be so small 'twill pass through this thumb ring!

About it straight—you have no time to lose

If your souls burn to stand within our shoes!

Air—KING.

Come bustle, boys, about,
 There are dogs enough, no doubt ;
 In each court are spaniels plenty,
 In each street are puppies twenty ;
 But if here you wish to reign,
 You a lap-dog must obtain,
 Which in a thumb ring you could wear O !
 Singing hey down, O down, derry, derry down,
 And that's quite another affair O !

CHORUS.

Singing hey down, &c.

(*Exeunt in procession, KING, and all but the THREE PRINCES*)

PAR. Brothers, to use an epithet emphatical,
 I think papa's become much too dogmatical.

PRE. I say, this order will, to all our losses,
 Prove one composed of nothing but grand crosses.

PLA. A lap dog you can pass through-a thumb ring !
 I, like Macbeth, exclaim, "There's no such thing !"
 But for the Isle of Dogs I'll start to-day !

PRE. And I'll to Houndsditch with what speed I may !

(*Exeunt PRINCES PRECIOUS and PLACID*)

PAR. I really don't think I shall take the trouble
 To stir a step—this business is a bubble !
 Our dad is only of us making merry.
 A man might hunt from Perth to Pondicherry
 In vain for such a dog, I'm certain—very !

Air—PRINCE PARAGON—"Oh, ruddier than the cherry."

From Perth to Pondicherry,
 From Bow to Bedfordbury,
 No dog so small
 Exists at all,
 Of that I'm certain—very !

Our dad, who's no Dogberry,
 Is only making merry,
 And holds up thus,
 His crown, for us
 To bob at like a cherry !
 You might now, in a wherry,
 From here to Chelsea ferry,
 And not turn up
 So small a pup,
 I'll bet a pint of sherry !
 From Cork to Londonderry,
 From Donegal to Kerry,
 None such one sees,
 Though out on sprees
 All night like Tom and Jerry !

Where's Jingo ! Though a mad wag in his lingo,
 He's staunch and true ; I always swear, by Jingo !
 And I have known, in matters much more nice,
 A man to profit by a fool's advice !
 Jingo !

Enter JINGO.

JIN. Obedient to your Highness' call,
 Behold me ready-booted, spurred and all.

PAR. Booted and spurred, Sir Fool ! Why, whither wend
 you ?

JIN. Upon the errand that the King would send you.

PAR. Why, 'gad a mercy, knave ! 'tis none of thine !

JIN. 'Tis a fool's errand, so it must be mine !

PAR. Wilt do it ?

JIN. Not alone ; but if you plan
 A journey, master, I'm your journey-man.

PAR. Give up a place at court to go with me,
 Who've nought to give ?

JIN. 'Tis a fool's trick, you see.

PAR. Travel o'er land and wave, through woods and bogs ?

JIN. We shan't be long, sir, going to the dogs.
 I'm glad your father didn't want a cat ;
 I never could have gone in search of that !

I have a horror of the race feline—
I dread a cat, whose lives or tails are nine ;
Though other dangers I but little heed,
I'm very *pussy-lanimous* indeed !

PAR. Well, for a frolic, then, suppose we start
Upon the instant.

JIN. Sir, with all my heart.

The scene changes suddenly to a Forest.

PAR. Hah ! the ground opens, and a chasm vast
Before us yawns ! the earthquake's come at last !

JIN. Is this a dream ?—if so, make haste and wake us.
You said, " Let's start ; " and here's enough to make
us !

PAR. Methought but now we in the palace stood,
But now the ground we stand on's in a wood.
Some treason this !

JIN. Why, sir, it stands to reason
It couldn't be a wood without some *trees on*.

PAR. O cruel Fate !

JIN. Nay, sir, don't be down-hearted ;
We arrived safe the moment that we started.

PAR. Arrived ! but where——

JIN. Ah ! that I won't pretend
To say ; but doubtless at our journey's end.
And as you didn't settle where you'd go,
It cannot make much difference, you know.

A Finger-post appears.

PAR. See, there's a finger-post !

JIN. (*reading*) Well, I declare !
We're fifteen thousand miles from everywhere !

PAR. How ! fifteen thousand miles in half a minute ?

JIN. Oh, now-a-days, sir, there's no wonder in it !—
The world is changed most sadly ; in our past days
We had some feasts ; but now they are all *fast*
days :

The stream of time has now become a rapid,
All but velocity is voted vapid ;

Another *Quick* upon the stage they need,
 The only chronicler will soon be *Speed* ; *
 And really so like lightning goes our cash,
 I fear Bank Notes will soon give way to *Flash*.

The trees open, and discover the Gates of a Fairy Palace.

PAR. Sure, that's a building—somebody's abode!
 JIN. The terminus, no doubt, of this branch road.
 PAR. The doors are massive gold—or look as well!
 And here, in jewels, “Please to ring the bell.”
 JIN. A deer's foot hanging by a diamond chain!
 Some folks to wring it off would not disdain.
 PAR. At all events, no further will I roam,
 But ring and see if any one's at home.

*Rings the bell ; the gate opens, and twelve hands appear,
 bearing torches.*

Nothing but hands ; the sight exceeding odd is !
 JIN. It proves, at least, the mansion is *nobody's* !
 PAR. A dozen of them, and all holding candles.

MUSIC—“*Harmonious Blacksmith.*”

What music's that ?
 JIN. No doubt it's some of *Handel's* !

CHORUS—“*Voices of Invisible Spirits.*”

Ding, dong, bell—
 Pussy's in the well ;
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, bell !
 Enter here
 Without fear—
 You may break the hateful spell ;
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding dong !
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, bell !

* *Quick* was George III.'s favourite comedian ; the original Tony Lumpkin and Acres. John Speed the historian (1555-1629), who amongst other works compiled a History of Great Britain.

JIN. Oh ! Pussy's in the well ; I'm glad of that ;
I'll walk in boldly as they've drown'd the cat.

PAR. Say, shall we enter this enchanted hall ?
I have a sword, and they've no *arms* at all.

JIN. Enter at once, nor stay here words to bandy ;
This house must sure belong to " Handy Andy " !

They enter—Scene changes to the Banquet Hall in a Fairy Palace, brilliantly illuminated ; in one part an Orchestra—The walls are painted with subjects from all the Stories about Cats, such as "Puss in Boots," &c.

Enter PRINCE PARAGON and JINGO, led by hands.

PAR. Ye wondrous hands, who have led us so far,
Pray are we welcome ?

(the hands shake)

JIN. There—you see we are.

PAR. That gentle pressure sets my heart at ease.

JIN. My hand is in a vice—oh ! how you squeeze !

(the hands vanish)

PAR. They're gone ; and now, behold ! two other pair
Are wheeling towards each of us a chair.

JIN. And there are four who bear a table steady,
With every sort of thing for dinner ready !

(to the chair as it approaches him) You're very kind—
a thousand thanks to you—

A little nearer. *(pointing to table)* Thank ye, that'll do.

(sits and pours out a glass of wine)

Delicious Burgundy ! 'tis very clear

We've fallen into friendly hands, sir, here.

PAR. I think so, too. I own I feel much braver—
This show of hands is clearly in our favour.

(the hands that have brought table and chairs disappear)

Come, Jingo, let's do justice to the feast.

JIN. *(starting and looking out)* Oh, look, sir, there's a cat,
the nasty beast !

(putting his hand to his cheek) Oh ! zounds !

PAR. What ails you ?

JIN. Something scratched my face.

PAR. Beware how you abuse cats in this place ;
'Tis evident they here have favour found ;
For now I see the walls are painted round
With histories of every cat whose name
Is written in the *catalogue* of fame.

JIN. (*trembling*) What shall I do ? I never could abide one.
I've often almost fainted when I spied one.
It comes this way—and riddle upon riddle !
As sure as I stand here, it's got a fiddle !

*Music—Enter a CAT, full dressed, with a violin in its paw ;
he bows with great dignity to the PRINCE, and enters the
Orchestra, which immediately fills with CATS, bearing
other instruments and music books.*

PAR. Behold, the orchestra is with them filling ;
Now here's a concert really worth a shilling !

JIN. *A la mew-sard*, of course.

PAR. So I should say,
And all first-rate *mew-sicians* in their way.

*A grand flourish of all the instruments, and a march, to which
enters the WHITE CAT attended by her CHAMBERLAIN and
others.*

PAR. What singular procession meets my sight ?
A lady cat of the most dazzling white !
Attended as becomes a mighty queen ;
But in a mourning veil ! What can it mean ?

CAT. Son of a king, welcome to my domain.

PAR. She speaks, she speaks ! White Pussy, speak again !

CAT. (*addressing the orchestra*) Welcome, in song, his
Highness to these halls !

JIN. (*aside to PRINCE*) If they're about to sing, look out for
squalls.

*The leader preludizes on the violin, the CATS commence a vocal
piece of mew-sic, which is almost immediately interrupted by
PRINCE PARAGON.*

Air—PRINCE PARAGON—"Hush ye pretty warbling quire."

Hush ! ye pretty warbling quire !
Your shrilly strains
Go through my brains ;
No more I do desire.

CAT. No more—no more ! his Highness does not choose.

PAR. I own such *mew*-sic does not me *a-mews*.

CAT. Hast heard ought like it ?

PAR. Sometimes—on the tiles.

JIN. Would I were off—just fifteen thousand miles !

CAT. Jingo !

JIN. (*starting*) It knows my name !

CAT. You look distress'd.

Poor fool ! I know the cause : you cats detest ;

It is a prejudice we'll strive to cure.

In the meanwhile, your good will to ensure,

We'll hand you over to the fairest pair

Of hands that in our service ever were.

Behold them ! (*a pair of hands appear*) they will lead
you where you'll be

Well entertained ; your master stays with me.

(*walks aside with PRINCE*)

JIN. Well, they are very fair, I must allow !

Permit me—(*takes one*) soft as velvet, too, I vow !

What taper fingers and what rosy tips !

Allow me, pray, to press them to my lips.

Air—JINGO—"The Duenna."

Ah, sure a pair was never seen,

So finely formed by madam nature !

Such hands as these must sure have been

The hands of some most *handsome* creature !

(*Exit JINGO with the hands*)

CAT. The banquet waits ; wil't please your highness sit

And condescend with me to pick a bit ?

I trust you'll find that pasty rather nice ;

'Tis made of pigeons ; this is made of mice.

PAR. Of mice !

CAT. Nay, don't be frightened, this is my dish,
Cooked by my own cook in a sep'rate pie-dish ;
That is a jugged hare—and here I smell a rat.

PAR. I hope you don't expect me to touch that !

CAT. You shall do nothing you don't wish to do ;
There's milk for me, but there's milk punch for you.
I have the honour, sir, to lap your health.

PAR. Madam, permit me to drink yours. (*aside*) What wealth !

What taste ! what splendour ! this must surely be
A cat of most exceeding quality !

(*aloud*) Madam, don't think me rude, but I beseech
You tell me how you gained the gift of speech ?
For our attendants only mew and purr.

CAT. I may not answer you that question, sir.

PAR. To put another, then, may I presume ?
What's on your paw ?

CAT. A miniature.

PAR. Of whom ?

CAT. Alas !

PAR. A lass ! it looks more like a lad.

CAT. I meant—Heigho !

PAR. You sigh—I've made you sad.

Forgive me—I feel I've been indiscreet.

CAT. Will you take anything, sir, more to eat ?

PAR. No, not a morsel.

CAT. Then, hands, take away.

(*hands remove table, &c.*)

PAR. The handiest work I've seen for many a day !

Pray, may I ask you how your time you pass ?

CAT. Sometimes in hunting field-mice through the grass ;

Sometimes I run after a cotton ball,
Or scamper o'er the palace—roof and all !

Or dance a minuet ; and you shall see

My Chamberlain now dance the Cat's with me.

Minuet de la Cour—WHITE CAT and HERR GRIMALKI.

CAT. Son of a king ! although it grieves my heart,
I must inform you it is time we part.

PAR. Is it so late ? How long have I been here ?

CAT. You'll stare when I reply—a year !

PAR. A year !

CAT. All but a day !

PAR. It does not seem an hour !

CAT. You flatter me !

PAR. I wish I had the power !

No words of mine could ever justice do

To such an interesting cat as you !

CAT. Oh ! Prince, you're too polite ; but let me jog

Your memory, and ask you—where's the dog ?

PAR. My dog ?

CAT. Aye ! Have you then forgotten quite

Your father's mandate ?

PAR. Mercy ! what a light

Breaks in upon me !

CAT. Were you not to bring

A dog so small 'twould pass through his thumb ring

Within a year ?

PAR. I was—'tis hopeless now !

The year has fled !—I've lost a crown, I vow.

CAT. Not yet ; I think I have a dog will do !

A fairy gave it me—I'll give it you !

Ho ! hands within ! Hand me the box of gold

That on my toilet table stands !

Music—Hands bring on the box—WHITE CAT opens it, and takes out an acorn.

Behold !

PAR. Why, that's an acorn—food, I've heard, for hogs ;

But what on earth has it to do with dogs ?

CAT. Just hold it to your ear ! What say you now ?

PAR. I could be sworn something went “ Bow ! wow !
wow ! ”

CAT. And you'd swear truly ! In that acorn curled,

Nestles the smallest spaniel in the world !

PAR. To take it out at once, may I make bold ?

CAT. You'd better not—perhaps it may catch cold !

Wait till you see your sire, at all events,
And give it him, with my best compliments !

PAR. Kindest of cats ! But how return in time ?
Am I not in some very distant clime ?
'Tis true that I came hither in a crack !

CAT. And you shall go almost as quickly back.
My stable has a wooden horse, sir, in it,
Which can trot fifteen hundred miles a minute.

PAR. In harness ?

CAT. Yes.

PAR. If you say so, who'd doubt it ?

CAT. Once in my *gig*, don't bother *yours* about it.

PAR. Oh ! how my gratitude can I evince ?

CAT. I beg you wouldn't mention it, sweet Prince.
Forget me not, that's all that I implore,
Your vehicle shall soon be at the door ;
At home in less than no time you will be ;
In the meanwhile, another dance you'll see ;
For in my court I have some clever apes,
Who can of Moors and Chinese take the shapes,
And to please you they now shall dance a measure.

(Exit WHITE CAT)

PAR. Madam, 'twill give me most uncommon pleasure.
But I must not my faithful fool forget—
Jingo ! I'm off !

Enter JINGO.

JIN. Oh ! master, don't go yet !

PAR. Not !—why, I thought you'd be delighted—stay,
If you prefer it ; but I must away.
In pleasant company time flies so fast,
You'll scarce believe it—but a year has passed !
And to my father I must hurry back ;
Decide—and quickly.

JIN. I am on the rack !
'Twixt love and duty I am torn—depart !
Oh ! those sweet hands ! they've laid hold of my heart !
And to cry "Hands off !" I in vain endeavour—
Oh, sir, I am a greater fool than ever !

*Re-enter WHITE CAT, followed by MOORS and CHINESE,
according to the story.*

BALLET.

MOORISH PAS DE DEUX

By Mr. Gilbert and Miss Ballin.

Chinese, Messrs. T. Ridgway and J. Ridgway.

Cat in Walnut Shells, Master H. Marshall.

MOORISH AND CHINESE DANCERS,

Messrs. Ireland, Moore, Heath, Gardner, Garden, Gough.

Misses Ridgway, Payne, Hartley, Garner, Kendall,
A. Kendall, Taylor, Platt, A. Payne, Reekie,
Jones, Hatton.

*The scene opens or changes, and discovers the Wooden Horse,
magnificently trapped and harnessed to a Fairy Car; the
magic hands are holding flambeaux; PRINCE PARAGON
and JINGO enter the Car, which ascends as the Act Drop
descends.*

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*In the Palace of KING WUNSUPONATYME—
The KING and MINISTER discovered at table, after
supper, drinking.*

Duet—KING and MINISTER—(To its own tune.)

We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
We won't go home till morning,
Till day-light doth appear!

KING. For *this* night ends the year.

MIN. And still no Princes here!

KING. I gave them all fair warning—
And yet my mandate scorning—
They won't be home till morning,
When daylight does appear!

(*filling* MINISTER'S *glass*) We'll have no daylights here.

MIN. I'm getting rather queer!

BOTH. But we won't go home till morning,

&c., &c.

(*clock chimes*)

KING. Hurrah! there goes eleven! One hour more,
And their time's up!

MIN. They'll not be home before,
Depend upon't!

KING. Worthy man, I do!—
I owe this excellent idea to you!

MIN. Oh, sir!

KING. And shall remain for life your debtor!

MIN. (*aside*) If he would pay his debts, 'twould be much
better!

KING. My three poor boys! it sets my bosom aching
To think what useless trouble they are taking;
In climes, far off, who knows what may occur there?

MIN. (*aside*) Yet, ere he'd yield the crown he'd see them further !

KING. Let's drink our "absent friends."

MIN. Sir, very gladly.

KING. My *distant* relatives ! I miss them sadly ;

Would they were here—their sight would so refresh us !

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. Prince Paragon, Prince Placid, and Prince Precious.

KING. Returned !

MIN. They must have dropped, sure, from the skies !

KING. All three ?

PAGE. All three !

KING. With dogs ?

PAGE. Of every size

And sort !

KING. The puppies !

PAGE. Poodles, pointers, harriers,
Newfoundlands, pugs, hounds, greyhounds, turnspits,
terriers !

KING. Had they been tarriers but another hour !

MIN. Take comfort, good my liege : you're yet in power—

Have they a dog will pass through your thumb ring ?

If not, their hopes they to the dogs may fling.

KING. But if they should have one so very small ?

MIN. Why'twill be no great matter, after all !

KING. Don't joke !

MIN. By no means !—when you wish to lick

A dog, 'tis easy, sir, to find a stick !

And if your ring they have a dog can leap through,

I'll find a hole as small which you can creep through !

KING. Amazing minister !—whoe'er may trudge it !

Whilst you've such ways and means, you ne'er shall
budge it !

(*aloud to PAGE*) Admit the Princes !

PAGE. Dogs and all, sir ?

KING. No !

Let them to kennel in the courts below !

(*Exit PAGE*)

*Music—Enter COURTIER, &c., and the THREE PRINCES,
ushered by CHAMBERLAIN.*

Air—CHAMBERLAIN—"Bow, wow, wow."

Great King, behold, your sons return'd from roving foreign
climes in,
The dogs they've brought are worthy celebration doggrel
rhymes in;
The finest of each breed they paid for without growl or
grumble,
And all behind the window wait, to make you their most
humble.

(Chorus of Dogs, without) Bow, wow, wow!

(Chorus of COURTIER, within) Fol de riddle, riddle, riddle.

(Chorus of Dogs, without) Bow, wow, wow!

KING. Sweet sons, my words you've quite mistaken!—
Zounds!

We didn't ask you for a pack of hounds.
We only craved a pretty little pet,—
The handsomest and smallest you could get.

PRE. We know, sir, what you said about a ring,
But thought you only joking.

KING. I, Joe King!*

PAR. I have a very tiny dog, indeed:
A creature of a most peculiar breed;
Which I to purchase thought my bounden duty,
At any price.—Ho! Jingo, bring in "Beauty."

Enter JINGO with a very shabby little cur in a string.

KING. The horrid little bandy-legged beast!

JIN. Sir, of all *handsome* dogs this is the least.

* "Joe King" was a notorious Jew money-lender of the period.

KING. Yes, the least handsome !—vile equivocator !—

But of a fright I never saw a greater !

How dare you shew me such a filthy cur ?

PAR. Pardon a jest of Jingo's, gracious sir !

I've got the dog you wished for in my pocket !

KING. Eh, what ! Beware, my wrath's a congreve rocket !

PAR. Deign, first, to hold that acorn to your ear.

KING. Odds bodikins !—why, what is this I hear !—

Some magic spell my senses must deride ;

No acorn, surely, can have *bark* inside !

PAR. I think that acorn through your ring will go !

Of course, the dog that's in it must, you know !

KING. Prove first there is one in it, for this passes

Belief !

PAR. Your Majesty will need your glasses !

(*opens acorn*)

Behold ! where snugly lies the little darling !

KING. Is it alive ?

PAR. Why, hark !—'tis at you snarling !

KING. I am dumb-founded !—struck all of a heap !

(*aside to MINISTER*) Count, where's the hole through which

I am to creep ?

MIN. (*aside*) You can't deny that he has won the crown :

But you are not obliged to pay it down ;

'Tis true you said you meant to abdicate.

But when ? I don't remember any date.

It may be now,—it may be ten years hence !

KING. Sensible man, whose words have every sense.

MIN. And listen !

PAR. All this whispering bodes no good ;

Jingo, where have you put the horse of wood ?

JIN. In a loose box, made of the same oak panel ;

I rubbed him down with beeswax and a flannel !

PAR. But did you give him nought to stop his cravings ?

JIN. A sieve of sawdust and a bag of shavings !

KING. (*aside to MINISTER*) My bosom's counsellor, the
thought's perfection,

I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

(*aloud*) Dear boys, the pains that you have ta'en to
please us,

And of this weary weight, the crown, to ease us,

Is most refreshing to our royal heart,
 And from our word, of course, we can't depart.
 Prince Paragon, before you we declare,
 Has won the prize, and shall become our heir,
 Provided always, as the law lays down,
 He finds a partner worthy of his crown;
 If not, whichever of the other twain
 Brings such a bride, instead of him shall reign!
 But mark! the maid must be of royal race;
 Of matchless beauty, both in form and face!
 And also one who for five years hath ne'er
 Been seen by any mortal anywhere.
 Now to my couch, like me, a *downy* one!

PAGE. But what with all those dogs, sir, must be done?
 We have no kennels in which we can poke 'em!

KING. Give them two puddings'-ends a piece, and choke
 'em.

*Flourish—Exeunt KING and all but the PRINCES and
 JINGO.*

PRE. Ne'er seen by mortal anywhere! Why, brother!
 This is a greater wild-goose-chase than t'other!

PLA. Ne'er seen by mortal anywhere! Ah, me!
 Where shall we look for what we cannot see?

JIN. Why, where so many look in each direction
 For what they cannot see!

ALL THE PRINCES. What's that?

JIN. Perfection!

PRE. Perhaps that's what our royal dad may mean.
 A perfect lady he would have my queen!

PAR. Dad won't, as in the dog-case, strive to do one!
 Our bride's to wear a ring, and not go through one!

PLA. Of course you wouldn't, for decorum's sake,
 Treat a bride just as you would treat bride cake!
 Well, "Faint heart never won fair lady yet,"
 So like another Cœlebs, off I'll set!

(Exit PRINCE PLACID)

PRE. And so will I! Farewell! *(aside)* I wonder where,

"Th' Invisible Girl"* has moved from Leicester Square?

Who knows *she* might a lovely princess be,
For all that anyone could ever see!

(Exit PRINCE PRECIOUS)

PAR. (to JINGO) To this new move what say you, at first sight?

He gives check with the queen!

JIN. I'd move this *night*

Back to the castle of our friendly cat!

PAR. Well, I'm astonished to hear you say that!

Have you subdued your horror of her kind?

JIN. Sir, I'm in love; and my love must be blind!

For I've two hands before my eyes for ever.

PAR. Well, put the wooden horse to! we'll endeavour

To find our way back to the cat's abode.

JIN. The nag, depend upon it, knows the road;

He's a good one to go, but to look at, a shocking horse!

His sire was "Eclipse†," but his dam was a "rocking-horse!"

Duo — PRINCE PARAGON and JINGO — *Gallopade from*
"Gustave III."

Away, away,
With spirits gay,
Again we'll skim the *milky way*;
And through the sky
Our one-horse fly
The Witches' "Broughams" shall all run by.
'Tis only fifteen thousand miles,
And there are neither gates nor stiles;
And lighted all the roads you go,
As now they're *not* below, you know.

* An acoustic trick, with mechanical contrivances, exhibited at Saville House.

† A celebrated race horse which ran in 1769. Sire to "Young Eclipse," the winner of the Derby in 1781.

By no mail train
 Could anybody faster hie ;
 Steam would in vain
 Our one-horse power outvie ;
 No points to turn,
 No second-class to smash the first,
 No sparks to burn.
 No boiler there to burst.
 Not Mr. Green, in his balloon,
 Has ever been so near the moon ;
 And if the earth should chance to quake
 Up there we cannot feel the shake !
 Away, away, &c.

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter WHITE CAT.

Air—WHITE CAT—"Nobody coming to marry me.

All night I roam in the dark,
 For I better at night can see ;
 And I look for my princely spark,
 But he doesn't return to me !
 And it's oh dear ! what a sad cat I be !
 Oh dear, what shall I do ?
 If he doesn't come back to marry me,
 Still a White Cat I must mew !

Hope told a flattering tale. He won't return,
 And I must still with hopeless passion burn.
 He'll say I didn't ask him—he don't know
 I didn't dare—the greater was my woe !
 I could a tale unfold, but did I that,
 I should remain for ever a white cat.

Hark ! what was that ?—methought that in the
news

I heard the clattering of wooden shoes !
It is the wooden horse and shay—oh joy !
Cats, look alive, and pipe all hands a-hoy !
Light up the palace—open all the shutters—
Illuminate the walls, the towers, the gutters !
My Prince returns his friend feline to cheer !
Where stays my Paragon ?

Enter PRINCE PARAGON.

PAR. Behold him here !

No welcome guest, perhaps, by all this stir ?

CAT. Don't think I make light of your coming, sir ;
By this flare up, 'tis but my joy to shew you.

PAR. My pretty puss ! I feel the more I know you
The more I love you !

CAT. If a cat could blush !

I feel the blood up to my feelers rush !
But come ! you've had a long ride through the sky,
And must be hungry ! there's more pigeon pie !

PAR. Talk not of food, but give me poison rather.
There never was a person like my father ;
He's sent me now a royal maid to find—
A paragon of princely female kind,
Whom mortal eye for years hath never seen.
Ah, my sweet cat, would thou couldst be my queen !
Unfilial as the world such deed might call,
I'd pitch my father over, crown and all !

CAT. He'd look exceeding *black* if you did that.
And though most flattering to a little cat,
Of such an act I wouldn't be the cause
For worlds !—but I may find a saving clause.

PAR. Indeed ! Oh, pussy, any *claws* of thine !

CAT. You say so now, but may, perchance, decline
The task imposed upon you when you know it !

PAR. Not I—I'm desperate ; so, madam, go it !

CAT. List, list !—oh, list !

PAR. In any corps you please.

CAT. I mean "attention."

PAR. Oh, I "stand at ease !"

CAT. The hour is almost come when I must die.

PAR. Alas, poor puss !

CAT. You say you love me ?

PAR. I

Adore you !

CAT. Thank you—so, poor man, did he

Whose portrait in this miniature you see.

On his guitar, whilst playing me a tune,

His custom always of an afternoon,

A fiery dragon swallowed him.

PAR. The devil !

To say the least of it, that wasn't civil !

CAT. Brief let me be—that hour it was decreed

That I by one resembling him should bleed !

PAR. Oh, horrible ! most horrible !—I freeze !—

Don't say we're like each other.

CAT. As two peas.

PAR. I kill a cat ! and such a cat as thee ?

CAT. 'Twill make for ever happy you and me.

PAR. How so ?

CAT. You then will have the best of wives.

PAR. Too dearly bought with one of your nine lives.

CAT. Pity me not ; but lend your serious hearing

To this, my last request—with heart unfearing,

First cut my head off.

PAR. Oh !

CAT. Then just the tip

Of this appendage off with scissors snip,

And throw both instantly into the fire.

PAR. Madam, are you aware what you desire ?

CAT. Fully.

PAR. I cut you up in bits ? I won't.

CAT. I shall be much more cut up if you don't.

Take a few minutes for consideration ;

'Tis of events a strange concatenation,

But be assured, that though I can't explain,

It is the only way your ends to gain.

(Exit WHITE CAT)

PAR. Gain my own ends by cutting off another's !

No ! sooner let the kingdom be my brother's !

I'll back and say so ; yet a moment's pause ;
 She said the act contained a saving clause !
 That it would make us happy both for life,
 And give me what I seek—a matchless wife !
 I'll do her bidding though my heart it break,
 And wear the willow ever for her sake.

Air—PRINCE PARAGON—“ *All round my hat.*”

All round my Cat, I will plant the green willow—
 All for my Cat, for a twelvemonth and a day ;
 And if any body asks me, why I look so very ill, oh !
 I'll tell them the *catastrophe* that on my heart doth prey.
 All round my Cat, when a green turf is her pillow,
 All round my Cat for a twelvemonth I will stray,
 And though my eyes should weep a flood enough to turn a
 mill, oh !
 A *cataract* of tears could never wash my grief away !

(*Exit* PRINCE PARAGON)

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of the Palace.*

Enter WHITE CAT (*meeting* JINGO).

CAT. Ah, Jingo, so you came back with your master ?
 You've conquer'd your dislike to cats much faster
 Than I expected.

JIN. Madam, not completely ;
 But you appear so kind, and speak so sweetly,
 That I can look on you without disgust.

CAT. Most complimentary, indeed ! I trust
 You'll learn to look on me with pleasure soon.

JIN. I shouldn't wonder—if you grant the boon

I now crave at your hands, or those you lent me.
Oh, madam ! if from madness you'll prevent me,
Give me those hands in marriage.

CAT. Gracious me !
You have been much struck by those hands, I see.

JIN. I never was by any hands so smitten ;
Do not refuse me, oh, most gracious kitten !

CAT. But is your love returned ?

JIN. Beyond expression !

CAT. So I should think—how could they make confession ?

JIN. Oh, with those fingers they talk very plainly,
And I have woo'd, I'm proud to say, not vainly.
When I came back you should have seen the meeting ;
The outstretched palms—the pulses wildly beating !
While tears of joy adown my cheek were stealing ;
Oh, never tell me hands have got no feeling !

CAT. Well, in your folly there's a kindly vein,
And as you've their consent you mine shall gain.

JIN. Oh, joy !

CAT. You are a fond and faithful fool !
You've served the Prince ?

JIN. Since first he went to school ;
My first post was a whipping post, you see ;
Whenever he was naughty they flogged *me*.

Air—JINGO—(Not to its own tune.)

In infancy our hopes and fears
Were to each other known,
And friendship in our riper years,
Entwin'd our hearts in one !
They whipp'd me for his first offence,
As still the marks could prove,
'You'll say 'twas like my innocence,
But that inspir'd my love !
With a fol loll, &c.

CAT. You deserve credit for your great devotion.

JIN. I fly to court, and kiss hands on promotion.

(Exit JINGO)

Enter PRINCE PARAGON.

PAR. Madam, I come to do what you desire.

CAT. It is the hour—behold the magic fire !
Th' enchanted scimitar and fairy shears.

PAR. Oh, madam, I shall rust them with my tears.

CAT. Strike, and fear nothing ; you'll rejoice in time.

She seats herself in chair, the back of which is to the audience ; her head is seen above it, and her tail hangs down on one side.

PAR. Rejoice ! to see you cut off in your prime ;
Oh, never !

Enter JINGO, with the Pair of Hands.

Jingo here !—who sent for you, sir ?

JIN. I've married nobody, and would introduce her ;
But what would you do, sir ?—you look so pale.

PAR. Kill the White Cat, and burn her head and tail !

JIN. For goodness sake, sir, choose some other fuel !
Kill the White Cat !—you wouldn't be so cruel !

PAR. I must be cruel—only to be kind !
Thus bad begins (*cuts off* CAT's head) and worse remains behind. (*cuts off end of tail*)

JIN. Hands, hold me up ! This act can ne'er be mended !

PAR. My task is done.

The PRINCESS CATARINA appears in place of the WHITE CAT, and at the same time JINGO perceives he holds the hands of PALMYRA, a richly-attired lady in waiting.

PRIN. And my enchantment's ended !

PAR. Astonishment !

JIN. A lady—fair and tall !
I've married somebody, then, after all.

PAR. Madam, who are you—Quick !—my fate decide !

PRIN. I was the White Cat ; I am now your bride—

Of course, provided you have no objection.

PAR. Madam, you are what I have sought—Perfection.

PRIN. I am the daughter of a monarch great,
 Who died and left me at the age of eight
 To an old fairy's care. By her contracted
 To a vile dwarf, I almost went distracted.
 When at fifteen, a Prince beheld and woo'd me ;
 They killed him as I told you ;—then pursued me,
 And into cats transformed me and my friends,
 Or left of some only the hands. Here ends
 My story : for the rest, sir, of my tale,
 You have cut short yourself.

PAR. Sweet Princess, hail,
 And reign for ever in this happy heart !

PRIN. Come, let us for your father's court depart.
 Your brothers are just entering the city,
 With two princesses, wondrous fair and witty.

JIN. How shall we travel though—with each a bride ?
 Your gig will never carry four inside.

PRIN. Oh, I have now my proper coach of state,
 And yonder my transformed attendants wait,
 In rich attire to dazzle all beholders,
 With each their cast-off cat-skin on their shoulders ;
 The fairy railroad station is hard by,
 And by the fast train our vast train shall fly !

(*Exeunt PRINCE and PRINCESS, JINGO and LADY*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Gates of the Capital City of Nevermindits-
 namia.*

*Enter in procession : PRINCE PRECIOUS and PRINCE PLACID,
 with their BRIDES, meeting the KING, MINISTER, and
 OFFICERS of his Court.*

PRE. Permit me, sire, my chosen bride to hand ye ;
 The daughter of the King of Sugar-Candy.
 "She's all my fancy painted her"—and you
 Required, nearly—

KING. Nearly, sir, won't do.

Still, with respect due to such rank, we greet
Her Sugar-Candy Highness, and her *suite*.

PLA. Sir, I can say no more than said my brother.
Here is my choice ; we doat on one another,
And give up kingdoms for each others' sakes ;
Her sire is Emperor of all the Cakes.

KING. Your resignation proves that you must be
The greatest cake he in his land could see !
But who comes here in such alarming state ?

*Enter PRINCE PARAGON with PRINCESS, JINGO, and LADY
PALMYRA, attended.*

JIN. Prince Paragon, with mate, to give check-mate !

KING. That boy will be the death of me, I vow !

PAR. Father, behold a princess, on whose brow
My half-crown I should almost blush to place.

KING. Don't do it then, my child, in any case.
We won't insist—we'll reign a little longer :
These two last years I've really felt much stronger !

PAR. Great sir, your crown I shall no longer need,
For to her royal father's I succeed ;
She's heiress to six kingdoms—more by three
Than will suffice for us—so begs through me
To offer to my brothers one a-piece,
And with the third your own realms to increase.

KING. My darling ! Oh, that's quite another story !
(to MINISTER) I always said this boy would be my
glory.

MIN. You did, my liege, and I agreed with you,

KING. Uncompromising man, you always do !
Daughter-in-law, come to the old King's arms.

PAR. You'd scarce believe the owner of such charms
Was for five years a poor little white cat !

KING. Don't tell me what she was ; what matters
that ?

See what she is !—I love her !—Puss or no Puss !

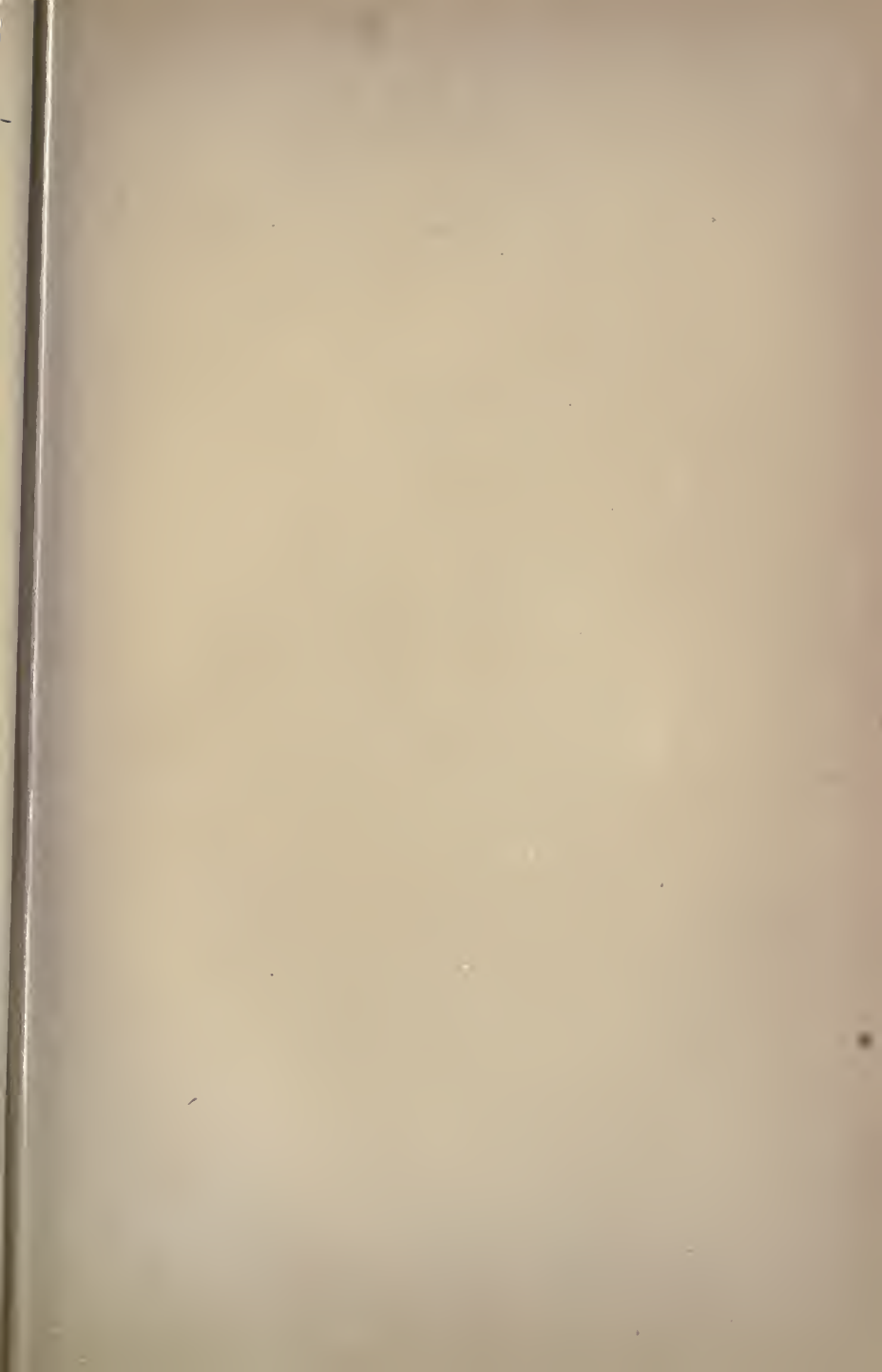
PAR. Here ends the tale,—“ *Finis coronat, O-puss !* ”

FINALE.

Come, let us dance and sing,
While all the City bells shall ring,
Long life to everything !
And our "White Cat" to boot !
We'll be gay
If our play
Is by you approv'd to-day !
Let kind hands still,
Do her will,
And foes as mice be mute !

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.





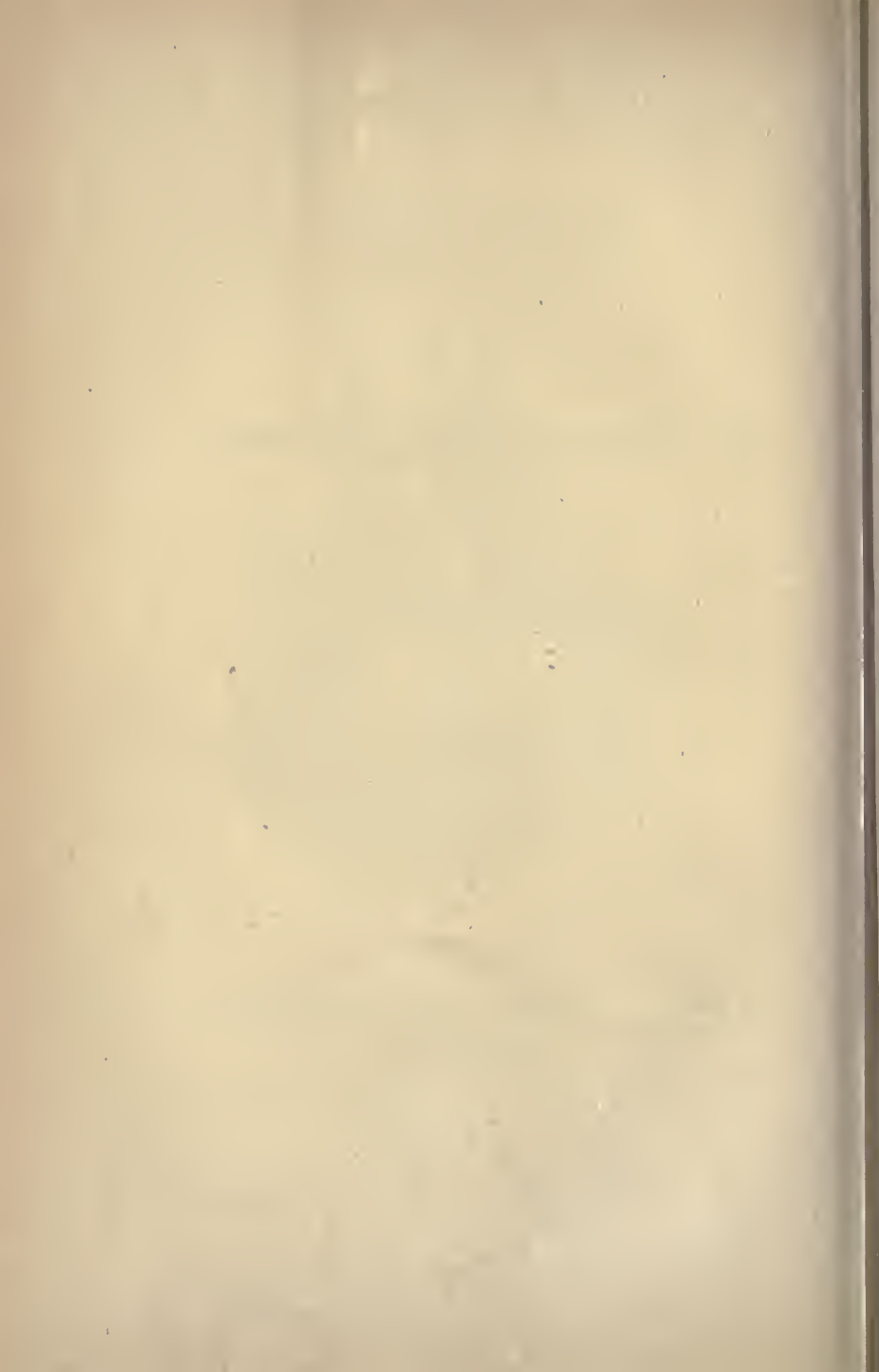
Very Truly Yours
James Hudson

FORTUNIO,
AND
HIS SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS;

A FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN TWO ACTS.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane (under the
management of Mr. Macready), on Easter Monday,
April 17th, 1843.



FORTUNIO,

AND

HIS SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS.

This Extravaganza, founded on the Countess D'Alnoys fairy tale, *Belle—Belle ou le Chevalier Fortuné*, thanks to the excellence of the story, as well as to the admirable interpretation it received from a company, with one exception, entirely unaccustomed to this peculiar species of entertainment, achieved a brilliant success, to the surprise of many whose vaticinations had been pretty widely circulated through the gossip of the green-rooms. Nor were the prophets of evil wholly without justification for their apprehensions. The name of Madame Vestris was for the first time absent from the cast, and the omission was, not unnaturally, considered fatal. Madame Vestris, who had raised the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, once more to the rank it held in the days of the Kembles, and paid her heavy rent to the shilling during two triumphant seasons, in consequence of the deficit of £600 in the payment of a sum of as many thousands, was, with the usual liberality and good policy of proprietors of theatres in general, denied the opportunity of recouping herself from losses caused by a most exceptional circumstance, and coolly bowed out of the building. She and her husband having accepted the offer of an engage-

ment from Mr. Macready for the following season at Drury Lane, I followed the fortunes of my old friends, and wrote for them the comedy of "The Follies of a Night," in which they appeared 5th October, 1842; but some disagreement unfortunately arising between them and Mr. Macready before Christmas, they left Drury Lane abruptly and transferred their services to Mr. Benjamin Webster, then lessee of the Haymarket. Having, however, agreed with Mr. Macready to write the 'Easter piece for him, I felt bound to decline an offer from Mr. Webster to write one for the Haymarket, notwithstanding the advantage I should have derived from Madame Vestris being then in his company. I did not consider that her quarrel with Mr. Macready justified me in breaking my word to him; and although he very handsomely offered to release me from my promise in consequence of the lady's defection, I assured him of my intention to fulfil it to the best of my ability if it were agreeable to him that I should do so. He eagerly and warmly thanked me, and the following Easter saw the production of one of the most popular of my extravaganzas, and the first unassociated with the name of Madame Vestris. Much as I regretted being deprived of her services, I could not but rejoice that it gave an opportunity to a charming young actress to come to the front in this class of entertainment. I need scarcely mention the name of Priscilla Horton, now Mrs. German Reed. I remember perfectly well Mr. Winston, at that period secretary of the recently-formed Garrick Club, and who was notorious as a "*oiseau de mauvais augure*," crossing King Street, Covent Garden, one day in Passion Week, to condole with me on my misfortune in having to entrust my piece to "a pack of nobodies." Amongst these "nobodies" was an agreeable

young comedian, and subsequently a popular successor to Power in the personation of Irish characters—Mr. Hudson, who had recently sustained most satisfactorily the part of Philip, Duke of Orleans, in my comedy, "The Follies of a Night." He was fortunately the possessor of a pleasant tenor voice, which rendered him particularly valuable in an extravaganza, and I therefore wrote a song for him, "Oh, the days that we got tipsy in," which proved one of the hits of the evening. Another nobody was Morris Barnett, afterwards celebrated for his performance of "Monsieur Jacques" and other French characters. It was absurd to call Mrs. Charles Jones *nobody*; for independently of her being a lady of ample dimensions, she was a favourite with the public as a "singing old woman," and possessed a rich vein of dry, comic humour. The lady-in-waiting upon her was the present Mrs. Alfred Wigan; and amongst the "seven gifted servants" were some of the best pantomimists of the day, including Tom Matthews, the clown, generally admitted to be the legitimate successor to the celebrated Grimaldi. Nevertheless, I was naturally anxious, for with the exception of Selby, who was to personate the Emperor Matapa (Mrs. Wigan having but a few lines to speak), not one of these really good performers had ever appeared in extravaganza, and were, like all conscientious artists, actually more nervous than I was. The confidence of all of us increased during the progress of the rehearsals, which were most energetically and judiciously superintended by Macready himself, who thought highly of the piece, and entered into the true spirit of it with a zest that was as surprising to his company as it was beneficial to the representation. He knew everyone's part, and acted each in turn, to my great

delight and the infinite amusement of Miss Helen Faucit, who sat almost daily on the stage and encouraged us all by her unaffected enjoyment of the dialogue, rendered much more whimsical by the seriousness of the delivery and the apparently total unconsciousness of its absurdity. A hope, therefore, which I had secretly nourished, almost "against hope," was happily realised. Taking their cue from the great tragedian, who, like all the greatest tragedians I ever knew, might have been an almost greater comedian, everyone in the piece acted as they would have done in any ordinary comedy, melo-drama, or opera. No one went out of his way to be *funny*, and the result was one of the most triumphant successes I was ever gratified by.

One melancholy event is associated with the many agreeable recollections of the production of "Fortunio." Miss Clara Webster, a pretty and graceful young dancer, who played Volante, and ran the race with Lightfoot, was subsequently burned to death by her dress taking fire on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre during the performance of a ballet, 14th December, 1844. Her sprightly and intelligent personation of the daughter of Matapa—her first, I believe, speaking part—gave promise of future advancement in her profession, which was unhappily terminated by this terrible catastrophe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, &c.

ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

Market Cross and Dilapidated Mansion of Baron Dunover.

THE PROCLAMATION.

BARON DUNOVER (a Nobleman in difficulties)	MR. MORRIS BARNETT
HON. MISS PERTINA (his eldest Daughter)	... MRS. NEWCOMBE
HON. MISS FLIRTINA (his second Daughter)	... MISS ELLIS
HON. MISS MYRTINA (his youngest Daughter, assuming the Name and Arms of <i>Fortunio</i> by Royal Fairy Licence)	... MISS P. HORTON
HERALD	... MR. S. JONES

Pursuivants, Townspeople, &c.

SCENE 2.—*HAUNT OF THE FAIRIES.*

A sort of Willis's Rooms, or Rooms of the Willis, with the *Dançois* Quadrille.

THE FAIRY FAVOURABLE (Elfin Queen, and Lady Patroness)	... MRS. SERLE
MONS. BUMBLE (a Wood Bee Colinet, Conductor of the Band)	... MASTER BUZBY
	Fairies, &c.
COMRADE (a learned Horse)	... By a real Arabian

THE SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS.

STRONGBACK	... MR. HOWELL
LIGHTFOOT	... MR. C. J. SMITH
MARKSMAN	... MR. BENDER
FINE-EAR	... MR. HANCE
BOISTERER	... MR. MELLON
GORMAND	... MR. T. MATTHEWS
TIPPLE	... MR. YARNOLD

SCENE 3.—APARTMENT IN THE PALACE.

THE PRESENTATION.

KING ALFOURITE (surnamed "The Amiable," a perfect specimen of the <i>suaviter in modo</i>)	... MR. HUDSON
PRINCESS VINDICTA (his half-sister, "a little more than kin—and <i>much</i> less than kind")	... MRS. C. JONES
PRIME MINISTER	... MR. WALDRON
LORD IN WAITING	... MR. GILBEIGH
FLORIDA (Lady-in-Waiting on the Princess)	... MRS. A. WIGAN
PAGE	... MR. HARCOURT

SCENE 4.—*Court-Yard of the Palace, with Royal Stables and Gardens.*

THE DRAGON...	MR. STILT
CITIZEN	MR. ELLIS

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

Hall of Audience in the Palace of the Emperor Matapa.

THE EMBASSY.

THE EMPEROR MATAPA (surnamed "The Merciless," "Cousin to the Great Bear," &c., &c.—a terrible sample of the <i>fortiter in re</i>)...	MR. SELBY
THE PRINCESS VOLANTE (his daughter—a high mettled racer)	MISS CLARA WEBSTER
GRAND CHAMBERLAIN	MR. ROBERTS
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	MR. STANTON

Nobles, Guards, Ladies of the Court, &c.

EATING FOR A WAGER.

SCENE 2.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

SCENE 3.—*THE ORANGE WALK.*

THE RACE.

[EXTRACT FROM "DORLING'S CORRECT CARD."]

"The Treasure Stakes, including all the King's Plates and Gold Cups in the Emperor's possession.

"1. Volante, daughter to Matapa ... Light Blue—Black Cap.
 "2. Lord Fortunio, names Lightfoot ... Scarlet—White Cap.

"Once round the Course, and a Distance."

SCENE 4.—*THE RIVER SIDE.*

A run upon the Bank—a Heavy Charge, and a great Blow-up in consequence.

SCENE 5.—*Apartment in the Palace of King Alfourite.*

THE EXPRESS.

SCENE 6.—*The Royal Gardens and Treasure Trove.*

THE DENOUEMENT.

TO

“HER MAJESTY’S (GIFTED) SERVANTS,”

THOSE MEMBERS OF THE LATE

DRURY LANE COMPANY

BY WHOSE EXERTIONS

THIS PIECE

(OF NONSENSE)

HAS ACHIEVED SUCH WONDERS,

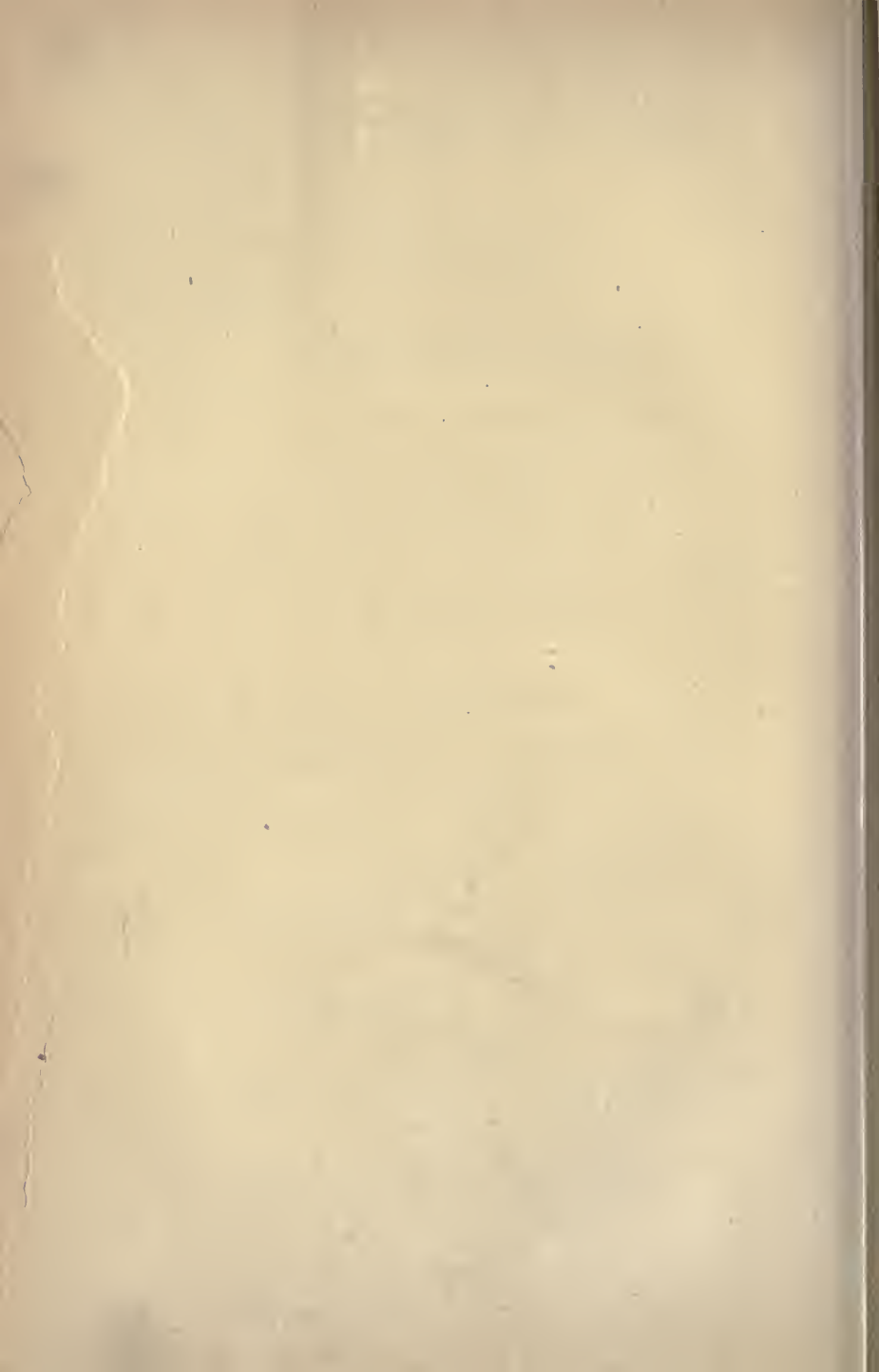
IT IS NOW

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

*Brompton Crescent,
July 6th, 1843.*



FORTUNIO,
AND
HIS SEVEN GIFTED SERVANTS.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Market Cross—The House and Garden
of BARON DUNOVER.*

HERALDS and POPULACE *discovered*—BARON DUNOVER
and his three DAUGHTERS—Grand flourish.

HERALD. King Alfourite thus maketh proclamation—
Whereas, without the slightest provocation,
The Emperor Matapa, in two battles,
Has drubb'd our troops and stole our goods and
chattels,
It is decreed that forthwith every man
Who has got arms shall bear them if he can :
And if he can't, he must produce the stumpy,
And not by no manner of means look grumpy.
Turn out, or fork out—fight or pay you must !
Up with your banners, or down with your dust.
Before the throne your purse or person fling,
Within three days—unless you wish to swing !
A special edict—so “Long live the King !”

CHORUS—“*Norma.*”

PEOPLE. Well ! if this isn't a precious go,
We should be glad what *is* to know ;

Fight or be fined, unless you've a mind
Just to be hang'd for treason !
Pray, sir, excuse the liberty,
But is not this some joke ?

HERALD. No !

Soon you will find it's Hobson's choice
Brave Volunteers—you *must* enroll !
Or pay your duty to the King—
So settle which you please on.

PEOPLE. Well, I'd as soon be hang'd as fall
Fighting for *any* reason !
So to secure his *capital*,
We must reduce our own.

(*Exeunt* HERALD and POPULACE)

BARON. What's to be done ? Alas ! the heavy day !
Too old to fight and much too poor to pay.
Bear arms I can't—indeed, opposed to strife,
I never could bear arms in all my life !
A tender youth, the task of drilling bored me—
A carpet knight, the least exertion floored me !
A cripple now, to Court I can't stump down,
And to stump up, I haven't half-a-crown.
I have no son my substitute to be—
My family consists of daughters three,
All grown-up girls, whose fortunes are their charms ;
So that I haven't e'en a child in arms !
How to 'scape hanging—hang me if I know !

MYR. My dearest father, pray don't take on so ;
Meet like a man your fortune, good or ill !
Or if you can't, why then your daughter will !

PER. What ! like a *man* ?

MYR. Aye, sister, like a man ;
The only way that help him now I can.
A coat and waistcoat I intend to sport,
And be my father's deputy at Court.

PER. You ?

FLIR. You ?

BARON. With gratitude I'm almost mute !
What, daughter ! you become my substitute ?

PER. But should they make you fight ?

MYR. To fight I'm willing.
I've oft been told that I *look very* killing.

FLIR. You storm a fortress?

PER. Or besiege a town?

MYR. Before one I can easily sit down.

BARON. You mount a breach?

MYR. Oh, sir, experience teaches,—
I mean at once to mount a pair of *breaches*!

PER. (*aside*) So, so,—but two can play, miss, at this game.
Why should this forward chit have all the fame?
I'm quite as bold as she is, I'll be bound,
And will shew legs with her for twenty pound!

FLIR. (*aside*) In male attire should I not cut a figure?
I'm taller than Myrtina—aye, and bigger!
I don't much fancy handling sword or dagger,
But I'd engage as like a man to swagger!

PER. (*aside*) To get a suit I'll pawn the table spoons!

(*Exit into house*)

FLIR. (*aside*) I'll spout the tea-pot and buy pantaloons!

(*Exit into house*)

BARON. (*to MYRTINA*) Fortune your filial piety will bless,
But what, my darling, will you do for dress?

MYR. Why, there's your old Court suit, papa, you know,
All the gold lace was stripp'd off long ago,
But still the cloth's not much the worse for wear,
And there's enough of it, and some to spare!
Grant me that suit.

BARON. Your suit *is* granted. You
Shall have my sword—that's quite as good as new,
For I have never drawn it since I bought it!
Yes—once by chance—when 'twixt my legs I caught it.

MYR. Talking of legs—you'll add your boots, of course?

BARON. Yes, and my spurs—would I could add my horse.

MYR. So of your wardrobe give me quick the key.

BARON *gives key, and MYRTINA enters house and returns
with the suit, which the BARON examines during his solo.*

BARON. How dull without her this old house will be.

DUET—*Air*—"Row gently here, my Gondolier."

BARON. When you, my dear,
Are gone, dull here
The days will seem to glide;
But let us hear,
By post, my dear,
Whate'er may you betide.
My doublet take,—(*aside*) 'Tis quite as well—
The skirts are gone, I see :
For now no *tails* it has to tell
Of where it went with me !

MYR. Now rest thee here,
My father dear,
Hush ! hush ! for up I go,
To put a light
Silk pair of tight
Etcæteras on below.
Oh, if I look, in male attire,
But half as well as he
I saw one night dance on the wire,
What an angel I shall be !
(*Exeunt into house*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Fairies' Haunt—A Picturesque Glen*
—FAIRIES discovered dancing "*Le Danois Quadrille*"—A
FAIRY BAND, à la *Colinet*, seated on a bank, and the QUEEN
OF THE FAIRIES attended.

Chorus to the Quadrille, "Le Danois."

Here in our human shape,
We pass the summer day quadrilling
Like mortals, whom we ape,
Into the fashion falling.
No more in "Fairy Ring"
Would well-bred Fay to dance be willing ;
"Grande Ronde" is now the thing—
When such a figure calling.

Here, 'tis "Pastorale,"
 "La Trenise," "Finale,"
 All "L'Eté,"
 'Tis "Balancez,"
 Or "Promenade," till Pistolet
 Pops off—and off pop we—
 To music thrilling,
 Led by the humming bee,
 Our Elfin Colinet!

FAIRY. Break off!—my fairy nose a mortal smells!
 Creep into acorn-cups and cowslip-bells!
 Make yourselves scarce!

Music—FAIRIES *disperse and vanish into flowers, &c.—one sticks fast.*

How now, you clumsy lout !
Is that the way you pull a flower about ?
A pretty fairy 'pon my word. Pray who
D'y'e think's to sleep in that rose after you ?
Crumpling the leaves in this untidy way !
(putting them to rights)

Now, get you in, you naughty, naughty fay !
(*beating him*)

And here—whose wing is this? Pray hold it up!
 You can't be cramp'd for room sure in that cup!
 I'm quite ashamed of you, I do declare!
 You're not a morsel like the elves you were,
 But that your dress from common habits varies,
 No soul on earth could fancy you were fairies!
 As I'm your Queen, by my stop watch, I've reckon'd,
 You've ta'en to vanish more than half a second!
 Who is't that comes?—a girl in male attire!
 She needs my aid—does she deserve't?—I'll try her.
(music—FAIRY QUEEN retires behind trees)

Enter PERTINA, in boy's clothes.

PER. Of Miss Myrtina I have got the start—
I feel convinced that I can play my part!

In dress and manner I am quite the beau,
No one would take me for a girl, I know !

Music—Trees open and discover FAIRY QUEEN dressed as an old Shepherdess, bending over some broken ground.

FAIRY. Oh, dear ! oh, dear !—what shall I do ?—oh, dear !

PER. Heyday !—why what old beldame have we here

FAIRY. (*advances*) Oh, noble sir,—for you can be no less,
Help an old woman who's in great distress.
My lamb has fallen into this ditch, and I
Can't get it out,—help me, or it will die !

PER. I help to pull a sheep out of a ditch ?
D'ye take me for a butcher, you old witch !

FAIRY. I take you for a pert, hard-hearted girl !
Oh, you need not your false moustaches twirl !
You feign to be a man,—why, who with eyes
Could fail to see through such a poor disguise ?

PER. Discover'd !—Shame !—I'll try to bluster. Zoons !

FAIRY. Oh, come—no airs—who pawned her father's
spoons ?

(PERTINA shrieks and runs out)

Ha, ha, ha, ha ! I think that was a twister !
Another step—aye—this must be a sister.

(*music*)

Enter FLIRTINA.

FLIR. I've stolen out by the back door—what sport !
In this dress I shall cut out all the Court.

FAIRY. Alack-a-day ! alack-a-day !

FLIR. How now ?
What do you mean by making such a row ?

FAIRY. Oh, sir, my lamb has fallen into this pool,
And will be drowned !

FLIR. Well, serve you right, old fool !
Why don't you take more care ?

FAIRY. (*advances*) Alack, good youth,
Lend me a helping hand.

FLIR. Who, I, forsooth ?

Do I look like a clown for such work fit? (*looks at her legs*)

FAIRY. You look like what you are—a vain young chit,
A silly girl, as any one can see.

FLIR. (*aside*) Provoking!—can they really? It can't be!
(*aloud*) Harkey, old hag——

FAIRY. Take care what you're about.

Who put her father's tea-pot up the spout?

(*FLIRTINA shrieks and runs out*)

Ha, ha, ha, ha! So much for t'other!—stay—

Here comes a third—let's hear what she will say.

Music—Enter MYRTINA, as FORTUNIO.

MYR. This is the road, I think—I hope to get
Clear of this wood before the sun shall set,
Or wicked wags will sneer, and say delighted,
A would-be knight was in a wood benighted;
So let me speed.

FAIRY. O dear, what shall I do?

MYR. Hey-day, some poor old soul, in trouble too!
I can't pass on and leave her sobbing so;
What is the matter, Goody, may I know?

FAIRY. Bless thy kind heart, young man; my pretty sheep
Has fallen into the water.

MYR. Well, don't weep.

'Tis still alive; and I have little doubt,
By hook or crook, that we can get it out.
Here, lend a hand. (*a chord*)

FAIRY. (*appearing in her own shape*) I will, but it shall be
To help you, charming girl, as you would me.
Be not alarmed, I am your friend, sweet maid;
Although discovered, you are not betrayed.
I know your errand, and its motive pure,
And will assist your fortune to secure.
Of many things I see you stand in need:
A better wardrobe, and a gallant steed.

(*stamps—music—a leather trunk rises*)

Lo! in this Turkey leather trunk you'll find
Cash, jewels, arms, and dresses to your mind;

You've but to stamp, wherever you may be,
 And at your feet this trunk you're sure to see.
 Now for a horse. (*waves her wand—Music—part of the
 wood opens, and discovers a horse, richly
 caparisoned*) Behold one in a trice,
 Perfect in all his paces, free from vice,
 And warranted to carry a lady; never
 In fairy land was known a horse so clever.
 He knows all things, past, present, and to come,
 And eats but once a week!

MYR. The poor dear dumb——

FAIRY. Dumb!—he can speak; whole sentences can say,
 While common steeds can only utter "Nay."
 Taught elocution by a necromancer,
 No horse your purpose half so well could answer.

MYR. Well, I have oft heard mention of a stalking-horse,
 But never till this hour of a talking horse.
 Pray, may I ask what name he answers to?

FAIRY. Comrade.

MYR. Dear Comrade, tell me how d'ye do.

HORSE. I'm pretty well, I thank ye; how are you?

MYR. Charming! delightful! what articulation!
 Without the slightest lisp or hesitation!
 I should have thought a horse had spoken hoarser.

FAIRY. His language is not coarse, though he's a courser.
 And, apropos of names, your own should be
 Fortunio, since you've a friend in me.

FOR. Of proper names 'twould be the one most proper;
 But who is that man yonder, with a chopper?

FAIRY. A woodman, who cuts down five hundred trees
 And carries them upon his back with ease.
 You'd better hire him.

FOR. Surely, if I can. (*music*)

Enter STRONGBACK.

Harkye, d'ye want a porter's place, young man?

STRONG. I don't much mind. What wages, sir, give you?

FOR. Whate'er you please.

STRONG. Well, I think—that will do.

FOR. To carry messages you won't refuse ?

STRONG. I'll carry anything on earth you choose.

FOR. Your name is——

STRONG. Strongback.

FOR. Strongback, you're my man.

STRONG. Your carrier pigeon or your Pickford's van.

FAIRY. Here comes another gifted fellow.

FOR. Pray,

Why has he tied his legs in that queer way ?

FAIRY. Because his speed is swifter than the wind,
And when he hunts he leaves the game behind,
Unless with ribbons he his legs can fetter.

FOR. Shall I engage him ?

FAIRY. Yes—you can't do better.

(*music*)

Enter LIGHTFOOT, his legs tied with ribbons.

FOR. Young man, I want a running footman ; say—
Will you take service ?

LIGHT. Yes, and bless the day,
For I'm in great distress.

FOR. How came you so ?

LIGHT. (*whispering*) Outran the constable ; lived *fast*, you
know.

FOR. Well, you shall have a quarter in advance.

LIGHT. Oh, sir, to serve you I'd run any chance.

FAIRY. Yonder's a man who may be useful, too.

FOR. Why does he bind his eyes ?

FAIRY. The less to view.

His name is Marksman, and when'er he fires,
He kills more game than any one requires ;
For objects full five leagues off he can see.

FOR. Oh dear, but that may very awkward be ;
I'm bound for Court, you know, and who can tell
What mischief he may make who sees so well ?

FAIRY. Oh, but he never talks of what he sees ;
He's *too* sharp-sighted.

FOR. Then my mind's at ease.

(*music*)

Enter MARKSMAN, his eyes bandaged.

An archer blindfold—why you must be Cupid !

MARKS. Indeed, sir, I'm not anything so stupid.

FOR. (*aside to FAIRY*) "*Sir !*" He can't see that I'm a girl,
that's clear.

FAIRY. (*aside*) He can ; but sees you wouldn't one appear.

FOR. Well, as your sight's so good, pray can you see

Any objection, friend, to serving me ?

MARKS. (*taking bandage from eyes*) None in the least.

FOR. Then we're agreed. And now,

(*to FAIRY*) Madam, I'll make you my most grateful
bow.

FAIRY. Stay ! you have but three servants.

FOR.

Need I more ?

FAIRY. You must have seven ; here come the other four.

The first, who on the ground himself is throwing,

Has ears so fine he hears what grass is growing.

FOR. He's still more dangerous, unless discreeter ;

So good a *watch* may make a bad *repeater*.

FAIRY. Oh, you may trust him. There's the second, blowing

To set yon mills, full six miles off, a-going.

FOR. A famous fellow he, the wind to raise,

So often done by puffing, now-a-days.

(*music*)

Enter FINE-EAR and BOISTERER.

FAIRY. The other two will make your suite complete ;

One any given quantity can eat,

The other drink the sea dry, if you please.

FOR. Mercy ! and ought I to engage both these ?

FAIRY. You'll want them.

FOR.

Well, they'll be expensive pages ;

I think I'd better put them on board wages.

(*music*)

*Enter GORMAND and TIPPLER, and are engaged by
FORTUNIO.*

FAIRY. For each you'll find a sumptuous livery

Within this trunk.

FOR.

Indeed ; but where's the key ?

FAIRY. In Comrade's ear you'll see a ribbon green.

FOR. (*finding it*) I've got it! (*opens trunk—the SERVANTS take out liveries and a rich dress for FORTUNIO, sword, jewels, &c., during chorus*)

FAIRY. Now to Court—see and be seen!

(*music—FAIRIES re-appear in all directions*)

CHORUS—"Oberon."

Speed, mortal, speed! Seven soon will chime,
You'll just arrive in pudding time!

(*a bank on one side changes to a car, in which the FAIRY QUEEN ascends, and as FORTUNIO puts his foot in the stirrup to mount the horse, the scene closes on the tableau*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Chamber in the Palace of KING ALFOURITE.*

Enter KING, leading the PRINCESS, attended by his MINISTER, a LORD-IN-WAITING, and FLORIDA, lady's maid to the PRINCESS.

KING. Hang out our banners on the outward walls!
The cry is still they come.

PRIN. Yet no one calls,
Even to say they can't come.

MIN. Not a soul
Has yet appeared who will his name enroll,
Nor who will pay his money; all hang back.

PRIN. They should all hang together, in a crack.

KING. Hang all my subjects! that would be too cruel.
We must have patience.

PRIN. Yes, and water gruel,
For that 'twill come to. Neither men nor money
To carry on the war! A mighty funny

Figure you'll cut ! Oh, Minister of State,
How long d'ye think a monarch ought to wait
Before he puts himself into a passion,
When he's fobb'd off in this rebellious fashion ?

MIN. Madam, I think his gracious Majesty
Is far too patient.

PRIN. So do I——

LORD. And I.

FLOR. And I. If I were you, my royal liege,
The very lives out of the rogues I'd squeeze !

KING. That would be screwing them a deal too tight.

No, no ; you're all four wrong, I'm *Al-four-ite* !

PRIN. Aye, joke, that's right, whilst ruin's o'er you hovering ;
You'll change your note, sir, when they change their
sovereign.

KING. Let's change the subject, if not your opinions.

PRIN. I'd hang the rebels up in strings.

FLOR. Like *inions* !

KING. My people are my children.

PRIN. Yes, and purely

You'll spoil them.

KING. Better than despoil them, surely.

In short, the proclamation was too strong.

PRIN. Too weak, in short, as you will find ere long.

KING. Patience, I say. Still hope I fondly nourish.

PRIN. Nothing within your realm will ever flourish.

(*trumpet without*)

KING. D'ye call that nothing ? Sure, that flourished bravely.

Enter a PAGE.

Good news, or bad, that thou com'st in so gravely ?

PAGE. Fortunio, a young and noble knight,

Craves audience of the great King Alfourite.

KING. Desire the gentleman to walk upstairs.

PRIN. "Walk up !"—such jargon showmen use at fairs.

(*to PAGE*) Let him approach.

(*Exit PAGE*)

Consider, sir, your state.

KING. I do, and think it very bad of late.

PRIN. You're so undignified ! I blush for you.

KING. Sister, you've dignity enough for two.

Enter FORTUNIO, richly attired.

FLOR. (*aside*) Oh, Gemini! Oh, *what* a nice young man!
(*to PRINCESS*) Look, madam.

PRIN. I am, looking through my fan.

FOR. (*kneeling*) Sire, for my father 'tis my humble wish, a
Substitute, to serve in your militia.

KING. (*raising him*) Most sensible of your polite attention.
Do you take snuff? (*offering pinch*)

FOR. (*aside*) Amazing condescension!

KING. Fine weather——

FOR. (*bowing*) Very.

KING. Have you seen the comet?

FOR. No, sire. (*aside*) But feel as if I'd just dropp'd from it.

PRIN. Oh, Florida, I'm captivated quite!

In all my days I *ne'er* saw such a knight.

FLOR. (*aside*) The finest knight that ever I did see.

If she's in love with him, good night to me.

FOR. (*aside*) I've lost my heart, as sure as anything!

I never saw a king so good-looking.

KING. (*aside*) No age could ever boast a youth so pretty;
That he is not a girl 'tis quite a pity.

If I could find a fair one half so fair,

I'd marry her to-morrow, I declare.

PRIN. Brother, I'm sure you couldn't have the heart

To see this stripling to the wars depart.

He's much too young and handsome. (*to FORTUNIO*)

You shall be

Groom of the Bedchamber, Sir Knight, to me.

KING. Nay, he shall office in *my* household take,

Fortunio Lord Treasurer we make.

FOR. Lord Treasurer! for such an office, sure——

MIN. (*aside to him*) Fear not, at present 'tis a sinecure.

FOR. Ah! then indeed, if there is nought to do,

I may be quite as capable as you.

KING. Your duty you will learn in half a minute;
'Tis but to hold a purse—there's nothing in it.

PRIN. You'll eat your mutton with us, sir, to-day,

KING. And crack a bottle in a friendly way.

FOR. I crack a bottle! Sire, I'd venture, but

I fear I couldn't without being *cut*;

And now-a-days, save at some public spread,
 Wine's never suffered to get in one's head.
 KING. No, times are changed ; I think it quite provoking
 That in my *reign* there is so little *soaking*!

Song—KING—Air—"The days that we went gipsying."

Oh, the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago,
 Were certainly the jolliest a man could ever know !
 We drank champagne from glasses long, and hock from
 goblets green,
 And nothing like a cup of tea was ever to be seen.
 All night we passed the wine, nor dreamed of hyson or
 pekoe
 In the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago.

Oh, those were days of bumper toasts, or salt-and-water fine,
 Broil'd bones and devil'd biscuits, three-times-three and
 nine-times-nine !
 When underneath the table you were bound your guest
 to land,
 And no man rose to go—till he was sure he couldn't stand !
 Tea-totallers we'd none to preach 'gainst brandy or
 bordeaux,
 In the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago.

How changed, alas ! the fashion now—to booze you've
 scarce begun,
 When clattering comes the coffee-tray and all your drink-
 ing's done ;
 Or John informs the gentlemen "he's taken up the tea ;"
 And 'twould be voted vulgar quite if drunk a man
 should be.
 A plague upon such sober times—I often sigh "Heigho !"
 For the days that we got tipsy in—a long time ago.

*Exit KING, attended by MINISTER and LORD-IN-
 WAITING—PRINCESS dismisses FLORIDA, and
 detains FORTUNIO.*

PRIN. Stay, gentle youth, and hear a Princess own
 A secret—for her breast too mighty grown !

For ten long tedious minutes have I striven
 To quell the pangs by which my heart is riven ;
 But such prodigious efforts fail at length—
 The constant struggle is beyond my strength.
 I love ! nor care though all the world should know it ;
 And, in the words of our immortal poet,
 Exclaim, " If you love me as I love you,
 " No knife shall cut our love in two ! "

FOR. (*aside*) Pooh—pooh !
 (*aloud*) Madam, respectfully I must decline.

PRIN. D'ye mean to say, then, that you won't be mine ?

FOR. I am too much beneath your Royal Highness.

PRIN. Madness ! Despair ! Yet this may be but shyness.

Duo—AIR—"Au clair de la Lune."

PRIN. Sir, you can't refuse me,
 Treason it would be !

FOR. Madam, pray excuse me,
 There we don't agree.
 Honour you I can, but
 Wed you—there's the rub !
 I am not a marrying man, but
 I'll name it at the club.

PRIN. (*aside*) Yield, O Love, thy crown up,
 And thy hearted throne !
 In this virgin bosom
 Hate now reigns alone !

If all your hairs were lives,
 Young Mr. What-you-call,
 You'll find my great revenge
 Has stomach for them all !

FOR. (*aside*) If she don't grow more tender,
 I " Police " must call ;
 That I'm a nice young *woman*
 She don't think at all.

} (*together*)

(*Exeunt PRINCESS and FORTUNIO*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Court-yard of the Palace—In the centre a large basin of water with jet d'eau; the Royal Stables; the Royal Gardens—At back, terrace, with balustrade, beyond which is seen the open country; sunset—Dinner bell rings.*

Enter FORTUNIO.

FOR. There's the first dinner-bell, as I'm a sinner;
I scarcely shall have time to dress for dinner.

Enter CITIZENS and PEASANTRY, male and female

Chorus—AIR—"The Campbells are coming."

The dragon is coming! oh! oh! oh! oh!
The dragon is coming! oh! oh! oh! oh!
The dragon is coming—we really ar'n't humming,
The dragon is coming! oh! oh! oh! oh!
His mouth is wider than any church door,
And three miles off you may hear him roar!
The terrible glutton eats men like mutton,
And hasn't a notion when he should give o'er!
The dragon is coming! oh! oh! oh! oh!

FOR. A dragon coming! Mercy on us! When?

CIT. Most likely, sir, a little after ten;
That is about the time he likes to sup.

FOR. How pleasant! Has he eaten many up?

CIT. Whole parishes, and lick'd them clean as plates;
And all the toll-men at the turnpike gates.
His monstrous appetite's beyond belief,
Sir, he has eaten even Tariff beef.*
If you have any doubts, you've but to stay!
He'll clear them all up if he comes this way.

* The introduction of foreign produce into the English markets, according to Sir Robert Peel's New Tariff in 1845, was very unpopular at that date.

Enter KING and PRINCESS, attended.

KING. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
Uncommon woe distracts the public weal.
War of my subjects has destroyed the best,
And now a dragon will devour the rest !

PRIN. (*aside*) Oh, vengeance! Now's my time! (*aloud*)
No, brother, no ;

Fortunio has volunteered to go
And slay this monster——

FOR. I ! Well ; did you ever ?
Upon my word, I never, no I never !

PRIN. He is so modest, it is quite distressing ;
Indeed, he only wants a little pressing.

KING. If you would be so kind, upon the nation
You would confer the greatest obligation ;
And if, by any chance, I could return——

FOR. Sir, that's exactly what I wish to learn.
If I saw any chance of my returning,
I shouldn't so much mind——

PRIN. (*aside to KING*) For fame he's burning.
(*aloud*) We'll go to dinner whilst you do the job,
And keep some hot for you upon the hob.

KING. Thou'lt not say "No,"—thy Sovereign supplicates
thee ;

Go, be our champion ! "Go where glory waits thee !"

(*music—Exeunt all but FORTUNIO*)

FOR. Fine words, I grant, and easy ones to utter,
But such, the proverb says, "No parsnips butter."
Now this is all that wicked woman's doing,
Because I wouldn't listen to her wooing.
What's to be done? Why the first thing, of course,
Take an opinion of my learned horse.
Comrade, my friend, just look out of your stable,
And answer me one question, if you're able.

(*the horse, COMRADE, puts his head out of the stable-door*)

HORSE. Is it the Corn Question ?* Because I'm gifted
To speak on one I've seen so often *sifted*.

* At that period greatly agitated.

FOR. No.

HORSE. I but joked, for may I draw a wagon,
If you have not been asked to kill the dragon.

FOR. You're right.

HORSE. Well, you must do it.

FOR. Cool, I vow.

Will you be kind enough to tell me *how*?

HORSE. Call Fine-ear.

FOR. Fi——

Enter FINE-EAR.

FINE. There is no need to bawl,

I heard, sir, you were just about to call.

What can I do to serve you?

HORSE. Say how near

The dragon is.

FINE. (*listening*) As well as I can hear,
About seven leagues, and, it may be, a quarter.

HORSE. Let Tippler, then, drink up that pond of water,
And Strongback bring as much wine as will fill it,
And when the dragon's dead drunk you can kill it.

FOR. Sagacious creature! Tippler, Strongback, speed!

Enter TIPPLER and STRONGBACK.

BOTH. Here, master.

FOR. Your assistance much I need.

(*to TIPPLER*) Drink this pond dry.

TIP. Is that all—in a minute!

(*goes to pond and begins to drink*)

FOR. (*to STRONGBACK*) Bring as much wine here as you can
put in it.

STRONG. Yes, sir. (*going*)

FOR. You'll want a cart.

STRONG. A cart—for what?

For such a job I'd scorn to use a knot. (*Exit*)

TIP. There, sir—I've mopp'd that up without a wink.

FOR. What shall I give you?

TIP. What you please to drink.

Music—Re-enter STRONGBACK laden with hogsheads of wine.

STRONG. I think I've brought enough to fill the pond ;
At all events there's no more wine in bond.

(roar without)

FOR. Make haste, make haste, for surely by that roar,
The dragon's nearer by some leagues.

FINE. Yes—Four.

FOR. Then to our posts—he'll do the other three
In a hop, step, and jump, immediately.

*Quartette—FORTUNIO, STRONGBACK, 'TIPPLER, and
COMRADE—Air—"Master Poll," Midas.*

FOR. Master Drag,
In spite of his brag,
We'll buffet away from the plain, sir !

STRONG. And I will fight
With all my might,

HORSE. And I with all my *mane*, sir !

TIP. And I'll have a rap,
Though he may snap,
And kick up a wounded racket !

FOR. I'll hack !

STRONG. I'll whack !

TIP. I'll crack !

ALL. Good lack !

How we'll pepper his scaly old jacket !
FOR. In spite of his teeth,
Above and beneath,
I'll make him his jaw to hold, sir !
And teach him to dance
At the end of my lance,
As St. George did the dragon of old, sir !
As soon as he's dead,
I'll cut off his head !

TIP. Before 'twould be rather rash, sir !

FOR. I'll dare !

TIP. I'll tear !

STRONG. I'll bear !

ALL. Oh, rare !

And I warrant we'll settle his hash, sir !

(melo-dramatic music—it has become night, and moonlight—FORTUNIO and SERVANTS conceal themselves—enter the DRAGON—he sniffs the wine and commences drinking immediately, shews symptoms of intoxication, staggers, reels and falls)

HORSE. Now, master, now !

Enter FORTUNIO and his SERVANTS armed.

FOR. *(stabbing the DRAGON)* "Dead for a ducat, dead."

TIP. I'll tell the tale—whilst you cut off the head !

(exit—FORTUNIO cuts off the DRAGON's head, and sticks it on the top of his spear)

STRONG. *(taking up the body)* I'll bear his body—it's no load to brag on.

FOR. Mind—it's down hill.

STRONG. No fear—I've got the *drag-on*.

Shouts without—Re-enter TIPPLER, with the rest of FORTUNIO'S suite—CITIZENS, PEASANTRY, &c., the KING, the PRINCESS, NOBLES, &c., forming a procession à la "Masaniello")

CHORUS—"Masaniello."

Come, fill to the brim every flagon,

And dance while a leg's left to wag on !

E'en Warwick's old Guy

But a coward seems nigh,

To the hero who conquer'd the dragon.

(they pass round the stage, and FORTUNIO comes to a halt before the KING)

PRIN. *(aside)* Confusion !—conqueror ! the dragon slain !

FOR. *(shewing the head to the KING)* "Thus perish all that gives Alonzo pain."*

* Zanga in Young's tragedy, "The Revenge."

KING. We can't find words to speak our thanks.

FOR.

Then don't.

PRIN. (*aside*) I cannot bear this triumph—and I won't.

KING. Money I've none ; and so may truly say,

“ More is thy due than more than all can pay.”

But kings, you know, of honour are the fount,

And therefore freely honours you shall count—

Aye, though you're nine at whist ! Yon monster, there,

In your own arms we give you leave to bear ;

And, to prove all the gratitude we feel,

We'll pass a patent under our great seal,

Declaring, henceforth, 'tis our royal will,

That none but you shall dare a dragon kill !

PRIN. That is, indeed, a privilege most gracious !

But, brother, on a deed much more audacious

This youth is bent.

KING.

Indeed—what—which—when—how ?

PRIN. You'll never guess.

FOR. (*aside*)

What is she after now ?

PRIN. His great ambition, brother, is to go

Ambassador to our most deadly foe ;

He vows, without an army or a navy,

He'll force the Emperor to cry “ Peccavi !”

FOR. (*aside*) Good gracious me ! I go their deadly foe to !

Where does that wicked woman think *she'll* go to ?

KING. Since I can give him nothing, 'tis but just

I should refuse him nothing—go he must.

FOR. But, sire——

KING.

No thanks, we still shall be your debtor.

PRIN. And so the sooner you set off the better !

FINALE—“ *Cruda Sorte.*”

FOR. Is she determined to make me a martyr ?

Does she suppose me Van Amburgh or Carter ?*

First fight a dragon, then go catch a Tartar,

Is out of the frying-pan into the fire.

* The famous lion tamers.

KING. If to his courage he don't fall a martyr,
He may depend on the first vacant Garter !
Fight with a dragon, then go catch a Tartar !
'Tis really much more than he ought to desire.

FLOR. O Etiquette ! to your laws he's a martyr,
He daren't contradict, though he knows what she's
arter,
First fight a dragon, then go catch a Tartar,
Is out of the frying-pan into the fire !

CHORUS. Never was hero more handsome or smarter,
Braver he is than Van Amburgh or Carter,
First fight a dragon, then go catch a Tartar !
He certainly next will the Thames set on fire !

(*Tableau*)

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Hall of Audience in the Palace of the*
EMPEROR MATAPA—*Large gates—The EMPEROR dis-*
covered seated on his Throne, attended by his COURT, CHAM-
BERLAIN, OFFICERS, and GUARD—The PRINCESS VOLANTE
and her attendant LADIES.

EMP. Daughter, we're dull—we've got the devils blue !
Dance and amuse us, as you ought to do !

(VOLANTE dances)

Enough, we're sleepy—sing, and let your numbers
Wrap our imperial soul in gentle slumbers !

CHORUS—*" Away with Melancholy " — (only a few bars)*
sung discordantly, which are interrupted by EMPEROR.

EMP. Silence—odds bobs, unless you'll all be swinging.

CHAM. Great sir—you bade us sing——

EMP. D'ye call that singing?

It may be for the million !—hurly-burling !

I wouldn't hear it for a million sterling !

So peace ! or by the hangman's shears bereft

You shall not have an ear for music left.

CHAM. Great sir, your servants tremble and obey.

EMP. They'd better !

Enter OFFICER.

Well, what have you got to say ?

OFF. Most mighty Emperor—King Alfourite—

EMP. Ha ! what of him ? Does he again shew fight ?

OFF. An envoy from his court has just arrived,

Who craves an audience.

EMP. Is the fool nine-lived,

That thus he ventures into our dominions ?

CHAM. Perhaps——

EMP. Perhaps!—who asked for your opinions?
Go, hang the fellow instantly——

(OFFICER *going*)

No—stay!

(OFFICER *returns*)

We fain would hear what he has got to say,
Which, if we hang him first, he cannot tell.
Let him approach!—after will do as well.

Music—Enter FORTUNIO with his seven SERVANTS.

Now speak, young shaver—what's the news with thee?

FOR. Thus, after greeting, speaks my King by me—

To you, who've borrow'd all his treasure——

EMP. Borrow'd!

CHAM. A strange beginning!

EMP. Don't you be so *forrard*!

Go on, young gentleman, you shall be heard.

Borrow'd, I think you said.

FOR. That was my word.

I thought it not polite to use a stronger.

His Majesty can't do without it longer,

And therefore sends me, in a civil way,

To tell you he must have it back to-day!

EMP. What follows if we disallow of this?

FOR. His Majesty will take it much amiss.

EMP. On this fool's errand have you come alone?

FOR. I've seven servants with me, of my own.

(*all the SERVANTS bow*)

EMP. You are a pleasant man for a small party!

Our wrath is smothered by our laughter hearty.

General laugh—EMPEROR checks them; laughs—they again echo him.

My Lord Ambassador, you've had your jest,

'Tis now our turn—we grant your *small* request,

On one condition—find, within this hour,

A man who, for his breakfast, shall devour

All the new bread baked in this town to-day.

FOR. Agreed. (*aside*) Here's luck!

EMP. Do you know what you say?

FOR. Most perfectly.

- EMP. Oh, very well, we'll see.
Take heed ; if but a crumb uneaten be,
Into a red-hot oven I will thrust ye,
And bake ye all, alive !
- FOR. How very crusty !
- EMP. (*to OFFICER*) Go, pile the bread up in the Palace-court;
Here, from our throne, we will behold the sport.
- (*Exit OFFICER with some GUARDS—the EMPEROR retires up, with his suite*)
- FOR. Well, I am pretty easy on this head.
Gormand (*GORMAND advances*), I hope you haven't breakfasted.
- GOR. Why, sir, I ate a round of beef at ten,
But haven't made a meal I don't know when.
- FOR. Can you eat all the new bread in this city ?
- GOR. Lord ! If I couldn't, sir, 'twould be a pity—
And all the stale besides, just to complete it.
The job's to get one's bread, sir, not to eat it.
- FOR. You're sure ?
- GOR. Don't be alarmed, sir, it's all right ;
A round of beef just whets my appetite.
- FOR. I joy to hear you say so. I declare
Bread's rising very fast in yonder square.
- GOR. 'Twill fall much faster, sir, when I fall on it.
- FOR. I hope so, for our lives depend upon it.
(*looking out*) They're bringing rolls and twists—all
smoking hot.
- GOR. They can't bring such a twist as I have got.
(*the CHAMBERLAIN advances*)

The celebrated Duet, " Tell me where is Fancy Bread."

Arranged for *Three Voices*, by an Irish Composer.

FORTUNIO, CHAMBERLAIN, and GORMAND.

- CHAM. } Tell me, tell me,
FOR. } Tell me, tell me,
New, dy'e fancy bread ?
Smoking hot, from oven red—

- Or prefer you *stale* instead ?
 Reply, reply, reply.
 GOR. 'Tis all the same, sir, in my eye—
 On both I've fed, and fancy size
 In the loaf is all I prize.
 CHAM. { 'Tis all the same, sir, in his eye, &c.
 FOR. {
 ALL. { Let them bring all the stale as well,
 { I'll
 { He'll } Go at it, ding, dong, bell !

The gates at the back are opened, and several enormous piles of loaves are seen in the court-yard, on a large table or platform.

- EMP. There is the bread—now where's your man ?
 FOR. He's here.
 EMP. Why, fellow, can you all that table clear ?
 GOR. I'll do my best your Majesty to please,
 But if you would just add——
 EMP. Ha !
 GOR. A little cheese.
 EMP. Dost mock us, villain ? Eat all that, or die !
 GOR. Oh, sir, it's quite a pleasure to comply.

(music—GORMAND devours the bread)

Chorus—EMPEROR and COURTIER—(Corelli)

What a gulp ! oh, goodness, gracious !
 Never wolf was so voracious !
 Quartern loaves like pills to swallow !
 Here's a chap beats Dando * hollow !

Only see,
 Goodness gracious !
 How capacious
 Must his bread-room be !

*A notorious oyster eater.

FORTUNIO *and* SERVANTS.

Down he crams 'em, smoking hot,
What a famous twist he's got !

(*During this chorus GORMAND demolishes all the
heaps of bread*)

OFF. There's not a crumb left ! will you please examine ?

EMP. Confound the cormorant, he'd breed a famine.

FOR. Bravo, dear Gormand, well may it be said
That you have proved yourself a thorough-bred !

GOR. I should have had the cheese, sir, I declare ;
The last batch was light-weight—and that's not fair.

FOR. Now, great Matapa, I your promise claim—
Restore the treasure——

EMP. No !

FOR. *and* SERVANTS. Oh fie, for shame !
A monarch pledge his word—and not stick to it ?

EMP. Why, who the deuce had dreamed that he could do
it !

FOR. Yet you'd have baked us had he chanced to fail ;
Oh, sir, your Justice bears a *sliding* scale !

EMP. I was but joking——

FOR. Sir, a bet's a bet,
I'll ask the Jockey Club——

EMP. One moment yet—
Find me a man can drink up all the water,
And one who in a race can beat my daughter ;
And to restore your royal master's treasure,
We'll make a point—of full imperial measure !
We swear !

FOR. By what ?

EMP. The Great Bear—whose relation
We have the honour to be.

FOR. A declaration
No one can doubt who knows your Majesty ;
You are as like a great bear as can be !

EMP. By our celestial brother, Ursa Major,
We swear this time that if we lose our wager,
We'll pay !

FOR. Be witness all, then ; 'tis a bet !
 Tippler !—(TIPLER *advances*)—Your whistle if you'd
 like to wet,
 There's a canal, five fountains, and a tank
 To drain—

TIP. With pleasure, sir ; but when I've drank
 The water, I shall finish with the wine.

EMP. (*aside*) Eh, zounds ! if that's the case, he'll finish
 mine !

My choice old port !—my fine Duff Gordon sherry !
 An awkward customer this fellow—very !

(TIPLER *going*)

(*aloud*) Hold ! this condition we will not exact.

We had forgotten an important fact !

Our doctors here, despising drug and pill,

Cure by cold water every mortal ill !

And should this man possess such powers of suction,
 His faculty would doom ours to destruction !

Therefore, my Lord Ambassador, we think

We'd better drop this question of the drink ;

And 'stead of losing all the running water,

Just stand to win upon our running daughter !

FOR. Content—will't please you name the time and place.

EMP. The Orange Walk—in half-an-hour—

FOR. The race—

P.P. ?

EMP. Of course, P.P.

FOR. Sweepstakes—off-sweeping

All the King's plates and gold cups in your keeping.

*Flourish and march—Exeunt EMPEROR and FORTUNIO, with
 their trains.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter FORTUNIO and his seven SERVANTS.

FOR. Lightfoot, I need not tell you 'tis your part
 To beat the Princess.

LIGHT. Give me a fair start—

I'll beat the arrow from friend Marksman's bow.

FOR. You'll want a proper dress to run in though.

(stamps—the trunk rises—giving him the key)

Look in the trunk,—you'll find one, I dare say.

LIGHT. The very thing. *(pulling out a scarlet jacket and hose)* Your lordship's colours, pray—

FOR. Go hence and dress, for you've no time to waste.

LIGHT. Sir, if I can make anything, 'tis haste. *(Exit)*

FINE. Sir, may we crave a word?

FOR. I'm all attention.

BOIST. Lightfoot has hit upon a rare invention.

FOR. What is't?

FINE. A flying steam coach!

FOR. Ha!—indeed!

STRONG. Built on a principle that must succeed.

MARKS. Just like a bird—with body, wings, and tail.

TIP. Or like a fish—

FOR. Aye—very like a whale.

MARKS. You think we're joking, sir.

FOR. In truth I do.

GOR. Sir, it's in print—

FOR. Oh—then it *must* be true,

Or else I should have said, with all humility,

'Twas flying in the face of probability.

STRONG. We've formed a joint-stock company.

FOR. So, so.

STRONG. Boisterer can puff off anything, you know.

BOIST. And Strongback carries on the whole affair,

And all the *onus* will with pleasure bear.

FINE. Marksman will see the way clear through the sky.

MARKS. And Fine-ear tell folks when the coach is nigh.

FOR. Gormand and Tippler?

STRONG. Why, sir, we all think,

As they can nothing do but eat and drink,

They ought to be directors, and together

Meet upon board days, and discuss the weather.

FOR. I fear your scheme will end in smoke.

FINE.

Aye, so

I heard them say of gas some years ago.

FOR. Faith, you're right there, and who on earth shall say

We may not one day skim the milky way?

Still, in these times of quackery and puffing,

The greatest goose may get his fill of stuffing.

Song—FORTUNIO—Air—"March, March."

Quack, quack, nothing like quackery,

Humbug, my friends, of the day is the order!

Quack, quack, any gimcrackery

Now will go off with a puff, for the Border.

Pretenders abounding, trumpeters sounding

Every man his own honour and glory;

Truth you're quite right to prize, if you don't wish to
rise,

But if you do you must get up a story.

Quack, quack, &c.

Come to the Chambers of Clement's or Gray's Inn,

Come to the Solons who rule in "the Row,"

Come to the ball where the heiress is blazing,

You will find humbug from Bond Street to Bow.

Bills, yellow, green, and red, flutter above your head,

Each of some miracle hangs the recorder;

New projects every day melting your cash away,

Till you're obliged to pop over the Border.

Quack, quack, &c. (*Exeunt*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A Long Walk lined with orange-trees—The winning post and the Judge's chair, with a bell above it—A set piece crosses the stage, over which the runners pass and descend out of view; beyond, the course is continued in perspective, and the figures pass rapidly along grooves up and down.*

Enter the EMPEROR, leading the PRINCESS VOLANTE, attired for the race, and followed by the EMPEROR'S Court, LORD CHAMBERLAIN, OFFICERS, GUARDS, &c.—FORTUNIO, with LIGHTFOOT, attired for the race, and followed by the other six SERVANTS.

EMP. This is the spot, the centre of the grove,
Here stands the winning post. In yon alcove
The judge's chair, where seated I shall be.
The daughter to Matapa here you see,
Fresh as a four-year old—of matchless speed.

FOR. Her make and beauty nothing can exceed.

VOL. Yonder is my antagonist no doubt.

FOR. Fortunio names Lightfoot.

VOL. Trot him out ! (LIGHTFOOT advances and bows)
A scarlet runner, by his legs——

LIGHT. Alack,
Red legs are rarer on the turf than black.

EMP. Come ! clear the course. (bell rings)
Fair daughter, what d'ye say
To some of our imperial Tokay
Before you start ?

VOL. A glass I'll not decline,
To run a race nought helps like racy wine !

EMP. Some Tokay for her Highness.

LIGHT. And for me.

EMP. For thee !

VOL. It is but fair.

EMP. So let it be !
Give him a bumper ! Harkye !

To PAGE and whispers—PAGE bows and goes out—returns with goblet which he hands to LIGHTFOOT.

FOR. I misdoubt !
They'll doctor him ! (to LIGHTFOOT) Take care what
you're about.

EMP. Our Chamberlain shall start you when you're ready.

VOL. Come on then——

LIGHT. (aside) Well that stuff is rather heady !
(aloud) Where do we start from ?

VOL. Yonder in the hollow.
 LIGHT. Then lead the way.
 VOL. And keep it?
 LIGHT. That don't follow!
 FOR. Now, Lightfoot, mind you run for your existence!
 EMP. Once round the course, remember, and a distance.

*Music—The EMPEROR takes his seat in the Judge's chair—
 Bell rings—CHAMBERLAIN stands on the ridge and drops a
 flag—VOLANTE and LIGHTFOOT ascend the slope at the back
 of the stage and disappear behind it.*

ALL. They're off! they're off!
 OFF. I'll bet a thousand to one
 'Gainst Lightfoot.
 FOR. Sir, I take you.
 OFF. Done, sir.
 FOR. Done.
 VOLANTE and LIGHTFOOT re-appear running, VOLANTE
 rather in advance.

CHAM. The Princess makes the running.
 EMP. All my own is.
 CHAM. Six to four on her Highness.
 FOR. Done, in ponies.
 (Exeunt VOLANTE and LIGHTFOOT)

MARKS. Lightfoot is holding in.
 TIP. A pretty race!
 ALL. Lightfoot is beaten!
 CHAM. He can't live the pace.
 FOR. They're out of sight.
 EMP. And will be so, until
 They reach the walk a-top of yonder hill;
 But as my daughter runs five miles a minute,
 It won't be long before you see her in it.

*Bell rings as the figure of PRINCESS is seen at the top of
 the hill.*

OFF. And there she is——

FOR. Alone, as I'm a sinner !
 EMP. Hurrah ! I'll bet my crown I'll name the winner.
 CHAM. No takers.

The figure descends the hill rapidly, and disappears behind the rise of the stage.

FOR. Where on earth can Lightfoot be ?
 Listen, good Fine-ear ; Marksman, haste and see.
 FINE. Where'er he is, he's fast asleep, for I
 Can hear him snore.

MARKS. Ha ! there the rogue I spy,
 Stretched out beneath a tree, full three miles off.

FOR. Of all the empire I shall be the scoff !
 Our lives are forfeit, too ! Asleep ! plague take him !

MARKS. Nay, don't despair, good master, this shall wake
 him. *(lets fly an arrow)*

FOR. What have you done ?

MARKS. *(looking out)* Just touched his ear, I vow.
 He's up and off.

The figure of LIGHTFOOT appears at the top of the hill, and descends with incredible swiftmess, disappearing behind the rise in the stage.

FOR. He comes ! He'll beat her now !

PRINCESS *appears on the ridge of the stage, closely followed by*
 LIGHTFOOT.

COURTIERS. Blue ! Blue wins easy !

FOR. and his MEN. *(as LIGHTFOOT appears)* Scarlet, go it,
 Scarlet !

EMP. Volante !

LIGHTFOOT *bounds by* PRINCESS *and passes the post.*

FOR. and his MEN. Lightfoot ! Lightfoot !

EMP. *(coming out of the chair)* Curse the varlet !

FOR. Won in a canter.

EMP. Scarlet ?—I'm done brown !

FOR. Take care again, sir, how you bet your crown.

GOR. The knowing ones are done this time, I say.

TIP. There'll be long faces upon settling day.

FOR. O Lightfoot, what a time to sleep you chose !

LIGHT. I felt so drowsy, I laid down to doze,
Thinking by sleep refreshed to run the quicker !
I ne'er was overtaken, save by liquor !

FOR. It was a narrow 'scape for me, 'tis clear.

LIGHT. Mine was an arrow 'scape, sir ! just look here.

(shews MARKSMAN'S arrow sticking in his ear)

FOR. Your Majesty no longer can refuse.

EMP. Our Majesty can do whate'er we choose.

But 'tis a debt of honour, we admit ;
And therefore we to pay it *do* think fit.
But in our Court no longer shall you tarry ;
So as much treasure as *one man* can carry
We do permit you from our stores to bear.

FOR. One man ?

EMP. We've said it. Take more if you dare !

FOR. I humbly take my leave.

EMP. You shew your sense.

FOR. Strongback, you hear the Emperor's order.

EMP. Hence !

(to CHAMBERLAIN) You, sir, look after them and see it done.

STRONG *(to FORTUNIO)* I'll carry, sir, enough for any one.

*(music—Exeunt FORTUNIO and ATTENDANTS,
with CHAMBERLAIN)*

VOL. I'm so provoked, papa, that I could cry ;
At Tattersall's the favourite was I.

EMP. I'm so enraged, Volante, I could roar !
I never knew you be behind before.

VOL. Beneath a tree, asleep I left him, fast ;
How could he manage to be first at last ?

Enter CHAMBERLAIN, hastily.

CHAM. Where is the Emperor ? Oh, sire, sire, sire !

EMP. Now what's the matter ? Is the town on fire ?

CHAM. No, sire, but all your palace sacked and plundered
Of gold and silver statues full five hundred—

The costly mirrors and the massive plate—
 The jewelled harness and the coach of state—
 Treasure untold, in bullion, bars, and cash—
 All by one man are carried off—slap-dash!

EMP. All by one man? Impossible! No, no!

CHAM. Let me endure your wrath if 'tis not so.

I saw him move the goods.

EMP. If thou dost lie,
 Upon the next tree shall thou hang as high
 As they can swing thee. If the truth it be,
 I care not if, instead, they tuck up me.
 Is this a time to stand and stare about?
 You rogues and vagabonds—arm—arm, and out!
 If this which he avouches doth appear,
 We may write up "Unfurnished lodgings here."
 Ring the alarum bell until it crack!
 At least we'll have our coach and harness back.

(*Exeunt* EMPEROR, PRINCESS, CHAMBERLAIN, &c.—*alarum bell, &c.*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Banks of a River.*

Music—Enter STRONGBACK, *carrying an enormous pile of treasure of every description on his shoulders, followed by* FORTUNIO *and his other* SERVANTS.

FOR. Run, Strongback; we're pursued—'tis my belief.

FINE. Yes, master, I can hear them call "Stop thief."

FOR. Now is the time your aerial coach to try.

LIGHT. It's built—we've only got to make it fly!

FOR. A trifle merely—yet I almost doubt

If we can wait whilst that is brought about.

MAR. Here comes the Emperor with all his guard!

FOR. What's to be done?

BOIST.

I'll breathe a little hard;

And they'll be so completely blown,—I doubt

Their running an inch further on this route.

FOR. Dear friend, to you we'll owe our preservation,
And wait your coming at the railway station!

Music—Exeunt FORTUNIO and all but BOISTERER.

Enter EMPEROR and GUARDS.

EMP. Upon them!—charge!

(BOISTERER *blows, and they are all whirled off stage*)

Oh, here's a precious breeze! (as he goes)

BOIST. That is the "puff direct," sir, if you please.

(Exit)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of KING ALFOURITE'S Palace, as in the First Act.*

Enter KING and MINISTER.

KING. Talk not of comfort to a wretch like me!

My Court is now a Court of Bankruptcy.

Not Mr. Lover, who, as you're aware,

Audits accounts of every Irish heir—

Which, for arithmetic, his fame advances,

Could find a cure for my impaired finances.

Song—KING—Air—"I love her, how I love her."

E'en Lover! Samuel Lover!

Though he's a dab at L. S. D.

'Twould puzzle to discover

One penny in my treasury.

A tyrant beyond measure

Has walked off all my treasure;

And thinks it quite a pleasure,

To have so diddled me.

Enter LIGHTFOOT.

LIGHT. Hail to your Majesty.

KING. You come to use

Your tongue—your office quickly—what's your news?

LIGHT. Great news, great King. My Lord Fortunio's
near,

With all your treasure !

Enter PRINCESS.

PRIN. What is this I hear ?

KING. With all my treasure !

LIGHT. Sire, the truth to tell,

You'll find some of the Emperor's as well.

We hadn't time to pick and choose, in fact ;

So took it as it came.

KING. Judicious act !

PRIN. (*aside*) What, of my vengeance am I baulked again ?

KING. How is he coming ?

LIGHT. By a special train.

I saw him start, and then ran on before

To give you notice. (*shouts without*) Hark, he's at the
door !

KING. Conduct him to our presence—quickly—fly !

(*Exeunt* MINISTER and LIGHTFOOT)

PRIN. (*aside*) I'll crush him yet, or know the reason why.

KING. He comes ! he comes ! With shouts the people
greet him !

Don't stand there, sister, let us haste to meet him.

PRIN. It is not meet we should ; he wants your crown,
So pull him up before he pulls you down.

KING. Fortunio false ! then never man was true !

Some wicked wag has sure been hoaxing you.

PRIN. I tell you, brother, I can prove his guilt.

KING. He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

PRIN. And so did I until

He dared propose your Majesty to kill,
And marry me !

- KING. And marry you ! Alack,
He must, then, be a monomaniac !
- PRIN. Brother !
- KING. I mean that such prodigious vanity
Is the best proof of the young man's insanity.
- PRIN. I tell you he's a foe you must beware of.
- KING. Let him be taken, pray, the greatest care of ;
For though he might not run his sovereign through,
He may be mad enough to marry you.
But wherefore spoke you not of this before ?
- PRIN. I was in hopes he would return no more ;
But he's come back, laden with fame and treasure,
And all the people's heads he'll turn with pleasure,
And they'll dethrone you and crown him instead,
Unless you puzzle them to find *his* head.
- KING. Ah, me ! I haven't got the heart to do it.
- PRIN. Then leave the whole to me—I'll pull you through it.
(*Exeunt*)

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Royal Gardens—Night—The recovered treasure is pitched at the back of the stage, and occupies the whole centre of the scene—STRONGBACK and the other SERVANTS discovered—Enter FORTUNIO.*

- STRONG. There, sir, I've pitched the whole load in the garden,
For there's no other place will hold it.
- FOR. Pardon
Me, friend, but I am full of grief and care ;
I cannot find my Comrade anywhere.
- STRONG. Your horse ?—is he not in the stable ?
- FOR. No.
And I am on the rack ! My Comrade, ho !
Answer ! you can, unless you are a corse.
" My horse ! my horse ! a kingdom for my horse ! "

Enter KING and PRINCESS attended by MINISTER, and followed by two GUARDS.

The Princess !

PRIN. Aye, you tremble, and with reason.
Sir, I accuse Fortunio of high treason.
Arrest him, gentlemen.

(*the GUARDS seize him*)

FOR. Arrest ! pray stay ;
At Court it seems, this is a *collar* day.
'Tis shameful, sire——

PRIN. Almost as bad, young mister,
As kill a king and marry with his sister.

FOR. As kill a king ?

PRIN. Aye, traitor ! 'twas my word.

FOR. And marry with his sister ?—how absurd !
Since it has come to this, I must speak out.
Madam, pray tell me, for I almost doubt—
Are *you* a lady ?

PRIN. Do you hear him, brother ?

FOR. Because, if you are one,—why *I'm another*.

ALL. A lady !

FOR. Yes, a female woman, daughter
Of Baron Dunover.

KING. I always thought her
Too pretty for a man—unless 'twas me—
"The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive she !"

PRIN. Exposed—defeated ! I shall burst with spite !
Oh ! (*falls in MINISTER'S arms*)

MIN. Sire !—She's choking !

KING. Verdict—Serve her right.

(MINISTER *carries out* PRINCESS)

(*to* FORTUNIO) A crown you merit.

FOR. Half a one, I'd rather.

KING. Will you share mine ?

FOR. Sir, you must ask my father.

KING. Oh, let us fly to seek him !

VOICE. (*without*) There's no need.

*Music—the pile of treasure gradually opens, and
discovers a magnificent Fairy Chariot, drawn by
twenty-four sheep with golden fleeces, in which is
the FAIRY—In front of the chariot is COMRADE.*

- FAIRY. He to your union has with joy agreed ;
 And I have hastened, in my own post-carriage,
 To give consent and lustre to your marriage.
- KING. (*aside*) A carriage drawn by four-and-twenty sheep
 With golden fleeces !—That's the flock to *keep* !
- FAIRY. They shall be yours—the dower of your bride.
- KING. (*aside*) She heard me. (*aloud*) Madam, I'm quite
 horrified.
- FAIRY. Oh, no apologies ! They're ewes and rams,
 And will breed millions.
- KING. Oh, the precious lambs !
- FAIRY. (*to FORTUNIO*) Had *you* not helped *me*, all this had
 been marr'd.
 But kindly actions ever meet reward.

FINALE—*Air*—“ *Here's to the maiden.*”

- FOR. Here then our curtain we hasten to drop,—
 Our folly indulgently view, sirs ;
 Don't for a moment to criticise stop,
 For that would be folly in you, sirs.
 Let the piece pass,
 One of its class
 At Easter may find an excuse with the mass.
- CHORUS. [Let the piece pass, &c.

CURTAIN.

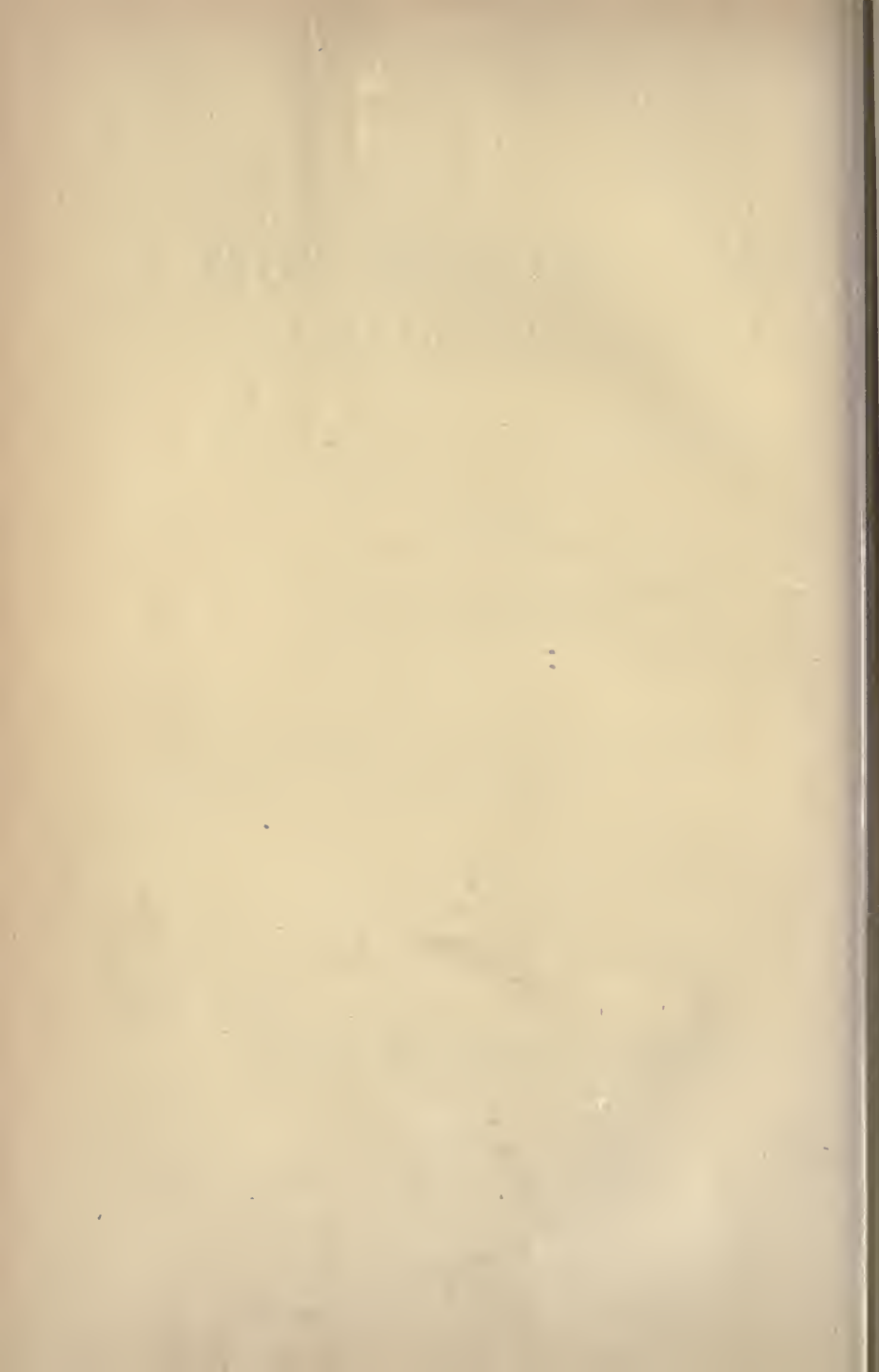
THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

AN ORIGINAL

FAIRY EXTRAVAGANZA,

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on
Tuesday, December 26th, 1843.



THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

At the close of the season 1842-43, having faithfully fulfilled my promise to Mr. Macready, I was at liberty to entertain the renewed proposal of Mr. Webster that I should write for the Haymarket, and my old friends the Mathews being there I readily accepted an engagement to write for that theatre exclusively for three years and a half, commencing at the ensuing Christmas. Singularly enough, I was again deprived of the talent and popularity of Madame Vestris, untoward circumstances suddenly compelling her and her husband to leave England before Christmas, and again I found an admirable substitute in Miss P. Horton. Fortunately also, Mr. Webster had secured the services of James Bland, the King of Extravaganza, whose name was "a tower of strength,"*

* We regret that we are unable to give a portrait of Mr. James Bland, who was so long worthily associated with these productions. It would have been, we are sure, a welcome addition, but we are not aware of the existence of any likeness of him that can be relied upon.—EDS.

and I had for my heroine a favourite "Fair One," in the person of Miss Julia Bennett.

"The Fair One with the Golden Locks" was produced 26th December, 1843, and has proved one of the most popular of the series. It has been several times revived at various theatres, notably at the Adelphi, in 1860, when Miss Woolgar (Mrs. A. Mellon) was an admirable "Graceful," and Mr. Toole an excruciating Lachrymoso. On that occasion I wrote some new songs, &c., which are substituted in this edition for the original, being better adapted for general purposes; and I may take this opportunity of observing that in several instances where I have written songs in compliance with the request, or to accommodate the peculiar abilities of a performer, I have availed myself of occasional revivals to introduce others which I consider not only more appropriate, but more likely to be effective under ordinary circumstances.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

PALACE OF KING LACHRYMOSO.

"Everybody was afflicted to see the Ambassador return without the Fair One with the Golden Locks, and the King wept like a child."

KING LACHRYMOSO (Author of "Rejected Addresses" to the Fair One with the Golden Locks)	MR. J. BLAND
COUNT PLENIPOSO (Minister of State, and Ambassador very Extraordinary from King Lachrymoso to the Fair One with the Golden Locks)	MR. TILBURY
VISCOUNT VERYSOSO (Grand Chamberlain) ...	MR. CAULFIELD
GRACEFUL (the King's Minstrel and Favourite) ...	MISS P. HORTON
(Her First Appearance these Two Seasons)	

Officers of the Guard—Mr. T. F. Matthews and Mr. Ennis.

Pages—Miss Carter, Miss Williams, Miss Richards, and Miss Moreton.

Courtiers—Messrs. Green, Walsh, Smythson, West, Walker, Sterling, Griffin, and Galli.

THE MEADOWS.

"These are the three most important adventures that befell Graceful on his journey."

A CARP (an Odd Fish, completely out of water)	MISS LEE
A CROW (an Old Acquaintance)	MR. CLARK
AN OWL (an Illustrious Foreigner)	MR. H. WIDDICOMB

COURT OF QUEEN LUCIDORA.

"Then all her women employed themselves in dressing her in a most queenly style; and she then desired her Maids of Honour to take their instruments, and sing and play very sweetly, but so softly as not to stun the Ambassador."

QUEEN LUCIDORA (surnamed the Fair One with the Golden Locks)	MISS JULIA BENNETT
MANTELINA (Mistress of the Robes) ...	MISS C. CONNOR
PAPILLOTINA (First Lady's Maid-in-Waiting)	MISS CARRE

Other Maids-in-Waiting—Crinolina, Miss Dubois; Chaussetta, Miss Wilson; Bijoutina, Miss C. Byers; Corronella, Miss Lorton; Tambourina, Miss Powell; Guittaretta, Miss Byers.

Pages to the Queen—Master Reed and Master R. Reed.

A RUM-ANTIC GLEN!

"I leave you to imagine." * * *

GALLIFRON, a GIG-ANTIC GIANT (standing nearly
12 feet in his shoes) MR. X-TENSIVE

THE KING'S PALACE. (As before.)

"Graceful's old enemies said to the King, 'You are not jealous, and yet you have cause enough to be so.'"

MOLLYMOPSA (Bedchamber Woman and House-
maid of Honour in his Majesty's service) ... MISS MATTLEY

CORRIDOR IN THE KING'S PALACE.

"The King took it into his head that perhaps he was not handsome enough for her ; so," * * *

"But as one of her chambermaids," * * *

WITH

A CHANGE (it is hoped) FOR THE BETTER!!

"All the people were enchanted to have him for their King!"

Fairies—MISS LEE, MISS KENDALL, and MISS JONES.

The Scenery by Mr. G. Morris and Assistants. The Dresses by
Miss Cherry and Mr. Barnett.

The Machinery by Mr. Adams and Assistants. The Music arranged
by Mr. T. German Reed.

* * The Public is respectfully informed that the little dog mentioned in the original story has been omitted, for fear the animal's attraction might render the Manager liable to the penalties of the 2nd and 3rd of Victoria, cap. 47, sec. LVI., by which it is enacted that no person within the Districts of the Metropolitan Police shall "*use any dog for the purpose of drawing or helping to draw,*" &c., &c., &c.

THE FAIR ONE WITH THE GOLDEN LOCKS.

SCENE FIRST.—*The King's Palace.*

GUARDS *and* TRUMPETERS *discovered—Enter* CHAMBER-
LAIN *and* COURTIER, *through arch.*

CHORUS—" *Anna Bolena.*"

Silence, ye trumps, the King's in the dumps,
His project, alas, has miscarried;
The Ambassador sent returns as he went,
The lady declines to be married.
To passion fond she won't respond—
To all his love can show
The Royal Fair with Golden Hair
Politely answers "No."

VIS. Yes, noble friends, the news is sad as may be,
Our mighty King is crying like a baby.
His nerves have had the cruellest of shocks—
Rejected by the Fair with Golden Locks.
He comes; prepare to shew your loyal griefs,
If not by tears, at least by handkerchiefs.
Let every soldier draw out his bandanna,
And bear't before him in a decent manner.

CAP. Draw kerchiefs! (SOLDIERS *do so*)
Present kerchiefs! (*they hold them to their eyes*)
Steady there!
Eyes wet! long faces! Smile, men, if you dare.

Enter KING and MINISTER and four PAGES, one carrying pocket handkerchiefs in a gilt basket.

CAP. Recover kerchiefs !

(SOLDIERS *return handkerchiefs to their pockets*)

KING. Refuse my hand ! it passes all belief.

Give me another pocket handkerchief.

(PAGE *supplies him*)

COUNT. Sire, something still more wondrous did she do ;
She actually refused your presents, too.

KING. What, all my presents !—all my pretty things !
The diamond necklace and the turquoise rings !
The ermine tippet and the Cashmere shawl !
Did you say all ! Howell and James ! * what all !
She can't be woman !

COUNT. Bear it like a man !

KING. I
Would do so ; but if I cannot how can I ?
I cannot but remember such things cost
A precious lump of money—and that's lost.

COUNT. This should to anger, sire, convert your grief.

KING. Give me another pocket handkerchief.

(PAGE *supplies him*)

For I must play the woman with mine eyes——

COUNT. Sire, it will much your Majesty surprise
To hear who plays the braggart with his tongue.

KING. Ha, who ?

COUNT. Your Minstrel.

KING. Graceful !

COUNT. Yes ; the young
Gentleman hints, had he been sent to plead
Your cause he should have won the fair.

KING. Indeed !

By which he means to say that he's so clever,
And so insinuating, she could never
Have had the heart to say him nay—is't so ?

COUNT. 'Tis very like it, sire.

* Need I say of Regent Street.

KING. The puppy ! go,
 Bid him attend us instantly.

(*Exeunt OFFICER and GUARDS*)

I'll make
 The ballad-monger in his shoes to shake !
 VIS. (*aside*) Bravo ! I owed the coxcomb an old spite.
 COUNT. (*aside*) Twenty to one against the favourite.
 KING. The knave, too long in the King's favour basking,
 Now fancies he could have a queen for asking.
 The piping bull-finch ! he expect to win her !
 I'm so enraged that—I could eat my dinner,
 If it were ready. Squibs and crackers ! where
 Tarries this tuneful traitor ?

Enter GRACEFUL, guarded.

Ho ! you're there !

Duet—KING and GRACEFUL—“ Fanny Gray.”

KING. Well, well, sir, so you've come at last, you might
 have come before ;

D'ye know, sir, I've the greatest mind to turn you
 out of door ?

I understand you've dared to say, had you come for
 to go

To court the Fair with Golden Hair, she ne'er had
 answered “ No ! ”

GRACE. Most royal sir, put off that frown, and don't begin
 to scold ;

The ambassador you sent to her was ugly, cross, and
 old.

I only said I knew a way the Fair One's heart to
 catch,

And make her glow like tinder at the thoughts of
 such a match !

KING. You think 'tis but to make your bow, with grace take
 off your hat,

And she must straight enchanted be—but, sir, I
 smell a rat !

You would yourself make love to her—you see I'm up to snuff—

And marry her if she'd have you—I'm told you're rogue enough.

GRACE. Most royal sir, you've in your temper got a pain, I see ;

You jealous !—and of such a little humble lad as me.

Make love to her ! of course I would—as proxy for my King,

And marry her—by proxy, too——

KING. By proxy—ha ! that's quite another thing !

KING. This puts the matter in another light.

GRACE. I knew your Majesty would do me right.

It may be nothing but a boyish dream,

But I should make your merits, sir, the theme !

Which I may say, without the least presumption,

Require but to be known.

KING. The boy has gumption.

(to MINISTER) You didn't set my merits forth, I fear.

COUNT. Pardon me, sire.

KING. But not enough, that's clear.

COUNT. Indeed I took the liberty to mention

All I could think of.

KING. Have you no invention ?

GRACE. Sire, it requires but memory in your case.

KING. (*aside*) Really the boy said that, now, with a grace.

I've a great mind to let the youngster go

And try his luck. (*aloud*) Well, my young friend, and so

You positively think you should succeed ?

GRACE. Upon my honour, sire, I do indeed.

KING. But you'd want fitting out, too, I presume,

And I've been forking out, and to some tune.

GRACE. Not I ; just as you see me I would speed hence ;

I only ask your letters, sire, of credence.

KING. Good Graceful, you shall have them in a crack.

GRACE. Then for a pound, I bring the lady back.

Song—GRACEFUL—“*The Four-leav'd Shamrock.*”

I'll call a four-wheel'd cab, sir,
 And tip the man a crown,
 And at the fair one's palace gate
 Just bid him set me down ;
 I'll not attempt to charm her sight
 With diamond, pearl, or gold,
 But praise your person, worth, and sense
 While I a note can hold.
 Yes, thus I'll play and chaunt my part,
 And so your trumpet sound ;
 And though she have a marble heart
 I'll melt it, for a pound.

I pledge my word of honour,
 To chase your fond alarms,
 Like Grisi in the “*Peri*,”
 She shall leap into your arms *
 And howsoe'er it may seem strange,
 And some may think me bold,
 The *fair* my cab brings back shall be
 The one with locks of gold.
 For I will play and chaunt my part,
 And so your trumpet sound ;
 And though she have a marble heart,
 I'll melt it, for a pound.

During this song the KING sends off one of the PAGES, who returns with writing materials—the KING writes, using the CHAMBERLAIN'S back for a table.

KING. Take your credentials, but with them take heed,
 I'll make a Count of you if you succeed ;
 But if you fail, I swear, by my veracity,
 I'll make you then *account* for your audacity.

* A leap made by Carlotta Grisi in the ballet of “*The Peri*,” which had been the great feature of the opera in 1843.

GRAND SCENA, *on the most approved principle of Modern Operatic Composition.*

Recitative—KING and GRACEFUL.

KING. Go, boy, and that in safety you may wend,
A patent safety cab I recommend.

GRACE. To me your counsels ever are commands!
I fly!

(Exit)

KING. Away—Joy go with you and sixpence!

ANDANTE—"Son of Freedom."—"Norma."

KING. Lucidora! so long invited,
Shall we never, never here behold thee dining?
Thy adorer's desert still slighted,
Must he ever o'er his lonely wine be whining?

CHAMBERLAIN and CHORUS (*sotto voce*).

With Master Graceful awhile dissemble,
But anon the rogue shall tremble.

KING. Still must grief be my heart devouring—

Thou, to gall my pride assaying;

My sweet temper refusal souring,

As the thunder—as the thunder sours the beer.

(*Agitata*) But no, Hope takes a sight at Fear,

And laughs to scorn the Wizard—

Graceful, I feel, will stick at naught,

And nothing but a merry thought

Shall now stick in my gizzard.

(*Con Spirito*)—"The Minstrel Boy."

My Minstrel Boy for a cab is gone,

In the ranks no doubt he'll find one;

A Patent Safety I like, I own,

Where the driver sits behind one.

But be the cab of any sort,

So to the fair it conveys him—

And if but here he makes her appear,

To the peerage we will raise him!

(*Allegro*)—"British Grenadiers."

So talk no more of sorrow,
And think no more of care,
We'll hope to see to-morrow
The Fair with Golden Hair.
To wed King Lachrymoso,
And dry the loyal tears—
With a tow row row row row row row
Of his gallant Halberdiers.

CHORUS. So talk no more, &c. (*Exeunt*)*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Meadow, with a stream flowing through it, over which hangs a tree.*

Enter GRACEFUL.

GRACE. Provoking ! Scarcely out of sight of town,
My Patent Safety cab has broken down ;
D'ye call that *Hansom* ? I don't, I must say.
There's nothing for it but walk all the way !
There's a short cut across these fields, I'm told,
And so at once to take it I'll make bold.
But stay—to grace my opening speech when there,
A brilliant thought has struck me, I declare !
I'll sit me down beside this running brook,
And note it in my Punch's pocket-book.†
(*sits down on a bank ; takes out pocket-book and writes*)
A large CARP *leaps out of the stream and falls on the grass.*
Bless me, what's that ? A carp, as I'm alive !
And what a fine one—big as any five !

* Someone having suggested at the rehearsal that the King, Court, and Guards should dance off, the idea was adopted, and the practice has since become general in burlesques in similar situations.

† Then in its second year.

It can't jump back again—what will it do?
 I never saw a carp in such a stew!
 Poor thing! if left there soon 'twill gasp its last;
 Thrown out, like me, it needs a friendly cast
 Upon its journey. Come, my friend, I'm sure
 You won't object to the cold water cure.
 So here you go—one, two, three, and away.

*Throws the FISH into the water—it sinks, but rises instantly,
 and says—*

CARP. Thank ye! I'll do as much for you some day.

(disappears)

GRACE. It spoke! A talking fish! To such a wonder
 The singing mouse must instantly knock under.
 A fish that can talk sense—not like the silly
 Seal that but said "Pa-pa," in Piccadilly.*
 And so politely, too! At any rate,
 That fish has never been to Billingsgate.

(a CROW heard without)

Heyday! an eagle chasing a poor crow;
 The great oppress the little—where's my bow?

*Music—fits an arrow to his bow—the CROW flies across,
 pursued by an EAGLE—he aims and fires at the EAGLE—it
 falls dead.*

There, my poor bird, from danger you are freed.

CROW. I'm berry much obliged to you, indeed.

GRACE. Mercy upon us! here's a talking bird!

CROW. Ees, Graceful.

GRACE. *grace* Graceful! then my name you've heard.

CROW. Who hasn't heard your name him like to know.

GRACE. What a particularly civil crow.

CROW. And you know mine.

GRACE. Indeed! what is it?

CROW. Jim.

GRACE. Jim Crow! Oh, yes, I've often heard of him.

* The "Singing Mouse" and the "Talking Seal" were novel exhibitions at that time.

Song—CROW.

Back to Virginia
 Him wish for to go,
 When great eagle follow him,
 And say, "Oho!"
 Turn about, and wheel about,
 And do just so!"
 Ebery time he turn about
 He hunt Jim Crow!

Up come Massa Graceful,
 Wid him little bow,
 Kill him ugly eagle,
 Save him pretty crow!
 One good turn deserb
 Anoder, you know,
 So wheel about, and turn about,
 And trust Jim Crow! * *(Exit)*

GRACE. My act was scarcely worth so much applause;
 It was the *cause*, my soul—it was the *cause*!
 When great strong birds would pluck the weak and
 small,
 They feather the just dart that bids them fall.
 So "on we goes again." *(going)*
(the whoop of an OWL is heard without)

What means that cry?
 Some other helpless bird in jeopardy!
 Aye! *(goes to wing, and drags forward part of a net)*
 Here's a net, spread to catch heedless fowl,
 And in its meshes a poor purblind owl.

OWL appears in net, at wing.

OWL. Och hone! och hone! and sure you may say that,
 For I'm as blind by day as any bat.

* "Little Clark," as he was usually called, a respectable actor for many years at the Haymarket, was very effective in this part.

GRACE. An Irish owl! no wonder at the noise!
 And one, too, who the power of speech enjoys!
 But after all that I've heard talk and sing,
 A chattering owl is no such wondrous thing.

OWL. Och winisthru! what shall I do—o—o—o?

GRACE. Why, don't make such a horrid hubbadoo,
 And I will cut the net and let you fly. *(cuts net)*
 There, now—come out of that entirely.

OWL. *(coming out)* St. Patrick's blessing on you for that
 same,

Good Master Graceful.

GRACE. You, too, know my name!

OWL. Och, sure, I'd know your voice, sir, any day;
 Haven't I often heard it at the play?

GRACE. You, at the play! Why, what could you there
 call?

OWL. Der Freyschutz. I'm the ould original.

Duet—GRACEFUL and OWL—"Der Freyschutz."

GRACE. How! indeed, are you then he,
 Whose great eyes I used to see?
 Sir, I beg your pardon,
 All my wonder now is o'er;
 Oft, of course, we've met before,
 When at Covent Garden.
 But where have you been, you rogue?
 For now you have got a brogue;
 Or my senses err, man,
 OWL. Faith and truth, I can't well say,
 But think I caught it, sir, one day,
 From my cousin German.

But, sir, without any more botheration,
 You've laid me under a great obligation;
 And if, sir, to return it I don't haste,
 I'll give you leave to say, "that bird's a beast."

INCANTATION—"Der Freyschutz."

GRACE. On your aid I may rely?

OWL. U—hu—i! U—hu—i!

GRACE. How pathetic that reply !
 OWL. U—hu—i ! U—hu—i !
 GRACE. Me, he says, he will protect.
 OWL. U—hu—i ! U—hu—i !
 GRACE. Or words, at least, to that effect.
 OWL. U—hu—i ! U—hu—i !
 GRACE. Would that many songs we hear
 Had a meaning half as clear.
 OWL. U—hu—i ! U—hu—i !

(Exit)

GRACE. And apropos of songs, I've not yet thought
 On that by which the Fair One's to be caught.
 Oh, anything will do that's very tender,
 I know one has made many a maid surrender.
 And once to love a man let her determine,
 Woman's the same, in rags or royal ermine.

AIR—" *I dreamed that I dwelt in marble halls.*"

There are ladies who dwell in marble halls
 And in their gilt coaches who ride ;
 And women who stump it in pattens and shawls,
 Or get, of a donkey, outside.
 But let them sell apples, or rule the roast
 In a palace that I could name,
 I fancy between you and me and the post,
 When in love they are all much the same.

(Exit)

SCENE THIRD.—*Pavilion in the Gardens of the Palace of the Fair One with the Golden Locks.*

Enter QUEEN LUCIDORA, *attended.*

Song—LUCIDORA—" *Nora Creina.*"

Lucidora is my name,
 And Golden Locks my designation,
 Where I like's my dwelling place,
 And what I please, my occupation.

King and prince, and duke, and earl,
 Beg to pay me their addresses ;
 But I only smile, and curl
 With their notes my golden tresses.
 Oh, my golden tresses rare—
 My lovely, charming, golden tresses !
 Truefitt tries, with many dyes,
 But can't match thine, my golden tresses.

Some of raven ringlets rave,
 Some rejoice in brown or flaxen,
 Some think best their head to shave,
 And sport a fancy-coloured Caxon.
 I know one who had a poll
 Grey as I have seen a parrot's,
 Bought a wash, the envious soul,
 And grew a crop of downright carrots.
 Oh ! my golden tresses rare—
 My lovely, charming, golden tresses !
 Truefitt sighs, and vainly tries
 To match thy hue, my golden tresses.

(*speaks*) Now to my toilet—nymphs, you know your
 places ;
 Prepare to sacrifice unto the graces.

Enter PAPILLOTINA.

PAPIL. May't please your Majesty——

QUEEN. I hope it may.

PAPIL. There is a youth without——

QUEEN. Without what, pray ?

PAPIL. Without the door.

QUEEN. Well, let him keep without it ;

What business has he with it or about it ?

PAPIL. He prays an audience in his master's name,
 King Lachrymoso.

QUEEN. Why, sure, that's the same

Who sent to me a day or two ago ;

Good gracious me ! I told the creature " No !"

Can't he be satisfied—or just go frantic—
Or kill himself, or anything romantic ?

PAPIL. But this ambassador——

QUEEN. Back let him roam.

I'm dressing—I'm engaged—I'm not at home.

PAPIL. Madam, if you'll permit me to advise,
You'll see this gentleman—he has such eyes!
And such a shape ! and though not tall in stature,
Graceful by name, he's graceful, too, by nature.

QUEEN. Heyday ! the fellow's cast some spell upon her ;
Pray is this language for a maid-of-honour ?
I'm quite ashamed of you, I do declare.
“Such eyes,” indeed ! I wonder how you dare
Talk of a young man's eyes ! a girl like you !
I'll see this person ; if your tale be true,
He is a dangerous fellow, and must be
Looked after.

PAPIL. (*aside*) By the women, certainly.

QUEEN. Go, tell the porter to admit the dandy.

PAPIL. I fly !

(*Exit*)

QUEEN. And now, my handmaidens, be handy !
Dust down my throne, polish my ivory chair,
Weave me, of flowers, a chaplet fresh and fair,
Bring me my bracelets, and my chatelaine,
My kerchief scent with *bouquet de la Reine*,
My regal mantle o'er my shoulders throw,
And comb my precious hair out—*comme il faut* !

AIR and CHORUS—“ *Com 'e gentil*”—“ *Don Pasqual e*.”

Comb it genteelly,
And let it flow freely,
I'd fain look well,
Since he sends a swell.
My shoulders o'er,
Falling a yard or more,
He'll matchless swear,
The Fair with the Golden Hair.
And softly o'er us,
The while we parley,
O sing the chorus
From “Don Pasquale.”

That music's spell
 May charm his ears as well ;
 And he, and he
 Enchanted quite may be.

CHORUS. To tambour and guitar sing,
 While they parley,
 The serenade so sweet from
 "Don Pasquale."

Enter GRACEFUL and PAPILLOTINA.

GRACE. Most royal fair—
 (*aside*) I never saw such hair—
 (*aloud*) I come to tell—
 (*aside*) Such speaking eyes, as well—
 (*aloud*) Your throne, before,
 Kneeling, I do implore—
 (*aside*) She's as fair as day !
 I scarce know what I say !
 Each look is fuel
 Added to my fire.
 O, fortune cruel !
 With love I shall expire.

CHORUS. To tambour and guitar, &c.

QUEEN. (*aside*) I've hit him hard !

GRACE. (*aside*) I never saw such beauty !
 But, Graceful, be a man and do your duty !

QUEEN. When you can speak we'll hear what you've to say.

GRACE. Madam, my forte is singing.

QUEEN. Sing away.

GRACE. (*aside*) She's proud and cold, as she is fair and nice !
 Perhaps this is but artificial ice !
 I'll break it by an effort energetic ;
 I'll sing her something cruelly pathetic.

Song—GRACEFUL—"Lucy Long."

I pray, fair queen, be silent,
 And I'll sing you a little song ;

It's all about a mighty king,
Who's loved you, lady, long.
So take your time, Queen Lucidora ; only mind my song ;
You're the darling of this monarch,
So don't make him wait too long.

He is a perfect figure
As ever you did see ;
He's handsomer and bigger
A great deal, ma'am, than me.
But take your time, Queen Lucidora ; only mind my song,
You're the darling, &c.

You said you wouldn't marry,
When he asked you t'other day ;
You said you'd rather tarry,
And he'll let you have your way.
So take your time, Queen Lucidora ; only mind my song,
You're the darling of this monarch,
So don't make him wait too long.

QUEEN. (*aside*) He is a pretty fellow, I confess.
(*aloud*) Sir, I receive with pleasure this address,
But to its prayer I cannot yet accede ;
I've made a vow no mortal suit to heed,
Until three things are done which I desire.

GRACE. Oh, do but tell me, ma'am, what you require.

QUEEN. Walking along the river-side, last spring,
In taking off my glove I dropped my ring
Into the stream ; which, if you'll kindly fish for,
And bring me back, is the first thing I wish for.

GRACE. (*aside*) A pleasant first !

QUEEN. The second's quite a trifle—
There is a giant, who has dared to rifle
And kill and eat some hundreds of my people ;
He is almost as tall as a church steeple,
And has the monstrous impudence to say,
Unless I wed him, he'll eat me some day.

Now, all I ask you in the second place
Is to cut off his head.

GRACE. (*aside*) And she's the face
To call that quite a trifle ! Ma'am, I've heard
Your two first small requests ; pray what's the third ?

QUEEN. The third is rather difficult, I fear.
Not far from hence there is a cavern drear,
In which all sorts of dreadful monsters dwell !
But deep within it is a crystal well,
Of which the water has the virtue rare
To make one live for ever young and fair.
Now bring me of this eau-de-vie a bottle,
Find me my ring, and cut the giant's throttle,
And in return for such polite attention,
I'll marry any gentleman you'll mention.

DUO—" *Ama tua madre* "—" *Lucrezia Borgia*."

GRACE. Madam, with all humility
I must beg leave to mention
There's little probability
Of such a condescension.
You ne'er are like to wed if all
This must be done before—
But I will go the whole animal,
Let it be e'er such a bore !
Let it be ever so dreadful a bore !

QUEEN. Really this great civility,
From such a total stranger—
Doubtless with such ability
You will surmount each danger.
I've vow'd I ne'er will wed, if all
This be not done before ;
So you must go the whole animal
Or never come here any more,
Or never, never come here any more.

(*Exeunt GRACEFUL, QUEEN and Train*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Rom-antic Dell—The Mouth of a Cavern—a large Hollow Tree—between them a torrent.*

Enter GRACEFUL.

GRACE. "In these sad solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever musing melancholy reigns,"
I come to cudgel my unhappy brains !
To use a phrase of Mr. Samuel Slick's—
I'm in a most tarnation ugly fix !
If I don't win the fair one, in his fury
The King will hang me without judge and jury.
And if I stay to win her, as she wishes,
My mildest fate will be to feed the fishes ;
Fancy me looking for a lady's ring
Dropped in the river one fine day last spring ;
To fobb me off this is a mere pretence,
And ring-dropping's a criminal offence !
Fate has determined all my hopes to dish !

(going)

VOICE. Stop, Graceful !

GRACE. (*turning*) Ah! who calls?

CARP. A grateful fish.

The CARP rises from the water, with a ring in its mouth.

GRACE. My friend the carp ! and in its mouth I see
A golden ring !—yes—no—it cannot be !

CARP. It can—it is the one you're sent to find.

GRACE. Was ever anything so very kind?

CARP. Take it. You threw me back into the brook,
When others would have helped me with a hook !
To help you in return I've hastened gaily—
Although a fish, my conduct ne'er was scaly.
Farewell, we're quits. I hope, and all my fry do,
That you'll go on as swimmingly as I do.

(disappears)

GRACE. I'm so o'erjoyed, I scarce know what I'm at !
 Who'll call a fish cold-blooded after that ?
 How wrong it was in me to *carp* at fate.
 Here's the first task performed, at any rate !

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
 My friend Jim Crow is far more fair than black.
 CROW. We tink we both may now crow ober him.

Ta, ta !

(disappears)

GRACE. Farewell, my old acquaintance, Jim.
 That honest crow's an honour to his State ;
 He pays his debts and don't repudiate.*
 There's number *two* ; but now for number three.
 Where shall I find this wondrous eau-de-vie ?
 The Fair One vowed 'twas in a cavern drear
 Not far from hence—I rather think 'tis here.

Music — Approaches cavern — Serpents and Monsters of different descriptions shew themselves—He retreats alarmed.

Oh lud, yes, that's the cave without a doubt,
 By all those horrid monsters rushing out.
 That Black-gang-chine alarms me, I must own,
 If there's the well—I'll just let well alone.
 But then I lose the lady, and that's ill !
 Is there no bottle imp, who mine will fill ?

Music—The OWL appears in the hollow of the tree.

OWL. May be an owl could manage that to do ;
 If you've forgotten me, I haven't you.

GRACE. Forgotten thee ! “While memory holds a seat
 In this distempered brain——”

OWL. There, don't complete
 The passage. I'm contint, and faith, I'll fill
 Your whiskey-bottle from that private still.

Music—GRACEFUL hangs the bottle round the OWL's neck—he flies into the cavern.

GRACE. Kind bird, I hope no mischief will befall him.
 Should some terrific monster meet and maul him—
 But no, my heart with hope is gaily beating,
 An Irish owl don't mind a “monster meeting.”
 And all has gone so well with me as yet——

* The “repudiation” here alluded to is now a matter of history.

Music—The OWL returns, with bottle filled.

OWL. There, sir, you freed me from the fowler's net—

There's the net profit of your kind behaviour.

GRACE. You've struck a balance greatly in my favour.

Who comes this way? the Fair with all her train!

Music—Enter QUEEN LUCIDORA and Train.

QUEEN. Can it be possible? the giant slain!

GRACE. Yes, madam, there's his head—and there's your ring—

And here's the water from the magic spring.

QUEEN. I'm thunderstruck! our confidence has lost us!

Are you the devil, sir, or Dr. Faustus?

GRACE. Neither, sweet saint, if either thee displease.

QUEEN. Nonsense! you couldn't do such things with ease,

If you were a mere mortal—and alone.

GRACE. The only charms I know of were your own;

They have more power than imp, or fairy elf.

QUEEN. (*aside*) I vow, I'm quite in love with him myself.

GRACE. And now I claim thee for my royal master.

QUEEN. (*aside*) O, fatal promise! Unforeseen disaster!

(*aloud*) My word's my bond, sir—I admit your claim—

But is there no one else that you could name?

GRACE. The service and the loyalty I owe

Compel me, gracious Queen, to answer "no."

GLEE—"The Chough and Crow."

GRACE. (*aside*) The carp and crow away have gone,

The owl sits in yon tree;

And I might sit upon a throne

If I'd no probity.

Her wildfire glances scorch my heart,

But honour whispers "nay"—

(*aloud*) Come, 'rouse you, ma'am, 'tis time to start

If we'd get home to-day.

QUEEN. (*aside*) Alas! that I my word must keep;
 Of youths he is the flower;
 And I in love have tumbled deep,
 I, who defied love's power.
 Bewildered quite, I hence depart
 Not caring where I stray,
 But something tells my tortured heart
 There'll be the deuce to pay.

GIANT'S HEAD. (*voce de teste*) Nor legs nor body own I now,
 I'm cut off in my prime!
 And I'll be bound that boy will vow
 He thinks it no great crime!
 My bones must in this gloomy glen
 Now whiten day by day—
 A warning to tall gentlemen
 Who choose to walk this way.

CHORUS. Come, come, look smart, look very, very smart,
 'Tis time we were away;
 Run, run, what fun, to-morrow's sun,
 Will see her wedding day.

(*Exeunt—the HEAD descends trap*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*The King's Palace, as before.*

Enter KING through arch.

KING. To be, or not to be? that is the question,
 Which long ere this he's popped for her digestion,
 Tell me, thou little oracle of love,

(*producing a dandelion*)

Tell me, if she I prize the world above,
 From fortune's wheel to my blest lot will fall.
 She loves me—(*blows*)— just a little—(*blows*) not
 at all.

That's awkward! am I doomed to live and linger?
 Come what, come may! I'll ask my little finger!

Oh, little finger, mind you tell me true.
 Will my fair one, by Graceful, be brought to?
 Yes—no—yes—no—yes! oh, supreme delight,
 I feel my little finger's in the right.

(shouts and flourish without)

Hark to those shouts! those trumpets! and those
 drums!

Enter VISCOUNT VERYSOSO *and* COUNT PLENIPOSO.

She comes! my Lucidora! say she comes!

COUNT. She does, my liege!

KING. I knew she could not fail.

"Talk of the"—hem! the proverb's coarse and
 stale.

COUNT. *(half aside)* I hope 'tis not prophetic.

KING. Eh! you spoke?

COUNT. Nothing, my liege—or if, I did but joke.

KING. Joke! take care how you joke in such a case,

Or, like your joke, you may be out of place.

Enter COURTIERS, *after which* GRACEFUL, *leading* LUCIDORA
and followed by her Suite.

GRACE. Great King, the lady of your love behold;
 She's yours, the Fair One, with the Locks of Gold!

VIS. *(aside)* For locks, read lots, and I should like it
 better.

KING. Oh, Graceful, I shall ever be your debtor.

Madam, I'm dazzled by your beauty bright;

One eye is Bude's, the other Boccus' light! *

Permit me, madam *(kisses her)*; oh, conserve of roses!

What lips! and there's a nose, to put all noses

For ever out of joint! and oh, that hair!

Made of light gold!

COUNT. *(aside)* As our last sovereigns were.

KING. But wherefore silent stands my dearest deary?

QUEEN. My journey, sir, has made me faint and weary.

KING. Walk in—sit down—bed-chamber woman, ho!

* Two new applications for illuminating purposes.

Enter MOLLYMOPSA through arch.

Your mistress to her own apartments shew.
Ring when you're ready for the cold collation—
To-morrow, sweet, shall see your coronation.

QUEEN. E'en when you please, since you will have it so.
Dear Graceful ! take care of the bottle though.

Exeunt MOLLYMOPSA first—LUCIDORA, Suite and COURTIERs follow through arch.

KING. Bottle ! what bottle ?

GRACE. Sir, to speak the truth,
'Tis an elixir, which eternal youth
And beauty to the drinker gives.

KING. The deuce !

GRACE. 'Tis for her Majesty's especial use.
But, notwithstanding it was so declared,
To stop it at the Custom House they've dared.

KING. A drink, to give eternal youth and beauty !
What sum could pay the *ad valorem* duty ?
Tell them to pass the bottle, and not tap it ;
I know their customs, rogues ! but they shall nap it.

(Exit GRACEFUL)

I'll ask the Queen if she a drop can spare one.

COUNT. My royal lord——

KING. Well.

COUNT. When you wed the Fair One
Will Graceful stay at Court ?

KING. Of course, you flat !

COUNT. Indeed !

KING. Indeed ! zounds, what d'ye mean by that ?
Is he not honest ?

COUNT. Honest !

KING. Ay !

COUNT. Don't know.

KING. But what d'ye think ?

COUNT. Think !

KING. Here's a precious go !
Repeat my words again, I'll knock you down.
Tell me your thoughts, sir.

COUNT. Not for half-a-crown !

KING. Ha, there's some screw loose, then. Why, dash my wig !

COUNT. Beware, my lord, of jealousy !

KING. I twig.

COUNT. Mind, I say nothing, sir, I only hint.

Look to your wife—if she at Graceful squint,
Just mind your eye—you heard her call him "dear."

KING. And so she did.

COUNT. I own I thought that queer.

But I'm too bold——

KING. I hope she's not been bolder ;

If so, I'll make the house too hot to hold her.

COUNT. And Graceful ?

KING. Seize and drag him to a prison.

I'll teach the rogue to prig what isn't his'n !

Harkye, you've seen, if you have any eyes,
Upon my table, stuff to kill the flies.

COUNT. The German fly-water.

KING. Exactly so.

When he's in prison, with that bottle go,
Give him a dose of it upon the sly.

COUNT. That will be murder——

KING. Never mind.

COUNT. Not I.

My friend is dead—'tis done at your request.

But let her live.

KING. Perhaps that would be best.

Duo—KING and COUNT—"La ci darem la mano."

COUNT. "La ci darem la mano,"
Which means your fist tip me ;
You know I can't say "Ah, no"
To you, your Majesty.

KING. Politic Pleniposo,
I'm easy on that score,
But frail my spouse to know so !
It cuts me to the core.

COUNT. Her voice is all *falsetto*.

KING. Each word's a sharp stiletto !

COUNT. He would your life cut short—

KING. I

Wish he of lives had forty !

COUNT. Piano !—

KING. Forty !—

I'd take 'em one by one, O !

And to prolong the fun, O !

Each dying scene encore !

KING. { I'd take 'em, &c. }

COUNT. { He'd take 'em, &c. } *Together.*

COUNT. He comes.

KING. My guards.

*Enter GUARDS, CHAMBERLAIN, COURTIERS, MOLLYMOPSA,
LUCIDORA, and Suite.*

COUNT. (*aside*) O, vengeance !

(*Exit*)

VIS. What's the row ?

GRACE. (*to LUCIDORA*) I've cleared the bottle.

KING. Clear yourself, then.

GRACE. How ?

KING. To prison with him, since he can't reply.

GRACE. What have I done ?

KING. What can that signify ?

Hence with him—stay, give me that bottle first.

QUEEN. What is he guilty of ? I'll know the worst.

KING. You take uncommon interest in his fate.

Perhaps you love him ?

QUEEN. Much as you I hate.

ALL. O, rash confession !

QUEEN. You're a tyrant !—he

The very nicest young man that can be !

*Ensemble—KING, QUEEN, GRACEFUL, and COURT—“Pen
and Ink Polka.”*

KING. Here's a go ! Treason ho !

Let the doors be locked all !

LADIES *and* GENTS. Lack-a-day ! well-a-way !

We're extremely shocked all !

KING. Seize the wretch ! Let Jack Ketch
Take him by the throttle !

(GUARDS *seize* GRACEFUL)

GRACE. Of this precious bottle
Somebody take care.

(MOLLYMOPSA *takes it from him*)

QUEEN. Tyrant, hold ! My locks of gold
I'll cut and sell to pay his ransom !

GRACE. Madam, don't ! I beg you won't !
My life is hanging by that hair.

KING. She would shave her head to save
That traitor's whom she think's so handsome.
Dread my wrath !

QUEEN. Oh, go to Bath,
And get your head shaved there !

KING *and* COURT. Here's a go, &c.
Lack-a-day, &c.

KING. He shall swing, on a string,
Without judge or jury.
Tremble at my fury !
I'm as savage as a bear !

QUEEN	}	Why, sir, all this fury, pray ?	{	He's	}	innocent,
<i>and</i>				I'm		swear !
GRACE.						

GUARDS *drag* GRACEFUL *off*—LUCIDORA *is carried off, fainting*—MOLLYMOPSA *runs out with the bottle.*

KING. She owns she loves him—I shall choke with rage ;
To a great king prefer a paltry page.
Haply, for I take snuff, she thinks me dirty ;
Or, for I'm on the shady side of thirty.
But that's not much, I'm only thirty-four.
Ha ! the elixir, that can youth restore !
One draught will make me quite a boy again,
And my face handsome, were it even plain.
They've placed it in her dressing-room, no doubt ;
Suppose I just steal in when she comes out.
But then suppose she hasn't drawn the cork,
Well, can't I get a corkscrew or a fork ?
As if to broach a pint of Allsop's pale.
This deed I'll do before this purpose fail.

(Exit)

SCENE SIXTH.—*A Corridor in the Palace.*

Enter MOLLYMOPSA.

MOL. Was ever maid in such a desperate case.

As sure as can be, I shall lose my place.

The bottle I was told to take such care of,

Is broken into bits, there's not a pair of.

What shall I do? I certainly did stop

To try if I could sip a little drop.

But oh, the cruel spite of fortune see,

The bottle had a drop instead of me.

(shews neck of magic bottle)

If I knew where another could be bought,

But there, I'm sold. O Gemini, a thought!

In the King's study I have surely seen

One of this shape, and just this colour'd green.

What's in it, goodness knows—but something nice,

No doubt, as it's the King's, so in a trice

I'll fetch it, slip over the neck this label,

And place it on my lady's dressing-table.

(Exit)

Song—MOLLYMOPSA—"The Last Rose of Summer."

'Tis my last chance, and somehow

Or other, if blown

On my courtly companions

The blame may be thrown.

No page of the back stairs,

No usher is nigh,

To see me with that bottle,

Brush off on the sly.

At least if found out, and

Discharged I should be,

Some ladies, I trust, will

Take warning by me;

And though it be simply

Of eau-de-cologne,

Drop the habit of cracking

A bottle alone.

Enter KING.

KING. I tremble so, I know not what's come o'er me—

(*starts*) Is this a corkscrew that I see before me ?

The handle towards my hand—clutch thee I will !

I have thee not—and yet I see thee still !

Art thou a hardware article ? or, oh !

Simply a fancy article, for show.

A corkscrew of the mind—a false creation

Of crooked ways, a strong insinuation !

I see thee yet, as plain as e'er I saw

This patent one, which any cork can draw !

(*shewing patent corkscrew*)

Thou marshal'st me the way that I should choose,

And such an instrument I was to use !

There's no such thing ; 'tis what I steal to do,

That on my fancy thus has put the screw.

I go, and it is done. (*going*) Confound it ! there's

That stupid Mollymopsa on the stairs.

Enter MOLLYMOPSA, cautiously—as she enters the KING slips out unseen.

MOL. Of my sad smash I've swept up every trace,

And put the other bottle in its place.

The Queen ! I tremble to appear before her.

And this way comes the captive.

Enter GUARDS, GRACEFUL, QUEEN LUCIDORA, and Suite, VISCOUNT.

GRACE.

Lucidora !

QUEEN. Lead me, my virgins, lead me to that voice ;

I am not married, and he is my choice !

Drag not this gentle gentleman to jail,

I'll find two housekeepers to be his bail.

I'm one myself—a queen, whose debts all paid are.

GRACE. Hear this, ye Gods ! and wonder how you made her !

OFFICER. To bail he cannot be admitted.

QUEEN.

No !

Then I'll to prison with him.

KING. (*within*)

Help, there, ho !

(*Exit VISCOUNT*)

QUEEN. What voice was that ?

GRACE.

My royal master's surely.

Re-enter VISCOUNT.

VIS. Run for a doctor, the King's taken poorly.

*Exeunt OFFICER and VISCOUNT.*QUEEN. The cramp has seized his conscience, I presume.
What business has he in my dressing-room ?*Re-enter VISCOUNT, with bottle.*

VIS. Oh, horror ! horror ! Madam——

Enter COURTIERs from different entrances.

QUEEN.

Well, proceed.

VIS. His Majesty is very ill, indeed.

(*two COURTIERs exeunt*)

Drunk something that has with him disagreed,

Out of this fatal bottle.

(*shews bottle*)

QUEEN.

Ha ! made free,

With my superior patent eau de vie !

But some one must have changed it, for look here,

'Tis thick as ditch water !

GRACE.

That's very clear !

QUEEN. Where could he find this composition muddy ?

Enter COUNT, pale and agitated.

COUNT. The fly water is missing from the study !

GRACE. The German fly-water beyond a doubt.

(*MOLLYMOPSA comes forward and falls at QUEEN's feet*)

MOL. Oh, madam, pardon me, the murder's out !

I chanced the other bottle just to crack——

COUNT. Ha ! bind the traitress on the bottle rack.

QUEEN. Stay—'twas an accident—she didn't mean——

GRACE. Look, the King comes, his courtiers borne
between.

The KING is borne forward in an arm-chair by the two
COURTIERS.

COUNT. How fares your Majesty ?

KING. Poisoned ! Ill fare !

I loved a lady who had golden hair ;

And she has set my heart on fire—I burn !

Send for the engines—on the water turn !

COUNT. Alas ! he raves !

KING. More water—let me suck it

From every hose, or I shall kick the bucket.

Go fetch the fire-escape—ah, no, I see !

'Tis locked up, and the sexton has the key !

And he lives, heaven knows where, in some blind
alley,

And I must blaze, while you stand shilly shally !

My roof is falling in—hark, there's a shout—

There, there—stop playing. I am going out,

As my friend George * says, "going—going—gone !" "
(dies)

QUEEN. A heavy lot, so let it be withdrawn.

(they bear out KING)

VIS. The King is dead, therefore long live the
King !

COUNT. Quite constitutional—but there's one thing

To be considered ; he has left no heir

To wield his sceptre, and to fill his chair.

He died before he made this lady wife, too ;

Therefore we've got no king to cry long life to !

QUEEN. I am a queen in my own right, and so

* Robins, the eminent auctioneer. See p. 124.

I'll marry Graceful, if he won't say no ;
And give him all the gold in my state coffer !
GRACE. Leap year or not, I jump, ma'am, at the offer.

Scene Changes.

Three FAIRIES appear.

FAIRY. A very proper thing for both to do.
QUEEN. Mercy upon us ! pray, sir, who are you ?
FAIRY. We are three fairies, lately fish and fowl ;
I was a carp, my friend here was an owl !
My other friend, for some *cause*, was a crow ;
All needed Graceful's aid, and had it, so
We served him in return, and now in glory,
Come here to terminate this fairy story.
QUEEN. You're welcome ; prithee make yourselves at
home.
Dear Graceful, now no further need we roam,
But over both these kingdoms we will reign
Together.
GRACE. Nay, to rule here we must gain
Permission first the vacant throne to fill.
Your voices, lords—I pray you let her will
Have its free way—consent—don't pause about it,
For *here*, you know, we can't *succeed* without it.

FINALE—" *Wha'll be King but Charlie.*"

GRACE. Approve the Fair with Golden Hair,
Of smiles be every face full,
Confirm her choice
With hand and voice,
And make a king of Graceful.
Come all together,
Whate'er the weather,
And fill this merry place full ;
Nor cloud too soon
The honeymoon
Of Golden Locks and Graceful.

Of kingdoms two *
 To make one new
 We need your approbation ;
 Pray don't think twice,
 Nor over *nice*,†
 Oppose this annexation.
 Vote all together,
 Nor question whether
 Of danger 'tis a case full ;
 And without fears
 Let our *front tiers*
 Be "rectified" for Graceful !

CHORUS. Come all together, &c.

CURTAIN.

* Additional verse, when the Extravaganza was revived.

† Nice, in Savoy, was at the time of the piece being revived in 1860 annexed to France by Napoleon III., on the plea of "rectification of frontiers."

THE DRAMA AT HOME;

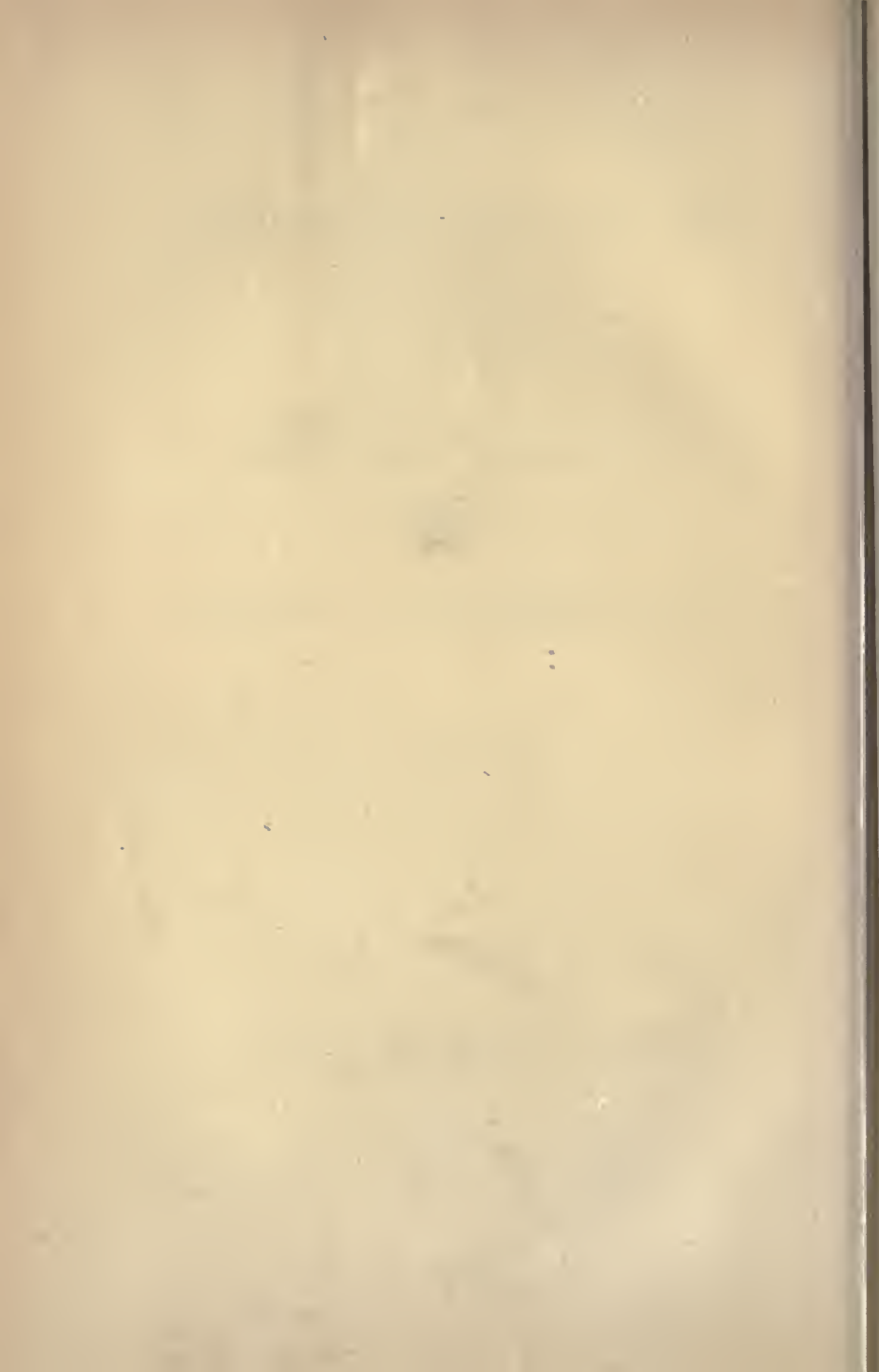
OR,

AN EVENING WITH PUFF.

An Original, Occasional, and Local Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on
Easter Monday, April 8th, 1844.



THE DRAMA AT HOME ;

OR

AN EVENING WITH PUFF.

By my engagement with Mr. B. Webster I was bound to produce an Easter as well as a Christmas piece ; but I was at liberty to choose my subject, and having written a Fairy Extravaganza for Christmas, I considered it better, if only for variety's sake, to "change the spirit of my dream" at the ensuing holidays. The recent abolition of the monopoly of the legitimate drama by the patent theatres, of the limitation of the seasons of the minors, and the establishment by law of free trade in theatricals, throughout the Metropolis, together with the extraordinary state of dramatic affairs existing at that moment, appeared to me to present an excellent foundation for one of those *Revue*s which I had been the first to introduce to this country, and had been so favourably received by the public at the Adelphi in 1825, and thirteen years afterwards at the Olympic, when Madame Vestris took her farewell on her departure for America.

In the latter instance it was specially a *pièce d'occasion*, and the majority of the allusions necessarily personal. In the one I now contemplated the scope would be wider, and in reviewing the productions at other houses, and the various exhibitions and entertainments which had attracted public attention during the current season, I should find opportunities for expressing my humble opinions on the unprecedented condition of the English stage, which, however open to correction, were as honestly entertained as I trust they were inoffensively promulgated. The great question was, could I render such a subject amusing. That I succeeded in so doing by the aid of the artists employed in its representation is sufficiently on record. The cast included Charles Mathews, James Bland, Miss P. Horton, and Mrs. Glover. I confess it was with some timidity I saw that noble actress enter the green-room in obedience to a call for the reading of the new burlesque; but great was my pride and gratification on observing that she enjoyed every line of it, and received the part assigned to her without the slightest hesitation. How she acted it no one who did not see her can imagine. Charles Mathews had already established a reputation for his "Puff" in "The Critic," which he fully sustained in my humble imitation of it, and J. Bland and Miss P. Horton were all that could be desired as Punch and Ariel, the only other principal characters. It was worth writing, indeed, for such interpreters.

It is necessary for me briefly to state to the reader of the present day the condition of the London stage five-and-thirty years ago. The Drama, although just emancipated from the absurd and vexatious regulations under which it had so long existed, had at that moment literally no "home" except at "the little theatre," as it was called, in the Haymarket. Macready, disgusted at the conduct of the purblind proprietors of Drury Lane, had retired from management, and the great, over-rented theatre was temporarily occupied by an Italian opera company. The proprietors of Covent Garden having *ingeniously* contrived to get rid of Madame Vestris, had been compelled to close its doors prematurely, and after an abortive attempt of Henry Wallack and a brief and a desperate struggle by Bunn, ceased to be a temple of the National Drama, and was in 1844 rented by M. Jullien for his Promenade Concerts. The marginal notes to the following pages will sufficiently explain my allusions to other contemporary circumstances which were, of course, well-known to the play-going public of that period; who heartily and hilariously endorsed the running commentary upon them. History, it is said, repeats itself. In this year of grace 1879, the Drama's only permanent "home" is the Haymarket. Drury Lane has closed its doors in the height of its season and is tenantless. Covent Garden has been for years an Italian Opera House, occasionally let to speculators for the production of a Christmas pantomime or promenade

concerts. At all the other theatres spasmodical revivals of Shakespeare, Goldsmith, and Sheridan are resorted to with more or less success ; but until a theatre is established on such a foundation as not to be influenced by the predominating taste of the public, there is no hope of our possessing one worthy the glorious Drama of this country. The miserable collapse of Drury Lane and the ejection of an efficient company and all the *employés* into the streets, has awakened the profession to the necessity of obtaining a house for themselves, and I can only say with Punch in this piece, I sincerely wish they may get it.

PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

*RUINS OF THE ANCIENT TEMPLE OF THE
DRAMA,*

With a Miserable Prospect and DISSOLVING View of the Company.

THE DRAMA (*in extremis*) MRS. GLOVER
OPHELIA (quite crazy, and no wonder)... .. MRS. CAULFIELD *

Dramatis Personæ in want of Situations as well as Dialogue :—
Messrs. Santer, Ennis, Williamson, Lawler, Conram, Alderson, J.
Jones, Leigh, Aldridge, Weston, Manwarren, Russell, &c. ; Mesdames
Mansfield, Jones, King, Dubois, C. Dubois, Reynolds, Sugden, &c.

CRITICAL APPEARANCE OF PUFF.

PUFF (Author of the celebrated Tragedy of the
"Spanish Armada") MR. CHARLES MATHEWS

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

With a Peep at the Stars through the Portico.

RICHARD III.	{ (From Drury Lane) }	MR. WORRELL
LORD STANLEY		MR. CARLE
ARNOLD	{ (From "Guillaume Tell") }	MR. CAULFIELD
MATILDA		MRS. CAULFIELD
THE PERI	{ (From the Ballet) }	MISS SELWYN
ACHMET		MR. IRELAND

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN

(*Under a Cloud*).

"It may be for years—and it may be for ever."—*Popular Song.*

ARIEL (From the "Tempest," the Adelaide Gallery, and the Royal Polytechnic Institution)	MISS P. HORTON
OTHELLO (Off the boards, but between them)	MR. ENNIS
MACBETH (Up to snuff)	MR. HOWARD
PUNCH (From the Office—just out—though his Mother is not aware of it)	MR. JAMES BLAND
PORTIA (From the "Merchant of Venice," with an entirely <i>New Act</i> never contemplated by Shakespeare)... ..	MISS LEE
NERISSA (Who has got the bag)... ..	MISS GROVE

* Formerly Miss Mattley.

THE LITTLE THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET

Its First Appearance on its own Stage (by the kind permission of Benjamin Webster, Esq., Lessee).

FALSTAFF	{	(From the "Merry Wives of Windsor")	{	MR. T. F. MATTHEWS
MRS. PAGE				MISS JONES
MRS. FORD				MRS. WORRELL
KATHERINA	{	(From the "Taming of the Shrew")	{	MISS MANSFIELD
PETRUCHIO				MR. CARLE

THE DRAMA AT HOME.

Presentation to the Drama by Mr. Puff from the Minor Theatres on their late Emancipation.

"THE CHRISTMAS CAROL," from the Adelphi.

Spirit of Christmas Past, MISS KENDALL. Spirit of Christmas Present, MR. J. JONES. Spirit of Christmas Future, MISS CONNOR. Old Scrooge, MR. SANTER.

"THE ROAD OF LIFE, OR THE CABMAN'S CAREER,"
From the Olympic.

Tim Turnstile, MR. ALDRIDGE.

"SUSAN HOPLEY," from the Victoria.

Susan, MISS PHILLIPS.

"THE LAST SHILLING," from the Surrey.

Farmer Hazard, MR. HOWARD. Fanny, MISS DUBOIS. Paul Peril, MR. E. WITTEN.

"THE MAGIC MIRROR," from the Princess's.

Poo Poo, MR. ECCLES.

The whole to conclude with a

GRAND ANOMALOUS PROCESSION OF THE
LONDON EXHIBITIONS

(In which the Drama playfully "takes a sight" at the sights), and
MEDLEY FINALE.

THE DRAMA AT HOME;

OR,

AN EVENING WITH PUFF.

SCENE.—*A Desert—in the centre the Ruins of the Temple of the DRAMA.*

The DRAMA, in a wretched condition, is discovered, gazing on her ruined Temple, and surrounded by her Sons and Daughters..

Air and Chorus—OPHELIA—"Over the mountain and over the moor."

Over the mountain and over the moor,
 Hungry and barefoot, we wander forlorn ;
 Melpomene's dead and Thalia is poor,
 We sigh for the days that will never return.
 Pity, kind gentlefolks, friends of Theatricals,
 Banish'd the Garden, scarce heard in the Lane,
 Give us some food for our mother, for charity,
 Find a snug home for the Drama again.

(Exeunt separately)

DRA. Aye, go, my children, do the best ye may !
 The Drama, like a dog, has had her day,
 And worse than any dog she now is treated—
 Turned out of doors, deserted, bullied, cheated ;
 Her halls in ruins, or possessed by foes,
 Or opened one day but the next to close ;
 Reduced to the last stage, her hopes all fled,
 Her hapless offspring now must beg their bread.

Jaffier is not worth half a ducat now ;
 Who steals Iago's purse, steals trash, I vow ;
 Poor Juliet can't afford the smallest *bier* ;
 Macbeth has fallen quite into the sere ;
 The Road to Ruin, Dornton faster goes ;
 No Way to Keep Him luckless Lovemore knows ;
 Macheath must boldly take the road again ;
 Old Justice Greedy licks his chops in vain ;
 George Barnwell fails to make his uncle *bleed* ;
 Othello's occupation's gone indeed !
 Oh, Fate ! I'll lay me down at once, and die.

A chord—A large posting-bill appears on the wall, upon which is written—“UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION ! ‘The CRITIC’ EVERY EVENING. PUFF BY—” the rest is torn off—Music ; the wall opens, and

Enter PUFF.

PUFF. Die ?—nonsense !

DRA.

Who are you, sir ?

PUFF.

Who am I ?

Why, madam, you must know me well enough.

The Drama cannot have forgotten Puff.

DRA. Ah, Puff ! “my grief was blind,” as Richard says ;

But even you can't help me now-a-days.

Puff's put his hand to bills for me so oft,

That in the market they are worthless.

PUFF.

Soft !

No scandal against Queen Elizabeth, pray ;

I've come to shew you there is still a way

To make your fortune—sink the stage !

DRA.

That's done !

PUFF. I've twenty famous schemes on foot, each one

Certain to fill the speculator's purse.

But let me speak in prose, I can't bear verse.

DRA. E'en as you will, it matters not to me,

So that your language but dramatic be.

PUFF. Dramatic ! My dear madam, don't you remember my tragedy—my celebrated tragedy of the “Spanish Armada,”—that they rehearsed I can't say how many

times at all the houses? The language of Puff not dramatic! Genius of Sheridan!

DRA. I'm glad to hear you invoke his genius, for it was but the other day I was told he had none.

PUFF. For tragedy?

DRA. For comedy.

PUFF. And who could venture?

DRA. Oh, one of my would-be doctors, who are always prescribing for the Drama, yet can never agree as to the cause of her decline.

PUFF. Late dinner hours, and bad company.

DRA. So some tell me—others attribute it to a surfeit of French dishes: but when I am starving for food I must take what I can get,—besides, all depends upon the cooking, and I've been mighty sick upon English fare occasionally.

PUFF. Did you ever try cold water?

DRA. I've had a great deal thrown on me lately.

DRA. It did Melo-drama a world of good at Sadler's Wells some years ago; and permit me—this is one of my favourite projects. (*producing paper*) I have just written the prospectus of the New Metropolitan Grand Junction Hydropathic Society, or Cold Water for the Million Company. "The projectors of this great national undertaking having seen an advertisement stating that the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, is to be let for any purpose for which the building is available, beg to inform the public that they are in treaty for a lease of those extensive premises, the proprietors of which having been long in hot water, are desirous of trying cold, and trust shortly to reopen that once popular establishment under high and distinguished patronage. The stage being completely useless, will be converted into a reservoir, and the central chandelier being removed, a capacious shower bath will be erected, which, as soon as the pit is completely full, will be emptied without fail upon the subscribers, who will have the privilege of sitting in their wet clothes from seven till eleven; a period, it is imagined, amply sufficient for testing the efficacy of this admirable system. N.B.—In anticipation of the nightly overflows, an extra pit door will be opened to let the water out, after the audience is completely saturated.

—No mackintoshes, or umbrellas, can possibly be admitted."

DRA. Ah me! Time was the pit was drowned in tears!

PUFF. "Those times are past, Floranthe!"*

DRA. And how do you propose to benefit me or mine by this project?

PUFF. You can provide for Ophelia, who has always had a tendency to cold water: I'll propose her to be resident directress, with a bed in the grave trap, and the run of the cistern.

DRA. "Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia."—Is there no other remedy?

PUFF. No other? a hundred!—all equally efficacious. You remember "Animal Magnetism?"

DRA. Perfectly; a capital farce† that brought many a good half price in better days.

PUFF. You'd make ten times the money by the same farce under its new title of mesmerism, and by the personal application of it escape a great deal of anxiety. For instance, once thrown into a state of magnetic slumber, you become insensible to pain,—I might cut off the whole free list of a theatre, the public press excepted, and you wouldn't be in the slightest degree aware of it! All complimentary admissions might be suspended without interfering with the healthful action of your own faculties, and by the communication of the magnetic fluid to the audience, roars of laughter, or floods of tears could be produced at the pleasure of the operators.

DRA. And the audience asleep all the while?

PUFF. As fast as Lady Macbeth, or Juliet, after she has taken the friar's balsam! I've spoken to both those ladies on the subject—they are delighted with the notion, and have offered themselves as subjects for experiment, one attended by her doctor, and the other by Romeo's apothecary.

DRA. Well, there is some appearance of *acting* in this; and therefore, I prefer it to the aquatic scheme.

* A familiar quotation in professional circles from George Colman's play of the "Mountaineers."

† By Mrs. Inchbald, first performed at Covent Garden, 1788.

PUFF. And it can't signify to you whether the audience are lulled to sleep by the five fingers of a professor of mesmerism, or the five acts of a dull tragedy.

DRA. Particularly if they can be made to applaud in the right places.

PUFF. In the right places !—My dear madam, that's being a little too particular,—people seldom applaud in the right places when they're awake—you wouldn't have them more discriminating in their dreams. If they applaud at *all*, that's the great thing ; and if Puff has the management of the business there shall be thunders of approbation, from the rising of the foot-lights to the covering up of the boxes after the performances are over. They shall call for the carpenters, fling bouquets to the box-keepers, and, in the height of their enthusiasm, offer twice as much to get out of a theatre as they paid to come into it !

DRA. I can't believe you.

PUFF. Not believe Puff ! “Then is doomsday near.” I'll give you ocular demonstration, that is, to your mind's eye, if you have a mind. (*stamps, a chair rises*) Be so good as to place yourself in that chair—it is the very one Macbeth thinks he sees Banquo in. Now don't be afraid ; I've written so much on this wonderful science that I may truly say—I have got it at my fingers' ends.

The DRAMA seats herself in the chair—PUFF waves his hand before her eyes in the received manner, and sings—

AIR—“ *Oh slumber, my darling.*”

Oh slumber, my Drama, and Puff, by his slight
Of hand, shall soon make you believe “black is white.”
The stage, and the scenes, and the actors, you'll see
As perfect as Puff can declare them to be !
Then slumber, my Drama—oh dream while you may ;
For if you awake—there's an end of the play.

Flourish, and lights down—The Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, rises ; and as soon as the building is up, the portion beneath the portico opens, and the stage is seen with a tableau from the play of “Richard III.,” as lately performed there,

Now, madam, as you are fast asleep, be kind enough to inform me where you are, and what you see?

DRA. Vision of glory!—I'm at Drury Lane

With Shakespeare—"Richard is himself again!"

PUFF. I told you so.

STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE *over the portico*—Awake!

Beware of fibbers!

That Richard's none of mine—"Tis Colley Cibbers!

(*portico closes—lights up*)

DRA. Ha!—(*starts up*)

PUFF. Rot that Shakespeare, he always speaks the truth! I wonder what the devil they stuck him up there for. There was a leaden Apollo, with a lyre in his hand, on the top of the old building—much more appropriate to the new one—where William Tell draws more than William Shakespeare. But you see, madam, I did not deceive you.

DRA. No, for you *did* deceive me—"Twas a dream, too bright to last!

PUFF. What's the odds, so long as you're happy? and in these times you ought to be happy to find a theatre open at all, particularly one that has been crowded three nights a week to hear—"The most eminent singer in Europe."

DRA. Oh, Puff! Puff!

PUFF. Upon my honour, and no puff.

Name but Duprez, the public and the press

Will own that he deserved "immense success."*

Music from "William Tell"—The portico opens and discloses a tableau from the opera—ARNOLD and MATILDA—Part of duet sung from Second Act, and portico closes.

DRA. Well, that is very sweet, I must admit.

PUFF. 'Twas sure to tell, as Tell was sure to hit. But you must allow me to introduce to you another distinguished foreigner, who kept open house for you before Christmas.

Music—The portico opens and discovers a tableau from the ballet of the "Peri."

* A celebrated tenor at this time, whose performance of Guillaume Tell in the opera of that name was specially distinguished by his *ut de poitrine*.

DRA. Mercy upon me ! Who is this I see ?

PUFF. An incarnation of Terpsichore ; own sister to Thalia and Melpomene, by Jupiter—according to Tattersall's edition of "Lempriere's Classical Dictionary." In plain English, the "Pet of the Ballet." That, madam, is the bewitching Peri who turned the benches of Drury Lane into so many Paradise Rows, and the most sceptical critics into true believers. Would you be so obliging, most beautiful Pagan, as to favour us with that lover's leap which has made Sappho's contemptible ?

*(music—the PERI leaps into the arms of ACHMET—the portico closes)**

Brava ! Bravissima ! Dancing has charms to soothe the savage breast !

DRA. "Music" is the original text.

PUFF. Congreve's—but he knew nothing of dancing. Had he lived in these days he would have changed his tune, or written, "*Ballet-music hath charms.*" Music is making great strides, I allow, but dancing jumps over everything—clears a fortune at a bound—*exempli gratia* ; and should be painted like a new Colossus, bestriding the world, with one fantastic toe in St. Petersburg and the other in Philadelphia. Was there ever anything in mere music to equal the tour-de-force you have just witnessed ?

DRA. It was more like a *catch* than anything else.

PUFF. It was a great catch for the manager, I can tell you.

DRA. And Covent Garden, though it used me ill,

With all its faults, alas ! I love it still.

Once more let me behold that noble fane.

PUFF. Unmesmerised, I fear 'twill give you pain.

DRA. No matter.

PUFF. Well, then, to oblige you, there !

Music—Clouds descend quickly before Drury Lane, rise immediately, and discover Covent Garden ; the building

* See "The Fair One with the Golden Locks," page 239.

is almost entirely covered by an enormous red and white poster :—"THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,—DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII, EVERY EVENING."*

DRA. Why, where's the theatre ?

PUFF. Before you.

DRA. Where ?

PUFF. My dear madam, did you ever see the moon behind a cloud ?

DRA. Never.

PUFF. Of course not, because it *is* behind a cloud, and for a similar reason you can't see the theatre, because it is behind the poster. The great thing now, madam, is your poster, it can't be too large ; the notion's a capital one, for lookye, madam, the public may not come to see the entertainment, but by Jove they can't help seeing the bill.

DRA. Then they do play something here still, according to that announcement ?

PUFF. Play something !—to be sure they do.

DRA. What ?

PUFF. The fiddle in general, and the cornet-à-piston in particular.

DRA. But what has the fiddle to do with the destruction of Pompeii ?

PUFF. A great deal, ma'am. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning ; why shouldn't Jullien fiddle when Pompeii is destroyed ? But the great feature is the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

DRA. On the stage ?

PUFF. No, that's been done a hundred times ; this is a perfectly novel idea—you'd never guess. What do you think of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the one-shilling gallery ?

DRA. You're joking !

PUFF. Am I ?

* A fantastic composition which Jullien introduced into his Promenade Concerts. It was styled in the bills a grand descriptive fantasia from Roch Albert's opera, the principal features of which were stated to be "Eruption of the Crater, falling of the Temples and total destruction of the city." These effects considerably startled the audience.

Discordant music, accompanied by tolling of bells, thunder, beating of gongs, red fire, &c.

DRA. Mercy upon me ! what's that ?

PUFF. That ? That's it !

DRA. The eruption ?

PUFF. Yes, the destruction of Pompeii. "Guns, trumpets, blunderbusses, drums, and thunder." The music and red fire of a melo-drama without the dialogue—a great improvement——

DRA. Or the acting.

PUFF. Certainly ; who cares for acting now-a-days ! the public want startling effects, madam, not fine language or natural acting ; "good worts, good cabbage," as Falstaff says. Get your effects, madam, no matter how, but get them, and the faster the better. Bless your soul, I've learned a great deal since I wrote the "Spanish Armada," I've a tragedy in hand now, the five acts of which contain only one detonating ball in each, and will go off as fast as the principal actors can stamp upon them. If that hangs fire, the devil's in it !

DRA. But still my Theatres Royal——

PUFF. Were not licensed pursuant to the 25th of George the Second, for music and dancing only ; certainly not ; but so it is—'tis true, 'tis pity, pity 'tis 'tis true ! And, therefore, I return to my project of the Metropolitan Grand Junction Hydropathic—but stay—a thought—as you seem quite abroad already, what do you say to emigration—one of my favourite remedies ?

DRA. Emigration ! whither ?

PUFF. "Wherever you please, my pretty little, dear !"—Sydney, New Zealand, Hong Kong ; you've only to choose, they're all at a convenient distance. In these wonderful days we can put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes.

Song—PUFF—French Air.

"Ye gods !" exclaimed a *modest* youth, "requite my fond devotion ;

Annihilate both time and space, and make two lovers blest !"

And really we have lived to see such powers of locomotion,
One might suppose the gods had kindly granted his
request.

Steam can over terra firma send us swiftly darting,
And soon a flying omnibus our wildest hopes will crown.
Every twenty minutes from the Bank you'll see it starting,
For Greenwich or for Greenland, Hampstead Heath or
Hobart Town.

Folks who wish for change of air may get it in a twinkling ;
Drive along the Milky Way instead of Rotten Row ;
Or if to drink the best Bohea in China you've an inkling,
An early train will set you down to breakfast in Ningpo.

"Over land to India" now excites no admiration,
"Over sky to Botany Bay" will sound as common soon.
Glorious news, Old England, for your surplus population !
Companies are forming fast to colonise the moon.

Swifter than the bullet speeds, or arrow from the bow flies,
Hasten, happy lunatics, in air to take your swing ;
Man's ambition now is but to travel as the crow flies ;
The time is come, indeed, to say that time is on the wing.

Come then, who's for Mexico, Pekin or Otaheite !
For Charles's Wain, the Pleiades, the Great or Little Bear ?
The Cloud Conveyance Company will run you from the
City,
In Coaches to the Elephant and Castle—in the air.

Ecce Signum !

Music—ARIEL *appears in a flying carriage.*

DRA. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us !
PUFF. The coach is ready ; whither shall we wend us ?

DRA. But who's the coachman ?

ARIEL. Mistress, don't you know ?

I was the servant of old Prospero,

- Until he left off business—shut up shop,
And told his Ariel the twig to hop.
- DRA. What, Ariel ! My brave spirit, is it thou ?
I fear you don't "so merrily live now."
- ARIEL. Your pardon, madam, thanks to Mr. Puff,
I get my living merrily enough ;
I am engaged, ma'am, at a handsome salary
By the directors of the Adelaide Gallery,*
To lecture upon Ariel Navigation ;
The hobby of the *Greens* of every nation,
And at the Polytechnic Institution,
To put all sorts of pranks in execution.
In my old line, "to swim, to drive, to ride,
On the curled clouds," and heaven knows what
beside ;
So 'twixt the twain, I have enough to do.
- DRA. What are these places like ?—to me they're new.
- ARIEL. Places they are, like our enchanted isle,
"Full of strange noises"—sights to make you smile,
And wonder—till bewitched you almost feel,
Though nothing shocks you but the Electric Eel.

Song—ARIEL—"Where the bee sucks."

Where the fleas work, there work I,
In the diving-bell I 'lie,
Tho' the public "humbug" cry,
In the aëriel ship I fly.
At the Adelaide Gallery,
Merrily, merrily do I live now,
Under the favour of Puff, I allow.

Merrily, merrily, &c., &c.

- DRA. Would all my children as well off I knew.
- PUFF. I have employment found for one or two.
- DRA. Where's poor Othello ?

* The Adelaide Gallery, adjoining Lowther Arcade, was originally devoted to science. It was subsequently converted into a casino, was altered to the Marionette Theatre in 1852, and is now one of the refreshment rooms of Messrs. Gatti.

PUFF. Posted close at hand,
Boardman to Warren, No. 30, Strand.

(music—OTHELLO enters with Warren's blacking boards on his back)

Air—PUFF—"The Coal Black Rose."

Poor Othello, done quite brown,
Driven off the boards by Fortune's frown,
Between a pair is glad to get
And prove he's not as black as "Warren's brilliant jet."
Jim Crows and fiddlers' bows
Have quite put out of joint his poor black nose.

ARIEL. Ah, there, no doubt, you'd influence enough;
The blacking trade owes much, indeed, to Puff.

DRA. And Macbeth?

PUFF. Set up a cigar divan,
And stands at his own door as a Highlandman.

*(music—Wing changes to cigar divan shop,
with MACBETH at door)*

Song—ARIEL—"A Highland lad my love was born."

A Highland chief Macbeth was born,
The London stage he has left in scorn,
And he's opened a cigar divan,
Where he stands at his door as a Highlandman.

Sing O! my braw John Highlandman—
Sing hey! my braw John Highlandman—
If you wish to smoke a real Havan—
You should deal with my John Highlandman!

ARIEL touches MACBETH with her wand; he leaves his door,
advances to OTHELLO, who goes to meet him—MACBETH
offers him his mull—They take snuff, shake hands, and
exeunt.

DRA. And Shylock?

ARIEL. Hush ! he's kicked up such a breeze ;
Opened a slop shop in the Minories,
And picked up money just as if 'twere dirt ;
But you have heard Tom Hood's "Song of the
Shirt."

DRA. No.

ARIEL. 'Twas in Punch.*

DRA. Still ignorance I own.

ARIEL. Not to know Punch, argues yourself unknown !

DRA. I do remember, a long time ago,
There was a fellow kept a puppet show
So called, whose wooden actors played some tricks
That made folks laugh—I thought 'em precious sticks.

PUFF. Not half such sticks as some of yours I've seen.

DRA. That's not like Puff.

PUFF. Oh, that's ourselves between ;
Not that I'm fond of Signor Punchinello ;
He writes himself. No friend of mine. The fellow
Blows his own trumpet,—don't employ me,
And out-puffs every puff that he can see.

*Music—PUNCH squeaks without, and a wing changes to the
window of the "Punch" Office, at which PUNCH appears.*

PUNCH. Roo, too, too, too !
(hits PUFF a rap with his bâton)

PUFF. You'll be the death of me ! be quiet do !

Air—PUNCH—"Punch cures the gout."

Punch is just out,
Come buy my laugh provokers,
For I'm own'd by every man
'To be the best of jokers !
Buy Punch's almanack,
Laugh till your sides you crack,
Mine is the real *Rack*,—
Punch of a pun, sir ;

* Hood's world-renowned "Song of the Shirt" originally appeared in *Punch*, 16th December, 1843.

Buy Punch's pocket-book ;
 Ne'er in another look ;
 Every line bears a hook
 Baited with fun, sir !
 Here's Punch's Christmas piece,
 All other swans are geese,
 Who can your mirth increase,
 Like Punchinello ?
 Root, too, too, too, too !
 Down with the devils blue !
 Laugh as you ought to do,
 Or you're a stupid fellow !

(*pokes PUFF*)

PUFF. Let me alone ! (*to DRAMA*) Madam, are you inclined

To go to China ?

DRA. I have half a mind,
 If you will puff me off.

PUFF. Of course.

DRA. How long
 D'ye think 'twill take to waft me to Hong Kong ?

PUFF. Five hours and twenty minutes, to a second,
 The time has been most accurately reckoned.
 You start at ten from the Chinese Collection
 At Knightsbridge.* By the way, upon reflection,
 If only to *see* China is your care,
 You needn't stir a step—you have it *there*.

PUNCH. Ah, Puff again ! (*pokes him*)

PUFF. If that's a puff, sir, choke me.
 Zounds and the devil, Punch, you quite provoke me !

PUNCH. Why, you've cried "Wolf !" till, like the shepherd youth,

You're not believed when you do speak the truth.

ARIEL. Now Blackwall, Egypt, China, Newfoundland !

PUFF. Madam, will you allow me in to hand—

* The Exhibition here alluded to was one of the principal sights of London at this time, and created considerable attention. It was situated immediately west of the Alexandra Hotel.

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

POR. Tarry a little !

ALL Portia !

POR. Even so.

DRA. Come you from Padua, from Bellario ?

POR. No, ma'am, from Westminster ; why would you roam ?

DRA. Because they've ceased to care for me at home.

POR. Then you've not heard the news—the Drama's free !

ALL Free !

POR. To go where she will.

DRA. It cannot be !

Except to exile, therefore, in despair,
"To foreign climates my old trunk I bear."

POR. I say you're free to act where'er you please.

No longer pinioned by the Patentees,
Need our immortal Shakespeare mute remain,
Fixed on the portico of Drury Lane ;
Or the nine Muses mourn the Drama's fall,
Without *relief*, on Covent Garden's wall.
Sheridan now at Islington may shine ;
Marylebone echo "Marlow's mighty line ;"
Otway may raise the waters Lambeth yields,
And Farquhar sparkle in St. George's Fields ;
Wycherley fluster a Whitechapel pit,
And Congreve wake all "Middlesex to Wit."

ARIEL. Here's news indeed !

PUFF. Important, if a fact.

DRA. Is that the law ?

POR. "Thyself shall see the act."

DRA. O joyful day ! then I may flourish still !

PUNCH. May ! Well, that's something ; let us hope you will.

A stage may rise for you, now law will let it,
And Punch sincerely "wishes you may get it !"

PUFF. A stage *may* rise !—There always was a stage
In London, for the Drama's heritage.

DRA. Where ?

PUFF. In the Haymarket. Behold it !

(music—the Haymarket Theatre rises)

ARIEL. That !

Why, there's not room in it to swing a cat.

Fancy the "Tempest in a place so small!
A storm in a puddle!" 'Twouldn't draw at all.
A theatre! A band-box, a child's toy!

DRA. Quite large enough good acting to enjoy.
But ah! 'tis open scarcely half the year,
When town is out of town.

POR. You've then to hear
More news, for all the year round now you may,
If Fortune grant you sunshine, make your hay.

PUFF. God save the Queen!

PUNCH. And hang the crier!

PUFF. Hang Puff!

PUNCH. He'll hang himself, give him but rope enough.

DRA. Transporting tidings! What, the whole year round?
The Drama has, indeed, a home then found!
From which she ne'er will move. Open the gate
That she may enter it, and take her state.

*Music—Theatre opens—Tableau—SIR JOHN FALSTAFF
between MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE, and on the right,
KATHERINE and PETRUCHIO.*

PUFF. See Windsor's Merry Wives are there to greet you,
And Katherine and Petruchio haste to meet you.

DRA. My dear Sir John!—friends all!

PUFF. "O sweet Anne Page!"

For thirty nights that play was all the rage.*

PUNCH. Puff! (*pokes him*)

PUFF. Zounds! be quiet,—the town knows that's true.

PUNCH. Then there's less reason for a word from you.

PUFF. Mustn't I speak at all?

PUNCH. You talk such stuff!

PUFF. Stuff in your teeth! No "Critic" without Puff!

I won't be put down in this bullying way.

Madam (*to DRA.*), since you're at home, permit
me, pray,

To introduce some friends I'd fain invite

To celebrate your glad return to-night.

* Strickland, Madame Vestris, and Mrs. Nisbett were Falstaff, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford. It was succeeded by "The Taming of the Shrew," with Mrs. Nisbett and Webster as Katherine and Petruchio.

DRA. Well, shew 'em up—to make a merry end on't.

PUNCH. Leave that to Punch, he'll shew 'em up, depend on't.

ARIEL. Nay, I'll be usher, since a wand I bear.

(PUFF gives her paper)

PUNCH. I bear a bâton—bill-stickers beware !

ARIEL. (*announcing*) The minor theatres for presentation,
By Mr. Puff, on their emancipation.

(presents roll of paper to DRAMA)

A Christmas carol from the Adelphi ! *

Enter the three SPIRITS, followed by SCROOGE.

PUNCH.

Thieves !

PUFF. They've got the author's leave.

PUNCH.

You mean his *leaves*,

And copied them, I've no doubt, to the letter.

DRA. Well, if they're Dickens's, I can't have better.

Song—ARIEL.

Heav'n bless the merry gentleman,
I'm sure the poor may say,
And may he write as good a book
For every Christmas Day ;
And if, to help the drama's cause, he'd write as
good a play,
'Twould be tidings of comfort and joy.

Music—Enter Olympick BANNER BEARER, followed by TIM TURNSTILE, from "The Road of Life, or the Cabman's Career." †

ARIEL. A cabman from the Olympick !

* This version was by Mr. Edward Stirling.

† A highly-successful drama by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, in which George Wild played Tim Turnstile. This was the first instance of a real cab and cab horse appearing on the stage.

PUNCH. Take his number !
 I'll pull him up for driving his live lumber
 Across the stage ; these boards he sure might spare,
 Now there's a wooden pavement everywhere.

*Music—Enter Victoria BANNER-BEARER, followed by
 SUSAN HOPLY.**

ARIEL. Susan, from the Victoria.
 PUNCH. Black-eyed Sue ?
 PUFF. No, Susan Hopley, a great hit !
 PUNCH. Roo too ! (*hits PUFF*)
 DRA. But have they brought out nothing at the Surrey ?
 PUFF. Yes, but it's what no manager will hurry,
 At any time, to bring out—"The Last Shilling."†
 PUNCH. He's pretty sure to do 't, howe'er unwilling.

Music—"The Last Shilling"—Enter Surrey BANNER-BEARER followed by FARMER, DAUGHTER, and SAILOR.

DRA. But hold ! you talk'd of Shakespeare, Congreve ;
 where
 Am I the better for this promise fair ?
 I see no rising drama worth the name,
 And now the law is surely not to blame.
 PUNCH. It's true you don't, but still I wish you may.
 POR. Have patience. Rome was not built in a day.
 DRA. But read this list of titles—Gods ! I'm undone !
 "Jack Sheppard," "Rogues of Paris," "Scamps of
 London,"
 "The Profligate," "The Young Scamp"—Oh, my tears !
 I'll see no more—and yet a fifth appears !

*Music—Enter BANNER-BEARER of the Princess's Theatre,
 followed by POO-POO, from the "Magic Mirror," holding a
 mirror.*

Who bears a glass, which shews me foreign dresses.

* A domestic drama by Dibdin Pitt. † Another by Faucit Saville.

ARIEL. A Magic Mirror, ma'am, from the Princess's. *

DRA. In it I see Italianised Othellos

And English Don Pasquales—hang the fellows !

They've done me harm enough on their own stage ;

What right have they to be on mine the rage ?

Hence ! I'll acknowledge them on no conditions.

PUFF. Will you receive the London Exhibitions ?

DRA. Yes, for I'm told there are such sights to see

The town has scarcely time to think of me.

March—Enter in procession, and preceded by Banner-bearers and Boardmen, the Ojibbeway Indians, General Tom Thumb, the Centrifugal Railway,† Madame Tussaud, with Commissioner Lin and his favourite Consort, the Industrious Fleas, Diver and Diving Bell, and the Chinese Collection.

Finale—PUFF—" Jim along Josey."

The names of two great warriors whom you here may see,

Are Pat-au-ah-quot-ah-we-be and Gish-e-gosh-e-ghe.

And after such a specimen of Ojibbeway,

I presume you'll excuse me at once if I say—

Ojibbeway—jibbeway Indians !

Ojibbeway—jibbeway O !

ARIEL—(*advancing with GEN. TOM THUMB*)—" *Yankee Doodle.*"

Yankee Doodle sent to town,

On a little pony,

This little man of great renown,

Who struts like little Boney.

Every wonder here to send,

Jonathan's a mania.

PUNCH. I wish he'd send the dividend

Due from Pennsylvania !

* A burlesque spectacle by the late Gilbert Abbott a'Beckett, produced at the Princess's, Christmas, 1843, in which Mr. Paul Bedford played Poo-Poo.

† A scientific experiment then exhibiting in Great Windmill Street.

For a shilling if you please,
You inside may take a seat,
And an ocean sound at ease
In the midst of Regent Street.
Oh don't he look a love, &c.

PUFF—" *Chinese Dance.*"

Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ching ! Feast of Lanterns !
What a crop of chop-sticks, honges and gongs !
Hundred thousand Chinese crinkum-crankums,
Hung among the bells and ding-dongs !
What a lot of Pekin pots and pipkins,
Mandarins with pig-tails, rings and strings,
Funny little slop-shops, cases, places
Stuck about with cups and tea things !
Women with their ten toes tight tucked into
Tiddle-toddle shoes one scarcely sees ;
How they all got here is quite a wonder !
China must be broken to pieces !

ARIEL—" *There was a little man.*"

And now good people all,
Ere the curtain 'twixt us fall,
I hope you won't dismiss us in a huff, huff, huff !
The Drama feels at home
'Neath this cosy little dome,
So pardon for her sake a harmless Puff, Puff, Puff !

PUNCH. Of course you'd but despise
Folks who vain would ope your eyes,
And persuade you half you hear and see is stuff,
stuff, stuff !
" If ignorance is bliss," you know, "'tis folly to be
wise,"
So be led as you have always been by Puff, Puff,
Puff.

PUFF. Then shall " Immense Success,"
Be the chorus of the Press,

And no wall to hold our bills be large enough,
nough, nough.
And garlands and bouquets
As the rule is now-a-days,
Fall in showers on your humble servant Puff, Puff,
Puff.

During the last two lines PUFF takes a bouquet out of his hat and gives it to the Leader of the Band, who, at the end of the verse, flings it back to him—PUFF, pretending to imagine it comes from one of the Audience, takes it up hastily and presses it to his bosom—then producing a wreath of roses also from his hat, he first offers it to PUNCH, who refuses it, and then to ARIEL, who crowns PUFF as

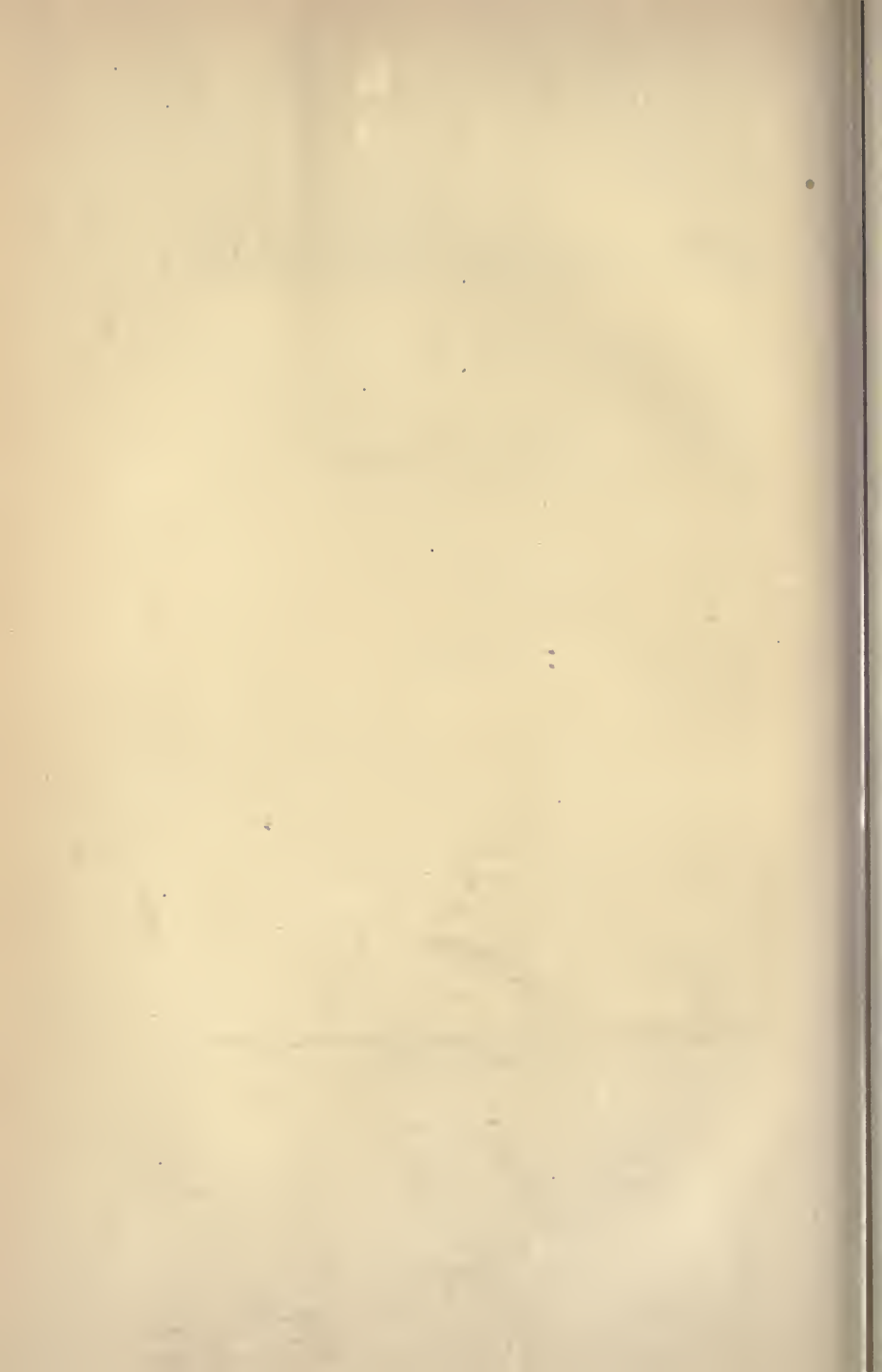
THE CURTAIN FALLS.

GRACIOSA & PERCINET;

A Fairy Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

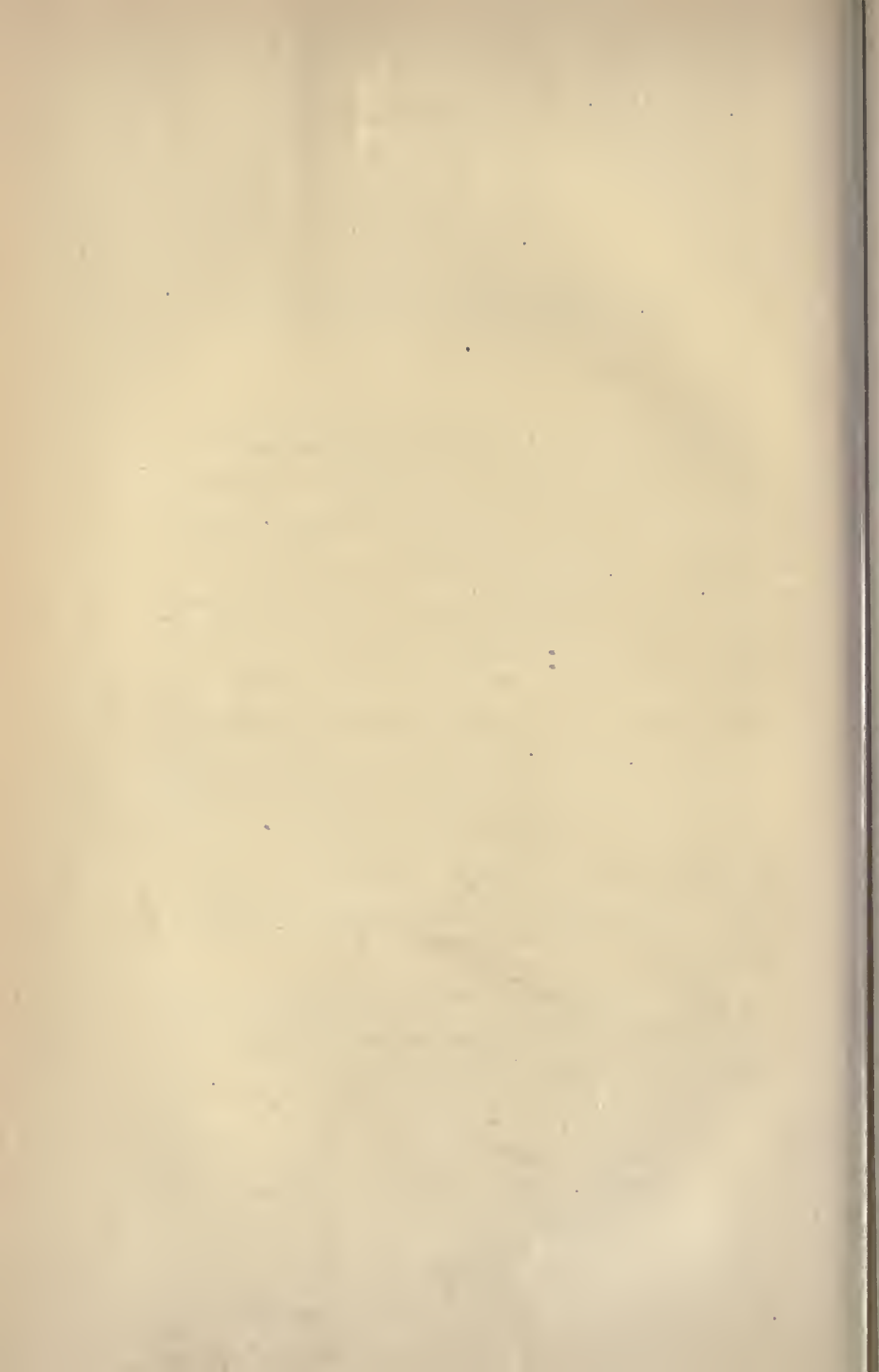
First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, Wednesday,
December 26th, 1844.



GRACIOSA AND PERCINET.

At Christmas, 1844, I returned, as I had arranged to do, to my fairy tales, and selected the pretty story of "Gracieuse et Percinet," to which, in adapting it for the stage, I adhered, according to my custom, as faithfully as possible. In its representation I was assisted by my old friends, James Bland, Miss P. Horton, and Miss Julia Bennett, the only addition to the cast being Mrs. Stanley, an excellent actress and esteemed member of the regular Haymarket company, who did ample justice to the character of Grognon. The Fairy Chrystallina found a fair and graceful representative in Miss Connor, who had become the wife of the late Leicester Buckingham, son of the Oriental traveller, Mr. Silk Buckingham, and was subsequently known as Mrs. Buckingham White.

I have nothing further to remark respecting this piece, which was as favourably received as its predecessors, and carried us up, as usual, to the Easter holidays.



PROGRAMME OF SCENERY, &c.

Hall in the Castle of the Duchess Grognon.

Royal Visit and Opening of an Exchange,
Neither New nor a Robbery,
Being only a piece of matrimonial stock jobbery.

KING UXORIOUS (a Widower unexpectedly bewitched)	MR. J. BLAND
THE DUCHESS GROGNON (a Maiden Lady of a very uncertain age, the owner of a capital cellar)	MRS. STANLEY
LORD NIMRODDY (Grand Huntsman)	MR. CAULFIELD

HOUSEHOLD OF THE DUCHESS.

Page, Mr. Frost. Butler, Mr. Jones. Cook, Mr. Price. Grooms, Messrs. Beale & Lomax. Serving Men, Messrs. Sapio, Grice, Howlett, &c.

GARDENS OF THE ROYAL PALACE.

THE PRINCESS GRACIOSA (a model for daughters)	MISS JULIA BENNETT
PERCINET (a fairy Prince, and the perfection of lovers)	MISS P. HORTON
NIMBLETONGUE (Pursuivant)	MR. CLARK.

A Movement in Four Flats.—(Tempo di Marcia.)

Shewing how Graciosa and Percinet passed out of the Palace Gardens and met the King and Grognon on the

HIGH ROAD TO THE CITY.

CHAMBER IN THE KING'S PALACE—PROCESSION TO THE LISTS.

HERALD	MR. SANTER
CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD	MR. HARCOURT
<i>Knights Tenants of the Lists against all comers.</i>	
SIR REGENT CIRCUS (Knight of the Bull and Mouth)	MR. CARLE
SIR LAD LANE (Knight of the Swan with Two Necks)	MR. FIELD
SIR SNOW HILL (Knight of the Saracen's Head)	} two noble kinsmen {
SIR LUDGATE HILL (Knight of the Belle Sauvage)	
SIR FLEET STREET (Knight of the Bolt-in-Tun)	MR. WHITTON
SIR CHARING CROSS (Knight of the Golden Cross)	MR. COOKE
	MR. ENNIS

TILT YARD OF THE ROYAL PALACE

WITH THE LISTS SET OUT FOR A GRAND TOURNAMENT.

*Terrific Combat between Percinet and the Six
Champions of the Queen of Beauty.*

FOREST,

With Fairy Fancy Ball, and Fête Champêtre.

"It was everywhere as light as day. Shepherds and Shepherdesses
were to be seen in groups dancing to the music of flutes and
bagpipes."

THE FAIRY CHRYSTALLINA ... Mrs. L. S. BUCKINGHAM
HER TWO DAUGHTERS ... MISS WOULDs and MISS M. WOULDs

BATTLEMENTS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Veluti in Speculum.)

CHAMBER IN THE ROYAL PALACE, BEHIND

(As BEFORE).

THE DUNGEON WITH THREE LOCKS.

*The Skein! The Cask! The Box!*LANDSCAPE.—*Evening.*

A Critical Case; The Contents which escape; Masters Dot, Trot,
Tiny, Tip, Mite, Atom, Grain, etc., etc. Misses Midge, More, Speck,
Spangle, Drop, Pins-head, etc.

ENVY Mr. MURPHY.

CRYSTAL PALACE OF PERCINET,

At the Bottom of the Well.

The New Scenery by Mr. G. Morris, and Assistants.

The Machinery by Mr. W. Adams.

The Dresses by Miss Cherry and Mr. Barnett. The Appointments by
Mr. T. Ireland.

The Music selected and arranged by Mr. T. German Reed.

GRACIOSA AND PERCINET.

SCENE FIRST.—*Hall in the Castle of the DUCHESS GROGNON*
—*Hunting music heard.*

Enter DOMESTICS.

CHORUS—“*Bright Chanticleer.*”

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And hark, that distant horn ;
The king he is a hunting gone,
As sure as you are born.
Come let us to the windows throng,
Of hounds I hear the cry,
I'll wager, boys, it won't be long,
Before the king comes by.
With a hey, ho, chivy !
Hark forward ! hark forward ! tantivy, &c.

Enter GROGNON.

GROG. How now, ye knaves ! what's all this noise about ?

BUT. An't please your grace, the royal hounds is out.

GROG. *Is 'em !* and pray what follows, Ignoramus ?

BUT. What follows ? why the King

GROG. The King ! that's famous !

The King, you booby, keeps his room—his bed,

Weeping a wife who has been three years dead.

Who ever heard of such preposterous grief ?

Her money died with her, 'tis my belief,

Or he'd have left off mourning long before ;

Not that he loved her less, but loves gold more.

Meanwhile, his ugly daughter rules the roast.

BUT. Ugly ! her Royal Highness is the toast

Of all the beaux !

GROOM. The fairest of the fair !
 GROG. (*striking them*) Ye lying knaves, take that, and that
 —dost dare
 To contradict me ? Graciosa ! stuff !
 A toast she may be, for she's brown enough,
 And some court fools with such fine words may butter
 her ;
 But any slave of mine, who shall be utterer
 Of such vile falsehoods, on the rack shall linger !
 There is more beauty in my little finger
 Than Graciosa has in her whole body.

Enter PAGE, followed by LORD NIMRODDY.

PAGE. His Majesty's Grand Huntsman, Lord Nimroddy.

GROG. My lord——

LORD N. Your grace's most devoted.

GROG. Pray
 Be seated.

LORD N. Pardon me, I come to say,
 The King, whilst riding through your grace's park
 Benignly condescended to remark
 The sun was most insufferably hot ;
 And seeing o'er the trees a chimney pot,
 Sagaciously conceived a roof was nigh,
 And soon this castle caught his piercing eye ;
 Whereon he honoured me with his commands
 To kiss your grace's most illustrious hands,
 And tell you that his Majesty will deign
 To visit you, with all his noble train !

GROG. The King abroad again ! O, tidings glorious !
 Again I shall behold the great Uxorious.
 What changed our sovereign to these blest conditions ?

LORD N. The last opinion of his nine physicians.
 For nine long days they've been in consultation,
 And came at length to the determination
 The danger of a broken heart to check,
 By giving him a chance to break his neck ;
 So grief for his lost wife in hopes to smother,
 They recommend hunting——

GROG. (*aside*) For another ?

Gigantic thought ! He shall not need hunt far.
(aloud) What, ho ! there ! Idle rascals as you are !
 Fling wide the castle gates, than lightning faster,
 I fly, my lord, to meet our royal master.

(Exeunt GROGNON, &c.—Flourish of trumpets)

Re-enter GROGNON, with the KING, attended.,

MARCH and CHORUS—“*Evelyn's Bower.*”

O joy to the hour
 When to this ancient tower
 The great King Uxorious came, came, came !
 His presence so bright, overpowers us quite.

KING. The sun has served me much the same, same, same.

CHORUS. Then the sun has been vastly to blame, blame,
 blame.

GROG. How has your servant e'er deserved the honour
 Your Majesty is pleased to heap upon her ?

KING. Don't mention it ! We're glad to see your grace
 Looking in such remarkable good case.

(aside) For, sooth to say, the *case* is very fair.

GROG. Will't please your Majesty to take a chair ?

KING. Yes, and a drop of something cool to drink.

GROG. I wonder what your Majesty would think
 Of some champagne ?

KING. If long enough in ice

My Majesty would think it very nice !

*She signs to BUTLER and PAGE, who go out and re-enter, the
 first with cellar key, and the other with a salver, on which
 are three goblets.*

GROG. Mine's in the wood still, but so cold my cellar
 It needs no ice. Canary, Calcavella,
 Malmsey, Tokay, Hock, Burgundy, whate'er
 Your Majesty prefers, you'll find it there.

KING. Frankly I tell you I prefer champagne.

GROG. To turn your royal eyes this way, sir, deign ;
 Here's my *small* stock of wine.

Music—The BUTLER unlocks a large pair of folding doors, at the back of stage, and discovers the interior of a vaulted cellar filled with large wine barrels—a gold hammer upon the top of one of them.

KING. Small ! goodness gracious !
No wine vaults in the world are half so spacious
Or so well filled ; that is if all those pipes
Are really full of wine, and not of swipes.

GROG. We'll set that question quickly, sire, at rest ;
I'll tap this golden sherry as a test.

*Music—She strikes the cask three times with the hammer—
The bung flies out, and guineas and other gold coin flow into
a goblet held by the PAGE—The BUTLER replaces bung
hastily.*

KING. Golden, indeed ! why these are guineas, madam !

GROG. Dear me ! I'd quite forgotten that I had 'em !

KING. Sure this must be some coinage of the brain.

GROG. No, 'tis the current coinage of your reign.

KING. And all full weight. (*aside*) Had I my will, good
lack,

Wouldn't I turn that sherry into sack !

GROG. (*aside*) The King is smitten—and secure my game
is——

KING. My thirst increases. (*aside*) "Auri sacra fames !"

GROG. It's some mistake ; this Burgundy we'll try.

*Music—Taps another cask, and rubies and pearls flow out ;
same business by PAGE and BUTLER.*

KING. Rubies and pearls ! my throat gets very dry !

GROG. Provoking ! who has tamper'd with my wine !

KING. I wish somebody tamper'd so with mine.

(*aside*) Had I that precious barrel in my clutch,
I don't think I could take a drop too much.

GROG. But you preferred champagne, sire ; there should be
Some very sparkling here !

Music—Taps third cask, and diamonds come out.

KING. What do I see ?
Diamonds, or I'm a Dutchman !

- GROG. I protest
Most gracious sire, that I am quite distress'd.
KING. Distress'd ! and mistress of this mighty treasure ?
GROG. Indeed, it vexes me beyond all measure,
That I can only offer you this trash
Instead of a cool draught.
KING. Draught ! if you'd cash.
The draught I'd draw upon you——
GROG. With delight,—
On one condition !
KING. Name it.
GROG. Honour bright ?
KING. Whate'er it be, I swear to grant it, Duchess ;
For such reward no service sure too much is !
GROG. Make me your queen !
KING. To-day,—this very minute !
GROG. There is my hand, sire, and the key is in it.

TRIO and CHORUS—“ *I should like to marry.*”

- KING. (*aside*) I should like to marry
Two, if I could find
Another so exactly
Suited to my mind.
Once, misled by passion,
I made a compact rash,
But, in wiser fashion,
I now compound for cash.
- GROG. (*aside*) I at length shall marry,
Since I've chanced to find
A husband so exactly
Suited to my mind,
Gold his ruling passion,
Mine, to make a splash !
Let me lead the fashion,
He may keep the cash !
- LORD N. I believe he'd marry
Three, if he could find
As many so exactly
Suited to his mind.

Gold's his ruling passion,
 Her's to make a splash.
 She will lead the fashion.
 He will keep the cash !

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Palace Gardens.*

Enter GRACIOSA.

AIR—" *The Redowa Polka.*"

Charming polka—Redowa polka !
 Pink of polkas thou'rt to me !
 Still in fancy here I can see
 Cerito's fairy toes dancing thee !
 Very *fade* is now the gallopade :
 Ungenteel becomes the dull quadrille ;
 Full of faults appears the giddy waltz ;
 Patronised the polka now alone should be !
 Gaily twirling—lightly whirling—
 Toeing, heeling—full of grace and feeling ;
 Stupid folk, who cannot polk,
 Alone will dare, my darling dance, to rail at thee !

Enter KING.

GRA. My royal father, welcome back to court ;
 I trust your Majesty has had good sport.

KING. Famous ! I found in a preserve to-day,
 Where, nestled snug, a golden pheasant lay.

GRA. Was it alive ?

KING. It was !

GRA. Inhuman sire,
 How could you on the pretty creature fire ?

KING. I wasn't so inhuman.

GRA. Did you not ?

KING. No ! yet I brought my bird down at one shot.

GRA. Your Majesty is pleased to be most pleasant.

KING. 'Tis living still.

GRA. Then make it, sire, a present
To me, and I will of it take such care.

KING. Nay! 'tis a bird of plumage far too rare
To trust in hands like yours. I mean to pluck——

GRA. And roast it?

KING. No, 'tis ready drest, my duck.

GRA. Nay; now you're roasting *me*.

KING. Well, truth to say,
The golden pheasant I have caught to-day
Is a fair lady—rich as fifty Jews!

GRA. (*aside*) Oh, my prophetic soul! My mother's
shoes
Some one would stand in. (*aloud*) Tell me, sir, her
name!

KING. The Duchess Grognon!

GRA. You *are* making game
Of her indeed! A pheasant! that old fright?
A screech owl! raven! vulture!

KING. Be polite,
For know that lady I am pledged to marry,
And marry her I will, by the Lord Harry!
Therefore, respect your step-mother.

GRA. Oh rather
Kill me, than in that course take one step farther.
She hates me mortally!

KING. She loves me dearly!

GRA. She's near threescore!

KING. She has threescore millions yearly!

GRA. She's but one eye!

KING. She's worth a Jew's eye, girl!

GRA. Red hair—black teeth!

KING. Fine rubies! rows of pearl!

GRA. Lame of one leg, and with one shoulder humpy!

KING. A lump of gold, and plenty of the stumpy!
So, *taillez vous*, and quick prepare to meet her.

(*Exit*)

GRA. I am a most unfortunate young creature!
Ah, me! when will my sorrows have an end?
I have not now, on earth, a single friend!

Music—PERCINET *appears amongst the trees.*

PER. I am your friend, and single, matchless fair.

GRA. A strange young man ! however came he there ?

Who are you, sir ? I don't know you from Adam !

PER. I am your very humble servant, madam,

Your page, your groom, or anything you please.

GRA. What business has a page amongst these trees ?

PER. To find a page, amongst the leaves one looks,

And I would be a page in your good books.

GRA. But you are not one of my father's pages !

PER. No, I am yours alone——

GRA. And at what wages ?

PER. Wages ! I serve for love and not for money,

Pay me in smiles and kisses, sweet as honey.

GRA. Kisses ! Why, you audacious little varlet,

I kiss a page ! my cheeks must sure be scarlet.

Have you forgot the distance, sir, between us ?

PER. We soon can lessen that, my little Venus.

Here at your feet, my passion I declare——

GRA. *Your passion, sirrah page ! of mine beware !*

I'm a king's daughter ! Princess Graciosa !

PER. And I am a king's son.

GRA. You don't say so, sir.

A prince ! in this disguise ! oh, how romantic !

PER. One who with love for you has long been frantic ;

Yet, who had still in silence nursed his flame

But for your danger——

GRA. Dear sir, what's your name ?

PER. 'Tis Percinet ! My mother is a fairy.

GRA. A very useful friend in a quandary.

PER. I practise, too, a little in that line,

So pray command whatever power is mine.

GRA. I'm flatter'd by this proof of your affection,

And feel I may rely on your protection.

Somebody's coming ; if thus caught together——

PER. Fear nothing ; I but turn my cap and feather

And I'm invisible !

GRA. Oh, prince delusive !

Where are you ?

PER. Here. (*kisses her*)

GRA. The proof is quite conclusive.

Enter NIMBLETONGUE hastily.

NIM. Madam, the new-elected Queen is near.

GRA. My hateful stepmother ! I sink with fear.

NIM. She's the astonishment of all beholders,
 Much padding has made even her odd shoulders ;
 A high-heeled shoe keeps her game leg from sinking,
 A new glass eye rolls in her head like winking.
 She's bought a set of teeth might even *you* fit,
 And a black wig, that quite out-truefits Truefit.
 The bells are ringing, and the guns are roaring
 And citizens are out to meet her pouring ;
 And I'm commanded by your sire, the King,
 To beg you'll haste, and do the civil thing !

GRA. I come.

NIM. I go.

(Exit)

PER. My horse is at your service.

The tree opens and discovers a horse richly caparisoned, and attended by two Arabian grooms.

GRA. Oh, dear, I couldn't, I'm so very nervous.

PER. A true Arabian, the wild desert's ranger !
 Mount ! whilst I run beside you there's no danger,
 But if I left him by himself to prance,
 I wouldn't give much for his rider's chance !

GRA. But I could never get a horse outside !

PER. Fear not, nor you, nor he shall go a stride.
 My Arab grooms shall hold him by the head,
 And all the road shall run and trot instead !

DUO—" *O give me but my Arab steed*"—PERCINET and GRACIOSA.

PER. I give to you my Arab steed,
 My Princess fair and bright,
 And him I'll by the bridle lead,
 And keep you right and tight ;
 Your colours I will proudly wear,
 And gird your scarf around,
 But we have now no time to spare,

For hark ! the trumpets sound !
 So mount upon my Arab steed,
 My Princess fair and bright,
 And him I'll by the bridle lead,
 And keep you right and tight.

GRA. Upon your Arab steed I go,
 And cease to sob and sigh ;
 My sovereign father weds my foe,
 But not a fig care I.
 Good manners will my conduct sway,
 Of course when Queen she's crown'd,
 So I my duty haste to pay,
 For hark ! the trumpets sound !
 BOTH. } So on your Arab steed I go, &c.
 } Then mount upon my Arab steed, &c.

GRACIOSA mounts horse, PERCINET holds the bridle—*Scene moves, and they appear to issue through gate of the Palace into the open country—The high road lined with PEOPLE, GUARDS, &c., is seen with the city in the distance—The KING and the DUCHESS GROGNON, attended by the COURT, advance—Flourish.*

KING. Daughter ! you haven't made much haste, methinks !

GRA. Father, you've made too much !

GROG. What means the minx ?

KING. Salute your stepmother, as is your duty.

GRA. Madam, your servant.

GROG. So this is the beauty
 Of whom I've heard so much. Beauty, indeed !
 If she were half as handsome as her steed,
 She might be called a beauty. Sir, d'ye mean
 To let your daughter thus insult your Queen ?

KING. Insult ?

GROG. You offered me a sorry hack,
 Whilst her you've placed on an Arabian's back !

KING. Not I, I never saw the beast before.

GROG. False man, farewell.

KING. (*aside*) Confound it ! Here's a bore.

(*to GROGNON*) My duck of diamonds ! (*to GRACIOSA*)
 Daughter, get you down,
 And give place to the partner of my crown.

GRA. (*dismounts*) Remember, sir, 'twas your command.

KING. Of course.

Now, dearest (*to GROGNON*), let me help you to your horse.

GROG. (*aside*) I triumph! (*to PERCINET*) Sirrah, run thou by my side.

PER. (*letting go the bridle*) I wish your Majesty a pleasant ride!

The moment PERCINET lets go the bridle, the horse starts off with the DUCHESS, she screaming and holding on by the mane.

CHORUS—"The Tank."

KING and CHORUS. Catch him! stop him! Zounds! what a pace he goes,

Sure he'll frighten her into fits.

Ah me—there see—down she is upon her nose!

Pick her up—she must be broke to bits.

KING. Oh, the sad, the terrible calamity!

Such a scurvy trick of fate was really never known,

Just as we were all in peace and amity,

And I with her had shared my crown, to go and crack her own!

GENTLEMEN, GUARDS, &c., *who have rushed out, re-enter, bringing in the DUCHESS, very much dilapidated, in a chair.*

KING. Revive, my treasure! live, my precious life!

But for an hour or so to be my wife!

You wouldn't die and leave me—nothing? No!

You'll make your will, at least, before you go.

Oh, speak one word; just name me your sole heir!

She don't—she won't!

GROG. (*starts up and points to GRACIOSA*) Seize on that traitress there.

KING. She lives! she speaks! and we may yet be married.

GROG. (*more furiously to GUARDS*) Seize her, I say!

(GUARDS seize her)

GRA. (*to GROGNON*) By rage too far you're carried.

(to KING) Will you behold your daughter treated so, sir?

GROG. Aye, or we part for ever.

KING. (*aside*) That's a poser!

GROG. D'ye hesitate? Farewell, I'll marry no man!

KING. Hold! I'm a father! but I'll be a Roman!

Be justice done on my unhappy child;
The sword is in your hands, but draw it mild.

CHORUS—" *Diamans de la Couronne.*"

O day of horror, day of woe!
A vicious brute her grace to throw!
A rum 'un she, to look at, tho';
And he a good 'un was to go!

Solo.

GRA. Why, ma'am, should vengeance light
On me in such a case?
What horse would not take fright
When it saw your grace?

CHORUS. O day of horror, &c.

Closed in by

SCENE THIRD.—*A Chamber in the Palace.*

Enter GROGNON and ATTENDANTS, bringing a chair.

GROG. Now drag that traitress here, before me, haste!
Of Grognon's vengeance she shall have a taste.

GRACIOSA is brought in by ATTENDANTS, with whips.

GRA. Madam, for mercy at your feet I kneel,
I'm taxed with treason: surcharged, I appeal!

GROG. Appeal, forsooth! your case is quickly stated—
Your charms alone have been too highly rated;
You shall no longer, child, be taxed for beauty,
But to ourself you shall pay treble duty!

You have made false returns to me for years,
And now I seize on you for all arrears !
For special purposes, see my Commissioners.

(points to ATTENDANTS)

GRA. Appeal to them ! Heaven help the poor petitioners.

GROG. To execution ! Ply your cat o' nine tails.

GRA. *(aside)* O Percinet ! What use were all your fine tales !

(the scourges change to plumes of feathers—the ATTENDANTS beat her)

GROG. Harder, yet harder. On her pangs I feast.

GRA. *(aside)* How strange—they do not hurt me in the least !

Sweet Percinet has heard me, I declare !

GROG. The stubborn jade pretends she doesn't care.

Make her cry out, I long to hear her groan !

GRA. *(aside)* I'll sham a little. *(aloud)* Oh ! let me alone !

GRAG. Ha, ah ! at last my rods begin to tickle !

They've been for you a precious time in pickle !

Lash on ! lash on ! Until I bid you stop.

1ST WOMAN. Madam, our arms are ready off to drop ;

Yet, on the culprit we make no impression !

(trumpets without)

GROG. What means that flourish ?

Enter NIMRODDY.

NIM. Madam, the procession

Is passing to the lists, and 'tis my duty

To marshall to her throne the Queen of Beauty.

GROG. Ecstatic sound ! New life it quite infuses !

'Tis opodeldoc to my bumps and bruises !

You minion ! *(to GRACIOSA)* follow humbly in my train

And mark, these whips will cut and come again.

Enter the KING, HERALDS, NOBLES, and LADIES of the Court, and six KNIGHTS, viz.—SIR REGENT CIRCUS, Knight of the Bull and Mouth ; SIR LAD LANE, Knight of the Swan with Two Necks ; SIR SNOW HILL, Knight of

the Saracen's Head; SIR LUDGATE HILL, Knight of the Belle Sauvage; SIR FLEET STREET, Knight of the Bolt-in-Tun; and SIR CHARING CROSS, Knight of the Golden Cross.

CHORUS—" *To the gay Tournament.*"

To the gay tournament
 The Queen of Beauty goes,
 He shall gain a prize from her
 Who most his courage shows;
 Singing, singing—"Though others fair may be,
 Nobody, nobody, can be compared to thee."
 GROG. Soon will the conqueror,
 With trophy and with wreath,
 Kneel on his bended knee,
 My throne low beneath;
 Singing, singing—"Though others fair may be,
 Nobody, nobody can be compared with me."

KING, LORD NIMRODDY, and GRACIOSA (*aside*)
 Bold must the champion be
 Who can that boast maintain;
 He, for audacity,
 The prize must surely gain.
 Swinging, hanging on the highest tree,
 For such a lie, such a lie, he deserves to be.

CHORUS. To the gay tournament, &c.

(*Exeunt*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Tilt-yard of the Palace.*

The lists set out for a tournament—throne for the QUEEN OF BEAUTY—another for the KING—a chair of state for the PRINCESS—Pavilions of the KNIGHTS CHALLENGERS, &c., &c.

GROGNON, KING, GRACIOSA, KNIGHTS, COURTIERS, GUARDS,
HERALDS, &c., *discovered.*

HERALD. O yes! O yes! O yes! take notice, pray,
Here are six noble knights in arms to-day,
Who swear that never yet was lady seen
So lovely as our new-elected Queen!
Against all comers they will prove 'tis so.
Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes!

Enter PERCINET, in green armour.

PER. I say, oh no!

GROG. Who's this Jack-in-the-green?

GRA. (*aside*) Sure I know who!

KING. Do you know what you say?

PER. And mean it, too!

KING. How! Come to court and say just what you mean?

You're a green knight indeed!

PER. Sir Turnham Green!

Of Brentford's royal house a princely scion,
Knight of its ancient order, the Red Lion;
Baron of Hammersmith, and Count of Kew,
Marquis of Kensington, and Lord knows who.
But all these titles willingly I waive

For one more dear—Fair Graciosa's slave!

I'll prove it on the crest of great or small,
She's Beauty's Queen who holds my heart in thrall,
And Grognon is a foul and ugly witch!

KING. If you're a gentleman behave as *sich*!

PER. Come one, come all! here I throw down my gage!

KING. A green gage seemingly!

GROG. I choke with rage!

To arms—my knights!

(*the KNIGHTS enter their pavilions*)

GRA. I'll bet a crown he mills 'em.

KING. *Laissez aller!* That's go it, if it kills 'em!

Flourish—The KNIGHTS issue by turns from the pavilion, and are overthrown one after the other by PERCINET during the following.

AIR and CHORUS—" *La Marquesa de Amagenie.*"

PER. Regent Circus, gallant and spruce, sir ;
 Knight of the Bull and Mouth—*cowed* you soon are !
 Look out, Lad Lane, * 'tis of no use, sir ;
 Both her neck's broken, your swan's but a goose, sir ;
 Grognon's a Gorgon, a horrid scarecrow, sir !
 My Queen of Beauty is Graciosa !

CHORUS. Bravo ! bravo ! Green Knight for ever !
 His Queen of Beauty is Graciosa !

PER. Snow Hill—go ill it must with you, sir ;
 Head of the Saracen—broken you are !
 T'other brother—down you go too, sir !
 'Tis plain your Belle Sauvage is but a Medusa ;
 The belle of all belles, and the pride of all beaux,
 sir,
 Is my Queen of Beauty—fair Graciosa !

CHORUS. Bravo ! bravo ! &c.

PER. Fleet Street—fleetly 'twas well that you flew, sir !
 (*he runs away*)

Your bolt is soon shot—ha, ha, ha, ha !
 Charing Cross—he don't know what to do, sir ;
 Ere we cross swords you had better bolt too, sir !
 (*he lays down his arms and retires*)

Cock of the walk, I have proved my words true, sir ;
 Hail Queen of Beauty—fair Graciosa !

CHORUS. Bravo ! bravo ! Green Knight for ever !
 Hail Queen of Beauty—fair Graciosa !

GROG. All my six champions floored—disgrace ! despair !

KING. It had been so with us had we been there !

GROG. Down with your gauntlet and defy him, King.

KING. I defy him—to think of such a thing !

* Now Gresham Street.

PER. Wisely you act, for, modestly to speak,
You'd get knock'd into the middle of next week.

(Exit)

GROG. What! you a soldier and bear this disgrace?

KING. I'm far too old a soldier *him* to face——

Fight him yourself, love, and see how you like it.

(Exit)

GROG. Coward! But whilst the iron's hot I'll strike it.

Upon my rival I *can* vengeance take.

GRA. (*aside*) What will she do to me, for goodness sake?

GROG. (*to GUARDS*) In the great forest to a tree go bind
her,

As she's the Beauty, there the Beast may find her!

GRA. One comfort 'tis, whatever beast I view, ma'am,

It can't be such a horrid brute as you, ma'am.

(*music—GRACIOSA is dragged off*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Forest—GRACIOSA is dragged in by the
GUARDS, who bind her to a tree.*

GRA. Monsters in human shape! I wouldn't gall you,
But really I don't know what else to call you,
Your conduct to me is so very bad.
You have no children, butchers! if you had
The thoughts of them would make you kindly
slaughter,

And not put out to mangle your King's daughter.

Fancy me torn by savage beasts of prey;

Lions, not dandy lions of the day;

Tigers, not little tigers in top boots;

Bears, not stock-brokering Change-alley brutes;

And boars society can't match, because

Nothing on earth can make them hold their jaws.

Oh, take the rope from off my wrists, and tie it

About my neck, that I may dangle by it!

1ST GUARD. We'll see you hanged first. (*Exeunt GUARDS*)

GRA. Without affectation,
 I should consider it an obligation !
 They're gone, and I am left to linger long ;
 Oh, what a situation—for a song.

AIR—" *True love can ne'er forget.*"

GRA. True love can ne'er forget ;
 Long here I should not fret
 Were I still, Percinet,
 Your darling one ;
 This very day you said,
 When first your bow you made,
 If I required your aid,
 You'd to me run.
 But "out of mind when out of sight,"
 I'm afraid the proverb's right ;
 Of your promise you'll think light,
 And brown I shall be done.
 True love can ne'er forget ;
 Long here I should not fret
 Were I still, Percinet,
 Thy darling one !

At the end of song the Forest becomes illuminated, groups of Fairies, dressed as Shepherds and Shepherdesses, are seen in picturesque attitudes—PERCINET, with the FAIRY CHRYS-TALLINA (his mother) and her two DAUGHTERS—The Crystal Palace of PERCINET is seen in the distance.

SCENE SIXTH.

GRA. But soft, what light breaks through the gloom so
 dun ?

It is the east, and Percinet's the sun.

PER. Yes, lovely Graciosa, there's no other ;
 I am an only son, and here's my mother.

My sisters, also, who'll be proud to know you,
And happy any courtesy to shew you.

FAIRY. I'm quite delighted at this introduction.

PER. Say to our union now there's no obstruction.

GRA. Oh, pardon me, without my pa's permission

I could not think of changing my condition.

PER. Your pa's consent?

GRA. No girl should wed without it.

FAIRY. (*to her* DAUGHTERS) Hear that, young ladies, and
think well about it.

(*to GRACIOSA*) Your conduct has my perfect approbation.

Clandestine matches are my detestation.

(*aside* Lovely as Venus, prudent as Minerva!

I'm glad my boy has been her life preserver.

PER. Yonder's my Crystal Palace.

GRA. Really, is it?

FAIRY. I hope with us you'll pay it a short visit.

GRA. Oh, surely, madam, for in your society

There cannot be the slightest impropriety.

PER. You're just in time to honour, by the way,

Our Fête Champêtre and Bal Costumé.

CHORUS—"Dance the Boatman's Dance."

PERCINET and CHORUS.

The Fairies dance, the Fairies sing,
The Fairies' up to everything!
We polk and flirt whilst mortals snore,
At Almack's they can do no more.
Dance the Fairies' dance,
O dance the Fairies' dance, O!
Dance all night, till the broad day-light,
And go home with our girls in the morning!

The Fairy laughs at the wisest man,
There's none can do as the Fairy can,
Never knew a pretty girl in my life,
But wished she was a Fairy's wife.
Dance the Fairies' dance, &c.

Over the mountains he can frisk,
 Through the keyhole he can whisk ;
 The wind may blow, the waves may toss,
 The Fairy's never at a loss.
 Dance the Fairies' dance, &c.

(*Tableau, and closed in by*

— — —

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Ramparts of the Crystal Palace.*

Enter GRACIOSA and PERCINET.

PER. Wilt thou begone ? It is not yet near day.

GRA. You really must not press me in this way,
 Nor follow me about, it's not correct.

PER. Do I not treat you with profound respect ?

GRA. I grant, but folks will talk ; besides, I'd rather
 Go home now, if you please, and see my father.

PER. If but to see your father you'd go home,
 You from this palace need no farther roam.

GRA. Indeed !

PER. By Claudet's process, in a minute,
 I'll shew you home and everything that's in it.

GRA. Ah, the daguerreotype, but you've no sun.

PER. My art makes light of everything—'tis done.
 Behold the King to whom you have alluded.

(*the wall has become transparent, and through it the KING is
 seen on his couch—GROGNON stands beside him, shewing him
 a handkerchief spotted with blood*)

Portraits in this style gratis, case included.

GRA. Oh, 'tis my father in his morning dress,
 And he appears to be in great distress.

There's Grognon, too—what means that kerchief
 gory ?

(GROGNON shews the KING a scroll, on which is written
"GRACIOSA is dead and buried.")

I dead and buried ? What a wicked story !

(the KING faints and the transparency fades)

Pa's poorly ! Oh, I knew my loss would grieve him.

I must go home at once, and undeceive him.

PER. Pattern of daughters, won't a note suffice ?

A line from you ? I'll post it in a trice ;

'Tis but a penny, thanks to Rowland Hill.

GRA. No, I must post myself.

PER. Grognon will kill,

Or worse than kill you, she is such a Tartar !

GRA. In such a cause as this I'll die a martyr.

PER. Cruel, to leave a Prince who loves you so.

GRA. If you so loved me, you would let me go.

PER. Enough ; I am your slave, relentless fair,

Thus I destroy love's castle in the air.

Strikes the wall—it breaks to pieces and sinks, shewing

SCENE EIGHTH.—*A Chamber in the King's Palace as before.*

GRA. Oh, Lud ! he's broken it to little bits.

I vow you've scared me quite out of my wits.

PER. Behold, you stand upon your father's floor

On earth ; you'll never see my palace more,

Nor me, unless you send for me. Adieu,

And may you find another friend as true.

Air—PERCINET—"Cam' ye by Athol?"

Can you forget all my vows ? They would fill a bag.

Or the Thames Tunnel, from bank to bank,
nearly !

Saw you a lad ever fairer or better made,

That you behave to me so very queerly ?

Really, really, don't think I'll follow you,
 Much as I love you, I tell you now, fairly,
 Merely, merely, should grim Death swallow you,
 I from a broken heart shall escape barely.

Who, let me ask, in the lists cut a figure more
 Gallant than him you treat so singularly?
 Didn't I floor 'em all, never to snigger more,
 Just as the lads used to floor an old Charley?
 Really, really, who wouldn't blush for thee,
 Were all about us told by Peter Parley?
 Clearly, clearly, you don't care a rush for me,
 Since to my hopes you put such a finale!

(Exit)

GRA. Poor Percinet! he's gone in indignation;
 "Mens conscia recti!"—that's my consolation.
 My father comes—

Enter KING.

Sir, at your feet behold me.

KING. Hollo! why you arn't dead, then, as they told me?

GRA. No, dearest father, I'm alive and merry!

Are you not glad to see me?

KING. Yes, child, very!

But—(seats himself)

Daughter, you have your mother much offended!

GRA. Father, *you* have *my* mother much offended!

KING. Come, come, don't talk in that style—it's high treason!

GRA. Go, go, you shouldn't give me so much reason!

KING. (*rises*) Nay then, I'll ring the bell; and by my crown!—

GRA. Leave ringing of your bells, and sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart!

KING. Why, how now, miss?

GRA. Look here, upon this picture, and on this—

The counterfeit presentment of two mothers!

This was a face—now only look at t'other's!

KING. It isn't pretty, I confess!

GRA. Oh, shame,

Where is thy blush?

KING. Perhaps I was to blame!

GRA. Perhaps!—When of all hearts you lost the queen,
To wed a queen of clubs?—

KING. Diamonds, you mean!

GRA. A termagant, who makes you, sir, a tool!
To whom you've sold your empire and your rule!
Nay, pawn'd your precious diadem for gold,
To put into your pocket!—

KING. Daughter, hold!

GRA. A Queen of paint and patches!

Enter GROGNON.

GROG. Hoity, toity!

Who have we here?

KING. (*aside*) Odzooks! my better moiety!

GROG. (*aside*) What do I see?—alive!—returned!—provoking!

KING. (*to GROGNON*) I find, my love, that you were only joking

When you said Graciosa had died recently!

GROG. I tell you she is dead, and buried decently.

KING. Why here she stands!

GROG. (*aside*) Assist me, cool assurance!

That's not your daughter.

GRA. This is past endurance;

Then, pray, who am I?

GROG. An impostor, wretch!

Whom I have tried for a long time to catch.

And now, I have you—(*seizing hold of her*)

GRA. (*catching hold of KING*). Pa, you won't believe her.

GROG. Dotard! I say fling off that arch deceiver,

Or of my cellar I'll have back the key.

KING. Nay then, I'm quite convinced it is not she.

DUO—"Du-du"—KING and GRACIOSA.

KING. Do, do, whatever you will, ma'am, (*to GROGNON*)

You, you have behaved very ill, ma'am. (*to GRACIOSA*)

Send her to the treadmill, ma'am, (*to GROGNON*)

But leave me your wine cellar key.

GRA. Papa, think of mama! And do not so barbarous be!

KING. Pooh ! pooh ! Pray who are you ?

To lecture a monarch like me ! *(Exit KING)*

GROG. No, not for her the treadmill or the stocks.

Ho ! *(stamps, enter ATTENDANTS)* Bear her to the
dungeon with three locks ;

Of her fine clothes, which she has stolen, strip her ;
And we'll do something worse this time than whip her..

(they drag GRACIOSA off)

Let's see for means. O mischief, thou art swift

To give a desperate woman a good lift.

I do remember that I bought, at Flint's, *

A large skein of white worsted, some years since,

So tangled, none could manage off to wind it.

I've a tub somewhere, too, if I could find it,

So full of feathers of each kind of bird,

That any hope to sort them were absurd.

It shall be so ; these tasks at once I'll set her,

And if she fail—that's all I say—just let her. *(Exit)*

SCENE NINTH.—*A Prison ; door with three locks.*

*Enter ATTENDANTS with GRACIOSA, in a poor dress and
wooden shoes.*

1ST ATT. How like you your coarse habits, mistress mine ?

GRA. Your coarser habits make these superfine.

2ND ATT. Cramps it your feet in wooden shoes to shove
them ?

GRA. It cannot cramp the *soul* I've got above them.

* The subject of one of the songs in the "At Home" of Charles Mathews, the elder, in 1844, was a letter from a country cousin containing an endless list of commissions, each batch of which concluded with "a skein of white worsted from Flint's," a well-known house in Newport Street, Soho.

Enter GROGNON.

GROG. Bring in the skein of worsted and the cask.

(they are brought in and placed in centre)

GRA. Pray what are these for, madam, may I ask?

GROG. Those feathers sort, unravel me that skein,
Ere sunset, or ne'er see it rise again.

(Exit, with ATTENDANTS, locking door after them)

GRA. That woman treats me worse than any Turk;
Now here's a pretty job of journey work.

(inspecting cask and skein)

The proverb says that birds of the same feather
Are generally sure to flock together;
Upon me 'twould be taking great compassion,
If the same feathers kept up the same fashion.
And then unravel this; why, I declare,
Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
Not even in a dream could hope to do it.
It's worsted, too, then who can cotton to it?
Oh, Percinet, had I not you offended,
My troubles now would speedily be ended.

PERCINET *rises out of the cask, which at the same moment falls in pieces, each piece having a pile of feathers of the same colour on it—He touches the skein of worsted, and it rolls up into a smooth ball.*

GRA. Good gracious! came you through the floor or wall?

PER. You called on me, and I've returned your call.

GRA. At such a friendly visit I'm transported.

PER. Madam, your skein is wound, your feathers sorted.
Have you no more commands?

GRA. Not just at present.

PER. Then I may go?

GRA. You may.

PER. That's mighty pleasant.

Will you not with me fly to fairyland,
And make me happy with that snow-white hand?

GRA. Elope? I, Graciosa, run away,
With a young man I've scarcely known a day?

PER. Have I not proved the truth of my affection ?

GRA. One cannot act with too much circumspection.

PER. But fix a term, at least, to my probation.

GRA. Of all decorum 'twere a violation.

PER. Say, live in hope——

GRA. All men, I hope, live so.

PER. Far from your presence, then, again I go.

But you again may persecuted be,

And then, perchance, you may remember me.

Air—PERCINET—" *When other lips and other hearts*"—
(*Balfe*)

When other whips, with other smarts,
Their *tails* of nine cats tell,
In language which not all the parts
Of speech can do so well;
There may, perhaps, in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of plumes which scourges might have been,
And you'll remember me.

When to a tree you're tied up tight.
To be some monster's prize,
Or tangled skeins of worsted white
Perplex your hands and eyes ;
When here again they bear a cask
'Twill break your heart to see,
Or set you some still harder task,
Then you'll remember me.

(*Exit*)

GRA. I pity him, but like Tom Thumb of yore,
"I've done my duty and I've done no more."

Enter GROGNON and ATTENDANTS, *hastily*.

GROG. The sun has set, prepare to die.

GRA. For what ?

My tasks are finished.

GROG. (*amazed*) Well, may I be shot !

GRA. Amen to that, sweet powers, and quickly fire !

GROG. How ?

GRA. I but echoed, ma'am, your own desire.

GROG. So you've arranged these plumes with great facility.

GRA. And rather plume myself on my ability.

GROG. And wound the worsted up into a ball ?

GRA. I have ; so you are worsted, ma'am, that's all,

GROG. (*aside*) Some magic power must sure protect the
jade ;

But I will summon magic to my aid.

(*to ATTENDANTS*) Bring me the box that stands upon
my table.

(*Exeunt ATTENDANTS*)

(*to GRACIOSA*) Since you have proved yourself so very
able,

I'll trouble you to do but one thing more,

Which done, shall you to liberty restore.

GRA. Haste me to know it.

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with box.

GROG. It is but to carry

This box to my old castle ; do not tarry.

Here is the key, I trust it to your keeping,

For I am sure you would not think of peeping,

However the contents might interest you.

In my black cabinet, I must request you

To place it safely and return with speed.

GRA. Well, this appears an easy task, indeed ;

It isn't heavy, though it's such a long box.

GROG. (*aside*) Open it, minx, and you are in the wrong
box.

(*aloud*) I've said to liberty it shall restore you.

GRA. I fly !

(*Exit, followed by ATTENDANTS*)

GROG. You may, but I'll be there before you.

(*Exit*)

SCENE TENTH.—*A Grove and Meadow—Twilight—An old well with a large stone upon it.*

Enter GRACIOSA, carrying box.

GRA. Thus far, upon the errand I was sent,
I have marched on without impediment ;
But as around me close the shades of night,
Something cries "*don't* go on, it's *not* all right."
Grognon has thought to get me in a line ;
She's studied in the worst school of design.
What's in this box that to me she should trust it,
In her black cabinet with speed to thrust it,
Unopened ? Ha ! some dark intrigue political,
Which makes her cabinet's position critical.
Or, mercy on me ! some machine infernal,
Which at that moment may explode and burn all.
But why in guessing should time wasted be,
When of the riddle here I have the key ?
Not peep ! indeed I will, though, if I choose it ;
She gives me right of search, and I will use it.

(places box down and opens it—Music—A number of little Men and Women come out of it, some dressed as ladies and gentlemen, others as cooks and musicians, the Cooks with culinary utensils, the Musicians with their instruments)

Why, as I live, it is a box of playthings !
Oh, what a regiment of little gay things !
Cooks, fiddlers, lords, and ladies—oh, how funny !
I'd not have missed this sight for any money.

(the Musicians begin to play, the Ladies and Gentlemen dance, the Cooks dress supper—chimes in the distance)

But longer here I really mustn't wait,
And little folks should not sit up so late ;
You must to bye-bye, in the box again.

(they all run away)

Come, come, don't run away—I talk in vain.
The tiny wretches with my patience tamper,
The little scamps in all directions scamper ;

What shall I do ? ah, now too late I see
 The trap that wicked Grognon laid for me.
 Oh, fatal, fatal curiosity !
 Thou woman's failing, which, from Jove's Pandora,
 To Blue Beard's Fatima, has been our floorer.
 Nothing can save me now, unhappy maid !
 On Percinet I dare not call for aid ;
 I've used him much too ill, and must be dumb ;
 The more I called the more he wouldn't come.

Enter PERCINET.

PER. Behold him here ! no welcome guest, it seems,
 Except when you are driven to extremes.

AIR—Rossini's "La Danza."

Ho ! ye tiny imps of mischief,
 Hither troop ye at my call,
 Or, as sure as Christmas is coming,
 I'll make mincemeat of you all.
 Run, you little rogues, all in a row,
 Into your box, you rascals, go.

Presto, presto ! cooks, come get you in, or I'll baste you
 every one.

Presto, presto ! fiddlers, quick into your fiddle-cases run !

Presto, presto ! lords and ladies gay, 'tis time to finish your
 fun.

Presto, presto ! footmen, trip away, your duty now is
 done.

Don't you hear ? Don't you hear ?

Run, you little rogues, all in a row.

Bogie's coming ! Bogie's coming ! Bogie's coming !

Into your box, you rascals, go !

La, la, la, la !

*(music—All the little Men and Women re-appear, and run
 into the box—PERCINET shuts lid)*

My service done, I, like the well-bred cur,

Walk out before I'm——

GRA.

Hold, I pray you, sir ;

Spare your reproaches, too, too generous youth ;
 I'm all confusion, really, that's the truth ;
 But duty—and reflect, your pangs to soothe,
 The course of true love never did run smooth.

PER. My truth is proved, then ?

GRA. That was what my speech meant.

PER. And you love me ?

GRA. I own the soft impeachment.

PER. Blest sounds ! then name the happy day.

GRA. Oh la !

I must, indeed, refer you to papa.

PER. Should he refuse ?

GRA. Why, then my heart will break.

And I shall die, unmarried, for thy sake.

PER. Pearl of thy sex ! I hasten to propose !

GRA. How I shall reach the castle, goodness knows,

In time—for yet it isn't e'en in view.

PER. Don't stir a step ; I'll make it come to you.

Music—the Castle appears at wing—Exit PERCINET.

GRA. Obliging edifice ! (*knocks at gates*)

The gates open, and enter GROGNON and ATTENDANTS.

GROG. How now, who knocks ?

GRA. (*aside*) She here before me ! Ma'am, I've brought the box.

GROG. Escaped again ! then nothing can affect her.

(*to her*) The key ! (*aside*) This lock's a patent Chubb's detector.

(*tries it*) No proof against her ! (*aloud*) You have loiter'd, slut.

GRA. Perhaps you came, ma'am, by a shorter cut.

GROG. (*aside*) I must a shorter cut to vengeance find,

Or she will drive me clean out of my mind.

Ha ! the dry well ! she shall help lift the cover,

And when she least expects it, in I'll shove her.

GRA. Give me my liberty now you've your casket.

GROG. You're taking a great liberty to ask it.

GRA. I've served my time out fairly, ma'am, and sigh

Now to be made free—(*aside*) of your company.

GROG. Well, 'twas a bargain, therefore be it so !

But do me one small favour e'er you go.

GRA. A favour, surely ; with the greatest pleasure.

GROG. I dreamt that 'neath yon stone there lies a treasure ;

You're young and strong—assist me off to bear it,

And if we find a treasure you shall share it.

GRA. I need no bribe a civil act to do.

GROG. Come, help, then. *(they push the stone)*

GRA. There it goes. *(stone rolls off)*

GROG. And there go you !

(pushes GRACIOSA into well)

GRA. *(as she disappears)* Help, Percinet !

GROG. Ah ! 'tis all over with her !

Down, down the well, and say I sent thee thither—

I, who have neither pity, love, nor fear !

(music—the FAIRY CHRYSTALLINA appears)

FAIRY. No fear ! we'll try that, wretch. *(stamps)*

ENVY rises up trap.

GROG. Ah ! who comes here ?

Something that doesn't seem at all to suit us.

Speak, what art thou ?

FAIRY. Thy evil spirit, Brutus !

Envy ! that gnaw'd thy heart by night and day,

And to whose torments thou shalt die a prey ;

For lo ! unhurt, fair Graciosa fell,

And found truth at the bottom of a Well.

ENVY seizes GROGNON and sinks with her down trap—The scene rises and discovers

SCENE ELEVENTH—*Subterranean gardens of the Crystal Palace, at the bottom of the well—GRACIOSA insensible in the arms of PERCINET—the KING, the DAUGHTERS of FAIRY CHRYSTALLINA, FAIRIES, &c.*

PER. Awake, my bride !

GRA. Where am I ?

PER. In my arms.

GRA. Pleasant but wrong——

PER. Nay, hush thy fond alarms,

Your father here, with his consent I've brought you,
And you must own, this time, I've fairly caught you.

GRA. Was I cast down, and did you catch me here?

KING. He did—but don't be cast down now, my dear ;
Since you are well, why the deuce take the pitcher.

FAIRY. 'Tis done ; and by her loss you're all the richer.

PER. (to GRACIOSA) I said, above ground, you should never
see

My palace more. 'Tis here ; and here will we
Together reign ; if what was well intended,
(to Audience) Thus ended in a Well, you'll grant to be
well ended.

FINALE—" *The Charming Woman* "—(Haynes Bayly)

KING. Graciosa is going to marry,
If you've no objection to make ;
And Grognon is gone to old Harry—
The very best step she could take !
So we hope that this match you'll approve,
Let the critics say all that they can ;
For my daughter's a charming woman,
And her husband's a sweet pretty man.

PER. You've brothers and sisters by dozens,
And all charming people, no doubt ;
And perhaps you've some young country cousins,
Who this Christmas you'd like to bring out.
Then, kind friends, if you'll take my advice,
Bring them hither as soon as you can,
To visit this charming woman,
And make me a most happy man.

CURTAIN.

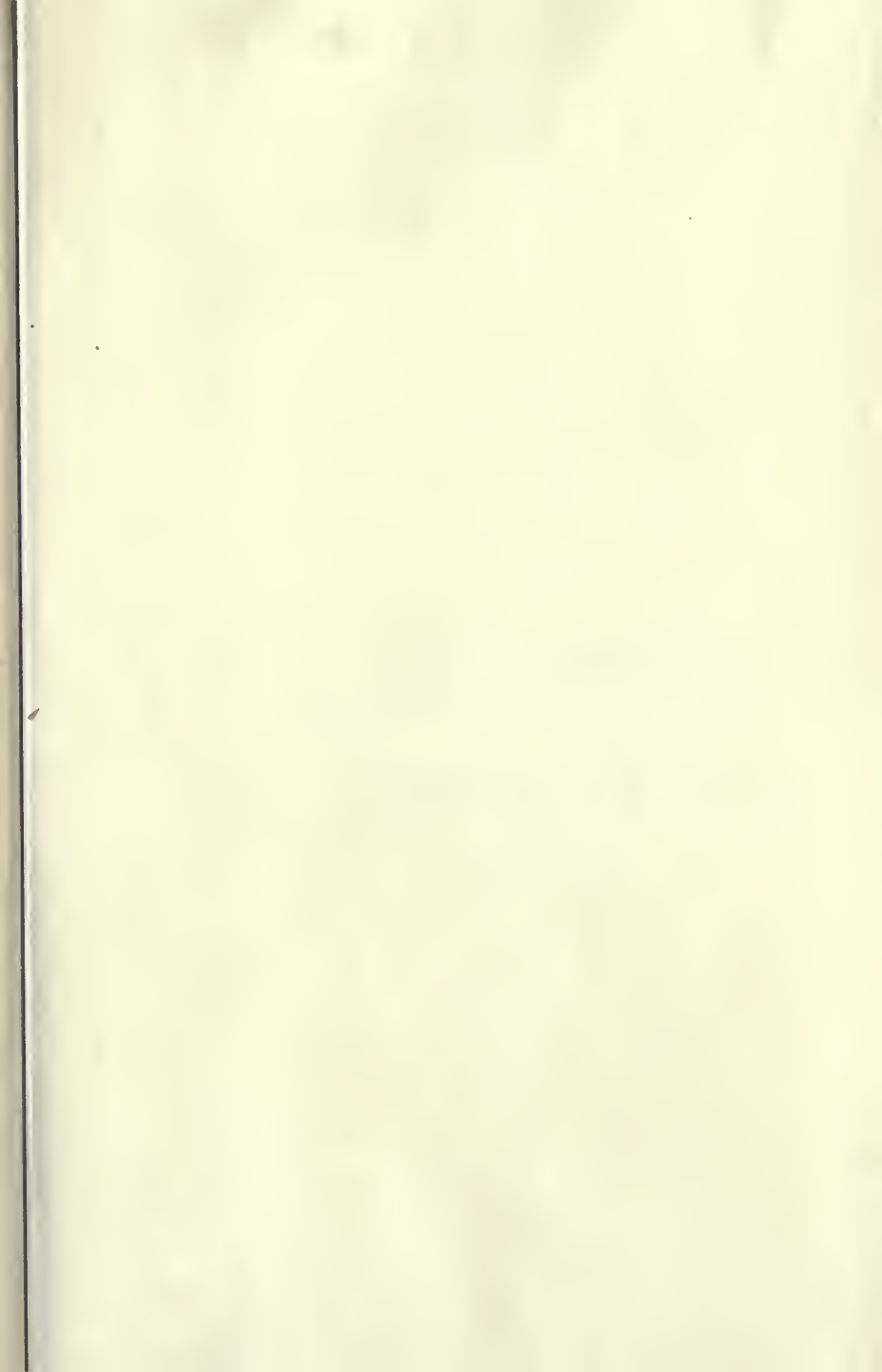
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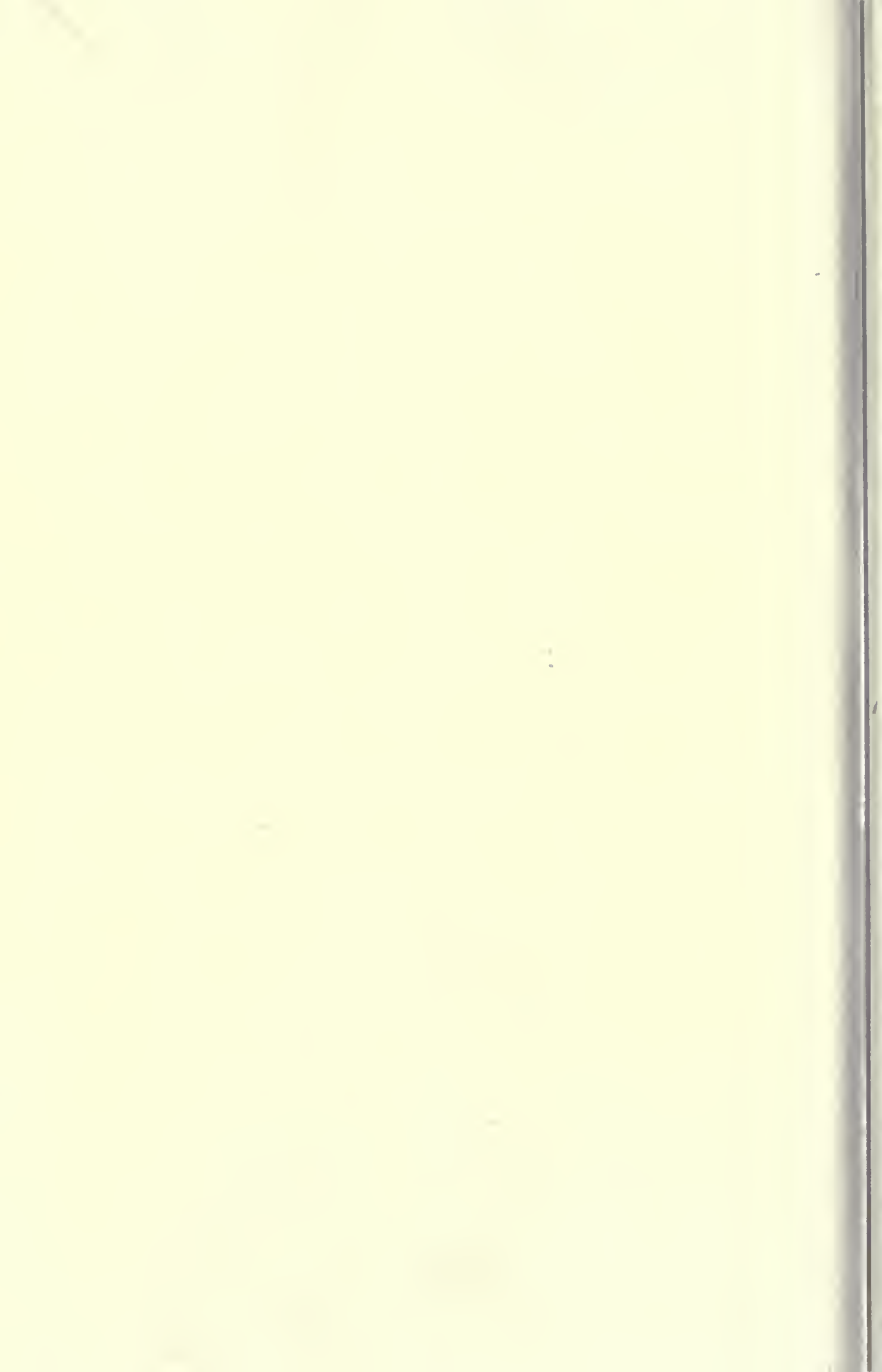
In the "Drama's Levée" reference has been made to the appearance of rival "Joans of Arc"—one at Covent Garden, the other at Drury Lane. It may be interesting to note that the productions, almost simultaneously, gave rise to the following indignant protest from Alfred Bunn, the manager of the latter theatre. It is to be found in the bills of Drury Lane from 14th to 21st November, 1837, and runs as follows:—"A new grand opera, in three acts, composed expressly for this theatre by M. W. Balfe, has been a considerable time in preparation; and, notwithstanding any impudent assumption of its title or character elsewhere, it will not be produced until the necessary musical and scenic rehearsals enable the Lessee to place it before the public in that manner they are accustomed to expect in all the novelties produced at this theatre." The above deprecatory notice does not, however, appear to have greatly perturbed the manager of the rival establishment, who produced his piece first, and did not withdraw it in consequence.—EDS.

191

(318)

535





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